

NEW
SERIES


THE QUIVER




AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LONDON, E.C.

PRE-CALVARY MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

No. III.—ENOCH.



AMONG the longevities of the early world, the first and second deaths recorded were significantly violent and untimely; but it pleased God that the next instance of a human life abridged of its ordinary span should be, not an act of man's malevolence, but one of Divine grace and mercy. Man was not to have it all his own way with life or death. Though the years of Enoch's life were little more than a third of the centuries of his contemporaries, his earthly memoir closed in more signal glory than any man's who had ever yet breathed the breath of life. Great men have not always lived long lives. Glorious as his exit was, it partook largely, as men think of departing hence, of the nature of martyrdom, though it was God who took him, and not man who sent him hence. It is a brief sentence for so grand an occurrence—"He was not; for God took him." His bodily translation from earth to heaven was the shape of the gentle Enoch's recompense of reward; whence the lesson may be fairly deduced, that to leave this world in order to be received up into the immediate and glorious fruition of God, is, under any circumstances, a signal mark of Divine favour. Hence the man who so departs this life, is a witness to this particular truth; and, consequently, every triumphant death of the saints is in that sense a martyrdom. The noble army of witnesses has been recruited from many and very various quarters—not only from the cross, the stake, the sword, and the dungeon, but from the unseen bed of protracted suffering, from the sudden onslaught of fever, from accidental catastrophes, and from long years of patient toil and conflict in works of faith and love. Enoch's translation, following the bloody deaths of Abel, of Lamech's victim, and Adam's—whose was the first natural death—seems to me to have been a tender intimation to the patriarchs of near a thousand years of life, that there were happier and better ways to depart hence than by the knife of assassination or the slow decay of centuries. Hence Enoch was taken, in what would then be considered the prime of old world youth, by a solemn interposition of Divine power—"caught up," like the child in the Apocalypse, "to God and to his throne."

If his own age were only three hundred and sixty-five years, the life of his son Methuselah, who died the year before the Flood, was the very longest on record. Thus, whatever blessings attached to longevity were made up to him in his immediate offspring. The son of the translated saint would be a living monument of sovereign mercy throughout the hundred and twenty years during which Noah, his grandson, was preaching the on-coming judgment.

Enoch's life is a commentary on the blessedness

of faith. It teaches the solemn, earnest truth, that the nearest way to heaven is to walk with God.

No disciple of Christ, even after his first coming in the incarnation, appears to have had a clearer view of our Lord's second coming and kingdom in its millennial glory, than this primeval saint, who was wise and spiritual beyond his age.

Sound, Scriptural, decided views of millennial doctrine have ever had this practical effect of deepening the spirituality of its disciples. It has helped them to look upon this whole world, notwithstanding its temporary alienation, as Christ's estate, and quickened their loyal efforts to restore it to the original and rightful owner. St. Jude, speaking under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, affirms that the leading topic of Enoch's ministry (at all events, the only one the apostle quoted) was the second advent, indicated by Enoch's monitory note—"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all."

No doubt, the Deluge was the primary fulfilment of this prediction. Nay, the translation of the proclaimer of so unpalatable a theme may have been God's mode of at once sanctioning the doctrine, and of rescuing his servant from the carnal enmity which his faithfulness had provoked. If this conjecture be sustainable, it places Enoch more directly among the martyrs of the pre-incarnate Christ, though his early death was God's act, and not man's. We recognise his image looming out of the midst of "the great cloud of witnesses," among whom the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has classed him, as the representative of the church of the quick, with the other fathers representing the church of the dead.

In the account of Enoch in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the writer states, "He was not found, because God had translated him." The expression, "not found," implies a search for him after he was missed; as, in after ages, the sons of the prophets sought for the ascended Elijah three days in the desert, in ignorance or doubt of his translation, or else to verify the fact. They would have instituted no search for the missing man had they witnessed his translation; but not having witnessed it, their ascribing his absence from the world to the special interposition of God is no mean indirect testimony to Enoch's life and godly character.

The occurrence of so solemn and unmistakable an intervention of the mighty power of God, could hardly fail of effecting a deep impression on the public mind of that day. Abridging the years of an individual who was probably the best man then on earth, could not fail to suggest the truth that this world was not their all-in-all. Enoch's life was like that of a sun, whose revolution round the earth, reckoning by years instead of days, reached three hundred and sixty-five. His path was the shining light which, without a final setting, "shone more and more unto the perfect day." No gloomy cloud of ordinary dissolution obscured his parting moments; like the morning star—the symbol of his Redeemer—Enoch's was no setting in the shades



of mortal darkness, but a luminous assimilation and absorption into the light of heaven.

Adam appears to have survived long enough to see Lamech, his ninth generation, and died in the latter's fifty-sixth year. Hence it came to pass, as he was the first who lived, and the first who sinned, so he was the first who died a natural death. Enoch was taken away the next after Adam, seven patriarchs remaining to bear witness to the glory of his apotheosis.

I remark, first, the standing lesson of his *name*, which signifies to instruct, initiate, and dedicate. His career demonstrates a man early taught in the things of God, initiated in his worship, and devoted to his service. By the grace of the Holy Spirit giving effect to pious parental training, which may always be reckoned on, sooner or later, to "bring forth fruit unto holiness," "Enoch walked with God three hundred years." It is said he did so "after he begat Methuselah"—not, as I think, that it is to be inferred that he had not walked with God *before* the birth of his son. But, as I read it, the term "walked with God" implies the same statement as when it is said of Jared, for instance, that "Jared lived after he begat Enoch eight hundred years," of course, not implying that he had not lived *before*. Nor does the statement of Enoch's walking with God after he begat Methuselah any more infer that he had not done so before. It simply means that "living" and "walking with God" were synonymous terms in the life-course of this eminent saint.

2. The phrase, "walking with God," intimates an avowed habitual fellowship with him. The force of the original Hebrew, translated "walk," is, "he *set himself to walk*"—was steadfastly fixed and bent upon reciprocating his religious training by a religious life, so as to "receive not the grace of God in vain."

God looks for some response when he calls us by his grace. Nor must we plead our moral inability. It was of a *withered* limb the command was given, "Stretch forth thine hand." It is to withered hearts the same mercy cries, "Lift up the hands that hang down," bend upon those "feeble knees," and pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and he will hear thee.

3. The fact of his being prince-patriarch, performing, as head of his household, the triple functions of prophet, priest, and king, teaching the way of righteousness, ministering the ordinances of religion, and executing justice and judgment, as the ruling elder and father of a numerous progeny, demonstrates the attainableness of the highest tone of spiritual perfection, without the unnatural device of celibacy, or ascetic retirement, like the moral truancy of monks and nuns, from legitimate duty and intercourse with the world. God sends no man into the world to go out of it, in any mode, until he calls him. Hermitry has much of the pusillanimity and evasion of moral suicide. The houses of some nominal Protestants, too, are little better than larger cells, where, shut up from the liberal hospitalities of life, its activities, and means of usefulness, there is all the selfishness of asceticism without its misapplied devotion and personal mortifications. Our blessed Lord was alike holy and majestic, whether standing on shipboard to quiet the storm, or taking a young child to set him in the midst. It is being more like God to be the same in little as in great things, "rendering

unto all their dues." The same sunlight which sparkles on the dewdrop illuminates the face of the deep. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister"—your servant, for service is the only way to greatness: serving God, and serving man for God's sake. Men can appreciate deeds, at least, better than words, and are sooner led by them "to glorify your Father which is in heaven."

4. His hitherto unparalleled piety presents a practical accomplishment of the prayer, to be "sanctified wholly, body, soul, and spirit." "Cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," and "perfecting holiness in the fear of God," his body accompanied his soul on his departure hence, as it had seconded, like a faithful handmaid, his righteous aspirations here. Both soul and body being purified by faith, death had no claim on his detention in the grave. He rose at once, the symbol and firstfruits of those saints who shall be alive and remain until the coming of the Lord, who also "shall be caught up (that is, translated) to meet the Lord in the air."

Why are there so few instances of translated saints throughout the history of mankind? Is it because the Enochs and Elijahs have been so rare? Is it the defective faith and want of true holiness of the Church which have all along straitened her privileges? Have miracles ceased because the feeble recognition of their evidence of Divine interposition and government has confiscated that portion of the inheritance of the Church? Is it with Christendom as it was with Bethsaida—"He did not there many mighty works, because of their unbelief?" I fear the solution of low privileges is to be found in low standards of personal godliness. Holiness is that approximation to the Divine image which naturally associates with it those Divine energies and attributes, "which kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." As true as that "with God nothing shall be impossible" is the correlative truth—"all things are possible to him that believeth." Faith, if genuine, though "small as a grain of mustard-seed," removes mountains: a strong figure to express the fact that there is no assignable limit to the prerogatives, immunities, and spiritual dynamics of believers, if they lived up to their calling. It is not enough—far from it—to ascertain the sound Scriptural basis of the doctrines which we believe and rest on. Salvation is not a doctrine; Christ is not an orthodoxy; faith is not an aggregate of so many articles; holiness is not a negation of theological error, nor a verbal acknowledgment of revealed truth; and revelation, in its personal aspect, is not confined to a book, though its Scriptural canon be complete; but to be saved is an immediate personal consciousness of a great inner fact already accomplished. To be in Christ, is to realise, in every phase of believing experience, "it is not I, but Christ liveth in me;" to believe, is the believer appropriating the things which he believes; to be holy, is to admit—"In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; but the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me;" and revelation is God "revealing his Son in me," and daily by his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I am a son of God. It is the Holy Ghost taking the things of Christ which are in the Law and Gospel, and showing them unto me; so that I

see, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and am "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

If the sovereign grace of God wrought so mightily in patriarchal times, before any part of revelation was reduced to writing—before the sacred appliances of tabernacle or temple aided man's imperfect vision by their didactic symbols—before priest or Levite were set apart to the public exposition of the Law—and before life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel—what has not the Church a right to expect in these times, when Scripture has completed its inspired canon near two thousand years; when the Church is established, as the pillar and ground of truth; when the Spirit of God raises up from time to time a succession of able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter that killeth, but of the Spirit that giveth life; and when the Son of God himself tabernacles with men, giving his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, and making all things possible to him that believeth?

Enoch had no higher privileges than other patriarchs, but he made a better use of them. He had far less opportunities than we have, yet he who was faithful in few things attained higher spiritual eminence than they who are careless with their many things. It is not the helps we have, but how we employ them. We should blush, as we look back at the world's earliest ages, to find a man there, in its comparative obscurity, so far ahead of us, as to be still held up as a model for our imitation. With all our boasted progress of nineteenth century light and achievement in literature, art, science, civilisation, and knowledge of many inventions, here is an old world saint—a fossil dug up out of antediluvian geologies, whose piety as far exceeds the present average attainments of the Church as the colossal *megatheria* of his epoch surpasses the dimensions of any existing species. It would almost seem as if all things, moral as well as natural, were on a larger scale in those primitive times, and that ours, and not theirs, is "the day of small things." The geologist has his hypothesis to account for the proportionate magnitude of the fauna and flora of the period, and the Christian humbles himself as he reads of mighty men of old walking with God, and leaving the world in his august company, as if death had no dominion where sin had none. That was the secret of their strength—grace imparting to its faithful recipients some of its own mighty attributes, realising in their experience that august victory which overcame the world.

Where is the corresponding faith to receive such exceeding grace now?

Enoch not only walked with God, but "before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." If such a personal evidence were attainable then, surely it is so now. As Enoch received it before his translation, the believer may be conscious of it before his death. The assurance that we do such things as are pleasing in the sight of him, who knows all our secrets, motives, difficulties, infirmities, and foes; where we have yielded, and where resisted—which latter men rarely know—surely such an assurance is still the privilege of believers, if they had the heart to claim it. Perhaps "claim" is too complacent a word; say to receive it, as it is offered. There are many

experiences, as well as "sayings," which might be ours "if we could receive them." The impediment is in our non-reception, not in the Lord's withholding. Nothing is forced on us. "The love of Christ constraineth us" in many ways, but no man's moral freedom is ignored, impaired, or even suspended, by any operation of Divine grace. The Lord will accept nothing which is given grudgingly, or of necessity; but he loveth a cheerful giver, whether the gift be to himself, or to a fellow-man for his sake.

Our blessed Master's avowal was, "I do always those things that please him;" and it is his apostle's prayer for all his brethren, "that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." The question is, May believers be aware and know when they do so? Can they be sure of it, as they are of their soul's salvation? Is the assurance to be had, if they seek it diligently, that God is pleased with the life they live? Enoch's history is a pertinent affirmative to these inquiries. He had this testimony, that he pleased God. It may not be the testimony of all God's children, nor, indeed, of many of them; perhaps, some are safer in the valley of humiliation and self-abasement, than on the dazzling mount of translation. Only three out of twelve disciples were taken to see their Master transfigured before them. There is no precise identity of spiritual experience in the various members of the Divine family, any more than in their spiritual gifts, "ministered unto every man severally as He will." But whereunto any saint has attained, let all aim at, aspire after, and mind the same thing, ever forgetting things behind, and reaching forth unto things before, pressing towards the mark, for be sure that some prize or other will be had at last. The chaplets of the victors may be of different symbols, various as the class of conflicts through which they won them, but each and all shall obtain a crown of glory, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

You may, at one time, have the witness of the Spirit to the uprightness of your walk, and personal acceptance through Christ in the sight of God; and, at another, it may be obscured by faintings and shortcomings, by fightings without or fears within. The full assurance may not be uniformly full. Christian life, like ordinary life, is a tidal river, with its rise and fall, its ebb and flow; now running high and clear as the crystal by the throne, now low and stagnant in the miry clay; but all its variations ultimately tend to that one end which God has ordained—fulfilling the mission of its being, and issuing in his glory, who "holdeth the seas in the hollow of his hand."

Really and sensibly to walk with God, is to realise at once a translation of soul, of no mean counterpart to Enoch's. It is their achievement who can experimentally say with Paul—"Our conversation, our citizenship, is in heaven;" not simply *will be* there by and by, but is there now, as actually as if, like Paul, we had been "caught up" thither, receiving the freedom of the heavenly city, and returning to finish our appointed time and work here, "as servants who wait for the coming of their Lord."

Enoch's declarations of the wrath of God on the wickedness of his age, no doubt exposed him to the scorn and hatred of a generation of evil-doers, who would not, because they dared not, believe his

warning. They that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution; but the fiercest tribulation cannot rob you of your reward. Be content to be tabooed and sneered at for your faithfulness to him who is so graciously faithful to you. Bear with the uncivil snarl that condemns your godly sincerity; the contemptuous shrug of fashionable irreligion which your course of life tacitly rebukes; and the ribald literature which mocks all piety as hypocrisy, identifies Christianity with fanaticism, denounces the Bible as an old almanack, and faith as a super-

stitious mania. Be not ashamed to be counted mad with Jesus and Paul, or a babbler and dreamer with the excellent of the earth. Take your stand beside his holy heroism, which affirmed, "With me it is a small thing that I should be judged of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self. There is one that judgeth me, even God." To him, and to the witness of his Spirit, be your magnanimous appeal, and, by-and-by, when the world miss you, as it lost sight of Enoch, the same epitaph will serve for both—"He was not; for God took him."

LONDON, AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE.

THE MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.



F A stormy winter's night, when safely housed and protected from the rage of the elements, how often, as the storm of wind and rain beats against the windows, does the exclamation rise to our lips, "God save all at sea to-night!" Yet how little do we realise the extent of the danger to which our sailors are exposed; and how little practical sympathy do we exhibit for those to whom we are so much and so variously indebted. During the year 1863 no less than 2,720 wrecks were reported; and when the returns for the last year have been completed, we question if they will fall much, if anything, below that number. During the same year, 3,420 British seamen have died, from various causes, while in active service; and at least one-fourth of that number of deaths has been caused by shipwreck or accident; another fourth from the exposure and hardship inevitable upon a seafaring career; and the remainder from the effects of various diseases, either wholly caused or aggravated by the nature of their calling. Of the number of sailors who die every year it is computed that about two-thirds leave widows, with an average of three children each. We need scarcely say that the amount which most seafaring men can earn is barely sufficient to provide ordinary maintenance for a wife and family, and that, therefore, at the father's death a sailor's family are generally thrown helpless on the world. Thus some thousands of children are annually left nearly, if not completely destitute, to appeal to the generosity of their more privileged fellow-creatures for charitable support. Such is some faint outline of the wretchedness which is to be met; and now we turn to a more pleasing consideration—viz., the means which exist for alleviating that misery.

On the borders of Epping Forest, seven and a half miles from the City, on the Chigwell Road, and close to the Snarebrook station of the Woodford branch of the Great Eastern Railway, stands a building devoted to one of the most deserving charities near London. The institution was founded, in the year 1827, by a few benevolent individuals who, commiserating the destitute condition of the

orphan children of merchant seamen in and near the metropolis, proposed to themselves the formation of a charity which should afford education to the children of British merchant seamen deceased, and, by endeavouring to implant in their youthful minds the principles of religion and morality, to enable them, as far as possible, to obtain in after-life an honest livelihood, and thus to occupy a respectable position in society.

The building first used as the Asylum was simply a tenement rented in Clarke Street, St. George's-in-the-East, where from five to ten orphan boys were received. In 1829, however, girls were also taken under charge of the institution, and a separate house rented as a home for them in the Bow Road, St. George's-in-the-East. From time to time these premises were enlarged, both for the boys and girls, by the additional occupation of adjoining houses, until, in the year 1834, the Asylum was removed to a larger house standing in its own grounds, at New Grove, in the Bow Road, and where both the boys and girls could be accommodated under one roof. As the support accorded to the charity increased, the number of children admitted to its benefits was also increased, until it reached the average number which the premises at Bow, after various alterations and additions, could be made to accommodate, namely, 120. Applicants, however, becoming more numerous as the commerce of the country and our mercantile marine increased, it was considered advisable, as the Bow premises were only held on a comparatively short lease, that a building fund should be set on foot to enable the institution, at some future time, to possess a freehold of its own. This was done in 1860, and so satisfactory was the response made to the call upon the benevolent, particularly by the shipowners and merchants of the metropolis, that in 1858 a plot of ground at Snarebrook, seven and a half acres in extent, suitable for the site of a new asylum, was selected, and in 1860, a year and a half before the expiration of the lease of the old premises, the erection of the present building was commenced thereon, from the designs of Geo. Somers Clarke, Esq., the construction being confided to Messrs. Kirk and Parry, the well-known contractors of Westminster, and Sleaford, in Lincolnshire. The work having been commenced in the latter part of the year, the foundation stone was not laid until 1861. At this ceremony His



THE MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, SNARESBROOK.

Royal Highness the late Prince Consort officiated, on the 28th of June, it being the last occasion on which His Royal Highness presided at any similar inauguration in England.

On the 10th of July, 1862, the occupation of the new building was commenced, and on the 29th of the same month the president, Earl Russell, K.G., presided at the formal opening of the Asylum. Since that date, when, from the necessarily early occupation of the new building, the premises were comparatively incomplete, the whole range of buildings has been fitted and thoroughly put in order, the grounds enclosed and partly laid out, and, through the munificence of Lady Morrison—a benevolent and most sincere friend of the charity, residing in the neighbourhood—a beautiful chapel has been built within the grounds, and dedicated by her “to the glory of God, and the use of the Merchant Seamen’s Orphan Asylum;” and which, as a further mark of her ladyship’s interest in the work of the charity, in addition to many other handsome donations in aid of its funds, she has recently endowed, thus furnishing the institution, without the slightest encroachment on its funds, with that great desideratum, the means by which the religious education of the children committed to its care can be for ever fully and properly ensured. The building is constructed to accommodate 130 boys, and nearly 100 girls, but is capable of further enlargement, in completion of the original design, to accommodate in all 300 children, when the funds of the charity are sufficiently increased to warrant the erection of a south-east wing. As it stands at present, the edifice contains a committee and reception-room, boys’ and girls’ schools, and dining-hall, boys’ and girls’ dormitories and hospitals, officers’ apartments, and the usual offices and stores, including kitchen, scullery, and laundry, completely fitted with all the requisite apparatus. The boys occupy the south wing, their playground being at the back of the building, with dry cloisters in the basement under the schoolroom; and the girls occupy the front facing the west, their playground being in front of the building. The two sets of dormitories and schools are separated by the matron’s apartments, the committee and reception-rooms, and the entrance hall, which are situated in and near the tower. The tower is arranged to contain water tanks for the supply of the building, with water from the East London Water-works, and a very fine view of the surrounding district is obtained from its summit. The whole of the corridors on each floor are brick-vaulted and fire-proof, and the whole of the interior fittings are of varnished or polished pine, no paint being used on any of the woodwork throughout the building. Externally the building is constructed of red bricks, made from materials obtained in one portion of the ground, the facade being relieved by black facing courses and Ancaster stone dressing; the whole design, which is very picturesque, having been imitated from the types of manorial edifices common to Northern Italy.

The internal walls throughout, with the exception of those of the reception-room and some of the officers’ apartments, are faced with grey stock bricks, and stand as built, without any plastering or colouring, relief being given by bands of red brick, and cut red brick mouldings and arches to the windows.

The plan of thus leaving the walls in what may be called a natural state, though not common in buildings of the kind, is found practically to be very serviceable, and is, further, economical. The chapel is designed externally in accordance with the character of the main building. There is seating accommodation for 300 children, officers and servants, and a few visitors. A good idea of the present style of this building may be obtained from the accompanying illustration, which we have had specially drawn for this article.

Children of British merchant seamen, deceased, from all parts of the world, are eligible for admission to the benefits of the institution; the only restrictions being that they must be the legitimate offspring of such seamen, must be between the age of 7 and 11 when elected, and must pass a medical examination, by the appointed officers, before being accepted as candidates, and also before admission after election.

Children of seamen of all grades—from the captain to the carpenter, cook, and able seamen—are admitted on equal terms, and all receive equal benefits, remaining in the Asylum, the boys till 14, and the girls till 16.

The instruction of the children is so arranged as to give them a thorough grounding in the various branches of a sound English education, the girls being also taught needlework and housework, so as to enable them, on leaving the institution, to be fitted for almost any of the employments in which the services of girls of their age can be required.

The boys are not necessarily brought up to prefer the sea as a future pursuit in life; indeed, from the influence of friends, comparatively few are found to follow the calling of their fathers. Some follow trades; but by far the greater portion obtain situations in offices in the City, or return into the country to their friends.

As an evidence that the benefits conferred by the institution are considerable, it may be mentioned that the services of both boys and girls are continually sought, and that there is seldom a case of a child of any standing leaving the institution without its being able at once, at least, to assist in earning its livelihood; and, further than this, there is not at present a known instance of any of the 600 children who have been inmates having been unable to obtain an honest living, whilst very many are occupying most respectable positions in life, and now help to support what was once their foster-home.

The education comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history—music being added as an amusement for any having a taste or inclination that way; and some of the children have thus obtained considerable proficiency. The results of the examination held last Christmas were most satisfactory in every respect.

The institution is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, both being donors to its funds.

It is dependent for its support on the contributions of the benevolent throughout the country, to the number of about 3,500 subscribers, a very large proportion of whom are from among the ship-owners and merchants of the City of London; and it is a most gratifying fact that some of the present contributors to the funds of this institution owe their ability to do so to the education which they received,

and the advantages which they enjoyed, when, years ago, they themselves found a refuge within its hospitable walls.

We include this institution in the category of London Labours of Love, although it has nothing whatever local in its constitution. It is by no means simply metropolitan in its character. Considerably more than one-fourth of its present inmates have been admitted from various outports in the United Kingdom—Beaumaris, Brixham, Cromer, Deal, Gravesend, Hull, Ilfracombe, Shaldon, South Shields, Southwold, Sunderland, Swansea, Torquay, Tynemouth, and Whitby amongst the number: whilst the father of one of the inmates perished no nearer home than Sydney, in New South Wales. The seaport towns of England are, therefore, especially called upon to do something towards the support of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. We are aware that in several places local charities exist for the relief of the same classes for whose support the Snarebrook Asylum is intended. But we think that this multiplication of local charities for the same object is far from desirable. Several smaller institutions cannot be so economically managed as one upon a large scale. The same staff of superior officers is required for each small school, and thus there is a useless repetition of expense; whereas vastly increased numbers at Snarebrook would add little or no extra expense to the maintenance of certain portions of the establishment. We are, therefore, strongly of opinion that it is the best and wisest policy for seaport towns to contribute what they can to the maintenance of one well-managed national establishment, and not incur the useless expenditure of funds which could otherwise be so much better and more usefully applied.

Such is a brief sketch of an institution, within whose walls some 700 children have already found a shelter at the most critical periods of their lives, when left at a tender age to battle with the world, its privations, and its sorrows. And yet these are but a very small proportion indeed of those who have within the same period been left destitute, and whom the limited resources of this institution were unable to relieve. Yet, what class of individuals have larger claims upon the generosity of the British public than the poor children of our sailors? Socially and politically, England owes much of her greatness and power to her mercantile marine. The enormous extent of English commercial relations has more than anything else tended to raise England to the proud pre-eminence which she occupies. When a class of men whose manliness, frankness, and generosity have become a proverb, meet their death in the heroic discharge of dangerous and difficult duties, it is no great stretch of charity for their fellow-countrymen to provide for the little ones whom the father's death has left dependent on the public bounty.

Those who are willing to do something for the support of the children of these men, to whom we owe so much as a nation, and on whom we are dependent for so many comforts and luxuries, as individuals, can find no better medium for the disbursement of their charity than the Snarebrook Asylum for the children of merchant seamen, deceased.

The management of the institution is excellent; the success which has attended its efforts most encouraging; and we trust that its sphere of usefulness will be every year extended by the increasing liberality of the public.

THE SPIRIT CALL



EN and worldlings, have ye never
Heard the solemn Spirit call?
Lo! it whispers, whispers ever—
Unto one and unto all.

Be no longer blindly wrangling—
Notching the keen sword of truth;
For the jagged blade is rankling
Even in the breast of youth.

Wherefore to this dull earth cleaving,
Listless as a noon-day cloud?
Wherefore toiling, vainly weaving
Golden lining for a shroud?

Truth bestows a crown of lightness—
Easy on the brow it lies;
But ye spurn it, lest its brightness
Vex your filmy, mortal eyes.

Ye are cringing, ye are fawning,
With your hearts at Fashion's feet.

Up, arise! a day is dawning—
Welcome it with chorals meet.

Let each soul fulfil its mission:
There is work for all to do.
Up the mountain climbs Ambition,
For a clearer, wider view.

Then unclasp the Book of Ages—
Read it with the inner eye;
Breathe thy soul upon its pages
With a truth that shall not die.

Heed not, then, the gay wind's driving—
Let life's shadows earthward roll;
Be ye dauntless, ever striving
To raise heavenward the soul.

Men and brethren, will ye never
Hear the solemn Spirit call?
Lo! it whispers, whispers ever—
On for ever, onward all!

THE LOVE OF GOD.



IN speaking of the love of God we remark, at the outset, that among the ends or final causes which we have been able to discover in Nature, there are none which are otherwise than beneficent. There is no one contrivance for the production of evil—no nerve that was made to ache, no sense adapted to deceive, no process whose natural working creates misery, no faculty the normal exercise of which interferes with happiness, no portion of the system or course of Nature which is intrinsically and necessarily malign in its influence, no cause of annoyance or injury which man may not, in the ordinary exercise of his powers, either remove, avoid, subdue, or utilise. Now, in a universe full of the tokens of design, this state of things could not exist, were not the Creator positively benevolent. Were he malevolent, the malign purpose would be patent and palpable. Were he simply indifferent to the happiness of his creatures, that indifference would manifest itself in the choice of the most direct means to the attainment of ultimate ends, without any reference to the tendency of those means to produce happiness or misery. For instance, death must be an ultimate, and is certainly a desirable end, in a world of limited capacity, in which each species is endowed with the power of self-multiplication; and indifference to happiness on the part of the Creator could hardly have failed to manifest itself in the preference of directness and efficiency to mercy in the choice of death-producing agencies, in which, on the other hand, a careful analysis reveals the minimum of suffering consistent with the end to be attained. So is it with the entire range of natural agencies for the attainment of ultimate ends. We can trace in no one of them the will, or (if we may use a word more strictly applicable to man) the willingness to produce suffering. There is no apparatus in Nature which has an immediate or necessary tendency to inflict pain or misery.

On the other hand, enjoyment or happiness is the express and undoubted end of unnumbered portions of the universe and its administration. In the senses, the affections, the intellect, man has many endowments, and performs many functions in no wise essential to the preservation or transmission of life, or to his mental or moral culture, and which have no possible use or office other than the production of happiness. Indeed, there is not a physical, mental, or moral power whose normal exercise is not a source of positive pleasure; and this could not be the case without a supremely benevolent design on the part of the Deity. The external world, too, is full of sights, sounds, flavours, and perfumes, which can have no end other than animal and human enjoyment. Contrivances for this sole purpose crowd upon our observation as we extend it to the lower races of animals. The myriads of organised beings that float on the summer breeze, swarm in the waters, and make the forest glad—the numberless forms of

microscopic existence that fill the very chinks and crannies of creation with sentient and rejoicing life—all demonstrate the benignity of the Supreme Being.

The progress of knowledge and of science has been fruitful, more than in anything else, in the discovery of beneficent uses, often of obviously beneficent design, in departments of Nature that had been regarded as detrimental to human happiness—in fine, in the transfer of supposed evils to the catalogue of goods. We might almost say that physical science has done nothing else than this. It has hardly made a discovery which has not been a new revelation of the Divine benevolence, worthy to be hailed with a rapturous *Te Deum*. Thus a large proportion of the most effective remedies and prophylactics at the command of the physician are drawn from the list of poisons. The gases, which unmixed are fatal to life, in their natural combinations are salutary, in their chemical offices inestimably precious. The very fire-damp which destroys the careless miner, lights our cities. The electric force, in its cumulative power fearful and fatal, is the vital force of creation; and the lightning, which leaves its occasional memento in the scathed tree, the shattered dwelling, or the lifeless human form, dispels miasma, stimulates growth, and sends a quicker, healthier life-pulse on the track of the thunder-cloud. The volcano is but the safety-valve of subterranean fires, which bear an essential part in the economy of Nature. Celestial phenomena once of dire portent, are now recognised as *staccato* passages in the harmony of the spheres. All natural objects, events, and processes are in the course of verification as good in their place and beautiful in their season; and science is fast encircling the earth and spanning the heavens with the apostolic inscription, "God is love."

In further illustration of the Divine goodness, we would solicit your attention to the natural theology of pain. In the brute creation there is, we believe, the minimum of pain consistent with the law of death and the succession of generations. Animals in a state of nature suffer little from disease, probably still less from fear. The provision by which they prey upon one another, considered in all its bearings, is beautifully beneficent. Were they left to perish by the natural decay of their physical organisation, it could be only with protracted suffering, as that very decay would prevent them from seeking the wonted means of subsistence. But the condition, whether of age or of accidental disablement, which prevents their supplying their own needs, renders them with merciful promptness a prey to their natural enemies. Moreover, so far as we know, death by beasts of prey is almost instantaneous, and the life which up to that moment had known neither care, apprehension, nor suffering, goes to reinforce another equally painless life.

But man is liable to intense and prolonged suffering, and we can fully vindicate the Divine love in man's condition upon the earth only by recognising the moral benefit which results from the various forms of painful endurance. This, however, hardly needs a laboured demonstration; for

none are so ready to admit the benignant efficacy of suffering as those who have been themselves the greatest sufferers, and among those who bear all the marks of the highest spiritual culture, and at the same time of the fullest measure of conscious happiness, there are multitudes to whom we can point, not in pity, but in admiration, and anticipate the announcement which the apostle heard in his vision of heaven, "These are they that have come out of great tribulation."

Considered with reference to its moral and spiritual ends, pain has its merciful limitations. Up to a certain point it may be borne with cheerful submission and with conscious benefit to the moral nature. When it transcends this point, one of three things takes place. Either death ensues; or some paralytic or gangrenous affection intervenes, which separates the suffering organ or member from the rest of the body, and forbids the nerves to transmit their report to the brain and the consciousness; or, if neither of these, delirium makes the soul imperfectly conscious of what the body endures, or even wraps it in a wild elysium. We need hardly remark in what an overwhelming majority of instances either of these alternatives may be anticipated and prevented by anodynes and anæsthetic agents.

There is also a limit of age. The intenser forms of physical suffering belong, for the most part, to the period of active moral discipline, when pain may yield its full revenue of spiritual benefit. The sufferings of infant children are, doubtless, much less severe than they seem. The infant brain is but imperfectly developed in its susceptibility of impression, no less than in its active power; in many forms of disease it is so far affected directly or by sympathy, as to diminish greatly the amount of conscious pain that would otherwise be experienced; and we all know how the capacity of enjoyment, and even of absolute mirthfulness, will betray itself in children amidst paroxysms that threaten instant dissolution, and when already under the shadow of death. Thus the morbid liabilities of very young children serve the purpose of sustaining parental vigilance and multiplying those tender offices by which the ties of blood and birth are made doubly strong and dear, while comparatively little is abstracted from the joyousness of the irresponsible years of opening life. In old age we may mark a similar limitation. There is a period of decline, when, though the character still grows from its own resources, active moral discipline ceases, and the aged person seems to be merely awaiting the summons to a sphere of duty in which the worn-out body will be no longer needed. This period is seldom liable to acute disease or intense suffering. The nerves and the brain have lost much of their sensitiveness. There is often languor or weariness, but seldom continuous or severe bodily anguish. The gentle steps by which one is led through declining years are almost always the subject of grateful observation, except where vice has thwarted the purpose of Nature, and planted thorns of its own in the pillow of the hoary head.

Apart from its moral uses, pain serves important physical purposes. It is the sentinel against bodily injury. It is the guardian of temperance, purity, and proper regimen. It is the prime executive

as to those natural laws which we are bound to obey, and which ought not to be violated with impunity. And in this office of pain, also, we may trace limitations that indicate the Divine goodness. Thus the pain of hunger recurs in its mildest form just often enough to induce the regular supply of our wants that is essential to health and vigour. It reaches its acme of agony at the very point at which the supply can no longer be delayed without serious injury and peril. If the supply be of necessity postponed, the pain, having served its purpose of warning, dies away, and lethargy ensues. The same is true of suffering from extreme cold. Intense pain warns the exposed person to seek shelter, with a call loud enough and long enough in most cases to effect its object without detriment to life or limb. But when the injury has taken place, when the limb is frozen, the sentinel, no longer needed, quits his post, unconsciousness of suffering ensues, and even sensations of ease and comfort may precede the fatal issue of the exposure. To the same category belongs the well-known fact, that the nerves susceptible of the most painful sensations lie in precisely those parts of the body which we can protect or heal, and which would be perpetually exposed to maiming or injury, did not their liability to pain make us careful of their safe-keeping and well-being. The seat of the severest suffering is in almost all cases near the surface. The first touch of the surgeon's knife inflicts much greater pain than the deep incision, the laceration of the flesh than the division of the bone, the wounding or fracture of the arm or leg than the lesion of those vital organs which are subject to more occult laws, and can with less certainty be guarded from injury or restored from disease. In fine, pain, with few and rare exceptions, is most intense where the means of prevention or recovery are generally known or easily attainable.

Now suppose a painless world. Imagine our children growing up without liability to suffering or its semblance, and our friends, our parents, those bowed with years, those who claim our devoted offices of love and reverence, subject to the death-producing agencies which must none the less exist and work, yet unwarmed by admonitory sensations of pain. This state of things could hardly fail to induce neglect. The most intimate offices of parental and filial love would be superseded, and in the same proportion the affections would be deadened and their joy obliterated. Our homes would lose their endearments; their sympathies, their most grateful remembrances. There would be coldness where there is now the tenderest love, and severed existence where there is now the closest union. Imagine, too, the active portion of mankind no longer liable to suffering. What reckless exposures would there be, what unconscious neglect of physical laws, what suicidal feats of strength and endurance! The maimed would outnumber the uninjured, and the needless, foolhardy deaths would be more than those that now occur by disease and casualty combined. These considerations certainly deprive human suffering of its mystery, and bring forth rich testimony from the severest experiences of our earthly condition to the goodness of the Creator.

THE OLD PUMP-HANDLE.



HERE stands the old pump, where it used to stand, at the corner of the street. I'm glad they have not got a new one. It looks just as it used to look: a picturesque, tumble-down old thing; its stout oak planking rotted by the rain, and cracked by the sun, with here and there a plant growing in its crevices, and looking green and nice. There's the rusty handle, too, worn with use, and channelled and dented, hanging like an arm shrivelled and palsied. How commonplace it all looks! And yet I, who stand here to-night, take hold of the old pump-handle with feelings crowding and hurrying through my soul that nothing else could awaken.

How easily this strong man's arm lifts the old pump-handle; and yet it must have been hard for her—for her, with her little thin blue arms, that I see toiling, toiling away—the arms that are folded so still now.

There she lived, in the little row of old, dirty, low-roofed tenement houses, that were pulled down years ago to make room for the stately warehouses; and just yonder I lived, in the tall, bleak, rickety old dwelling, with its broken staircases and cracked windows, that stood where the lumberyard does now. And I used to watch her every day as she came out of the house, in rain or shine, with her old black hood and her scanty dress, and the great water-pail that was almost as large as herself.

As in our dwellings there was little to choose, so I think there was as little in our lives. Bare, squalid, crushing poverty loomed over both, and the ignorance and misery and hardness that comes of it.

What a childhood we both had—defrauded, dark, wretched in every way. And for me—I shudder to think what I was then—standing on the borders of my eleventh year, soured, coarse, ignorant, with hardly a hope in the world, my life and associates—*faugh!* I will not go back into that time! I took little interest in anybody or anything, except odd coppers; but somehow that small, shivering, pitiful figure, with the great water-pail, did awaken in me a sort of curiosity and sympathy, as I watched it going back and forth every day—back and forth.

One morning I saw it as usual, after a heavy rain, and a hard frost that followed and froze the water on the sidewalks and made them slippery as glass. How carefully she picked her way over the stones, in their crystal sheathing of ice. Twice she fell heavily, and must have bruised herself sorely, I am certain; but then she was used to all sorts of “hard knocks” in a world that had been cruel to her from her birth. So she picked up the water-pail which had fallen out of her hands, and slipped painfully along.

At last she reached the pump, and grasped the handle; but that, too, was coated with ice. It slipped out of the small hand every time she took hold of it, and finally she stood still, looking at it

with a wan, helpless, despairing look, that went to my heart—mine, as I stood watching by the window. An impulse took me suddenly, and I rushed down the rickety stairs, and out of the house, and over to the pump.

“My girl,” I said, “won’t you let me fill your pail? The handle is too slippery for you.”

What a look of surprise and pleasure kindled the little, tired, wan, pinched face! She had not been used to kind speeches or helpful deeds, that was evident. What an inner light came into the sorrowful blue eyes, and thanked me as I seized the handle! and in a moment the thick stream of water was dancing and splashing out of the old pump.

Would you believe it? I met my fate and my angel there.

When it was done, she looked at me a moment with a pleased wistfulness. Something fluttered up to her face.

“Aint you very good?” she asked.

“Oh, no, I’m not a bit good,” I answered, honestly, and for the first time in my life I wished that I was.

“Yes, but I think you be,” answered the girl, with an eager positiveness. “I’m sure you be, and you’ll make a good man one of these days.”

The tears swelled into my eyes. All the dull pain, and sullenness, and dumb longing at my heart, seemed suddenly to pass away. I resolved at that hour that I would make good that child’s prophecy; I would be a man, come what might; I would struggle and fight my way out of the thick hedge of circumstances that walled me in on all sides. My soul rose in me exultant; my heart throbbed; the blood tingled at the ends of my fingers.

I walked home with the little girl that morning. I learned something of her life, and she something of mine; and afterwards we had many meetings at this old pump. Mercy Bray was her name. It may not be the prettiest name in the world, but it seems so to me.

The years have slipped away since then. I am a young man now. Through thick and through thin I held on to my purpose. I fought my way step by step out of that thick hedge of poverty and misery, that walled me round and darkened over my boyhood. I went to sea, and came back, more than once or twice, and wherever I went I carried her poor little pale face, her shivering form as it stood at the old pump, in my thoughts.

And often, and often, when I felt tempted to sin, I recalled those words of hers, “You’ll be a good man some day.” And I prayed, and was strengthened; and when I came back, I used to take long walks with her, and tell her how I loved her, and carried her image in my heart wherever I went—little Mercy Bray; and I thank God, oh! I thank him with unutterable joy and gratitude, that through me her last days were better than her first—little Mercy Bray!

And to-night I am back again. Step by step I have risen, until now I am first mate of the vessel



"She stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look that went to my heart."—p. 370.

that I entered as cabin-boy. And here stands the old pump, just as it used to stand, and I seem to see her standing beside it.

Does Mercy know, I wonder, that I am standing here to-night for her sake, with my fingers grasping the old pump-handle?

The little, chilled, pinched figure lies under the cool, fragrant shadows of the limes in the churchyard on the hill; and the violets of her native land

bloom upon her grave in spring—little Mercy Bray!

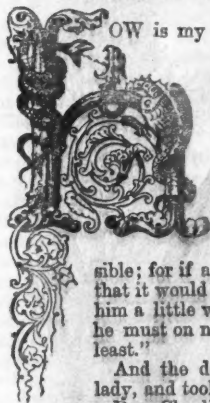
There I go and sit for hours—far into the night—and watch the moonbeams stealing over the little headstone, and lighting up the name that is the sweetest of all in the world to me—Mercy Bray!

Little tired hands, you have your rest now; you have dropped for ever "The Old Pump Handle."

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHARLIE THORNTON.

A STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS.



OW is my dear boy to-day, doctor?" asked Mrs. Thornton, and an anxious expression rested on her kind, motherly face; "he has had a very restless night."

"The danger, I am happy to say, is past, Mrs. Thornton," said the good doctor; "but he must be nursed now with more care than ever, if that be possible; for if a relapse should come, I fear that it would prove fatal. You may give him a little weak broth or beef-tea, but he must on no account be excited in the least."

And the doctor bowed politely to the lady, and took his departure.

Poor Charlie! he was indeed very ill. He had lain in his little bed for nearly a week past, utterly unconscious of anything going on around him. He had been weakened by a very bad fever, which had prostrated him for some days; and during the whole of this time his kind, good mother had watched over him.

I will tell you how poor little Charlie became so ill.

One cold winter's day, when the snow was lying at the sides of the road, where it had been drifted by the high wind, and everything looked cold and dreary, Walter Raymond came on a visit with his mamma to Mr. and Mrs. Thornton.

Charlie and Walter were cousins and great friends, and, being both about the same age, were very suitable companions.

These were the Christmas holidays, and the two boys were full of chat about their thick-soled boots for football, and their new skates which Mr. Thornton had bought for them in London, and which they intended to use, as soon as the weather would permit, on the little pond in the home field.

But papa had told Charlie not to venture on the ice until he had himself been there and ascertained whether it was safe for them to do so. And Charlie, of course, had determined not to disobey his dear papa.

A day or two after Walter's arrival, Mr. Thornton came down to breakfast, calling out—

"Boys, you'll get some skating soon. It froze

very hard last night, and if it do so all day to-day, I dare say I shall let you go on the pond to-morrow. We'll see about it."

"Oh, thanks, pa! Won't it be jolly, Wal? Only fancy, to get skating to-morrow; and perhaps it will last a long time. Do you think it will, pa?"

"Well, Charlie, I can't say; but I have no doubt you shall have enough of it to tire you. And now get your breakfast, and you may have a run with me to the station."

They did not require to be told twice, for they had both been out since seven o'clock, and it was now half-past eight, and they had good appetites at any time.

After breakfast, they started as proposed, walking very fast to keep themselves warm.

They got to the station after a brisk walk, and Mr. Thornton set off for town, calling to the boys, who were a little out of breath, and very red with their walk—

"Good-bye, boys—meet me this evening. I shall return by the five o'clock train."

And away hissed the engine, leaving them on the platform.

As they were walking home, after a good deal of talking, Charlie said—

"Let's go across to the pond, Wal, and see how thick the ice is. Perhaps it will bear to-day."

"But, Charlie, we could not go on it to-day, if it were strong enough to bear us, for you know what uncle said."

"Oh, bother!" said Charlie; "let's go and see: that will be no harm."

When they arrived at the pond, they found it thickly covered with snow, for it lay in a hollow, and the snow had drifted there. It did not take Charlie long, however, to scrape the snow away from near where they were standing, and then he saw the nice clear ice lying very temptingly before them.

"Oh! how nice it looks!" said Walter, as he threw a stone across it. "I wish uncle had seen it before he went away. Don't you, Charlie?"

"Rather," said Charlie. "What a bore it is that we must wait until to-morrow!"

They stayed at the pond a long time, until they were getting quite cold, and then reluctantly turned homewards.

"What shall we do to-day, Wal?" said Charlie. "I wish we could go and skate. I'm sure the ice is strong enough."

"But, Charlie, we can't, so there's an end of it. Perhaps we can go to-morrow. Let's have a game

at snowball;" and as he spoke he stooped and picked up some snow, bound it nice and hard, took good aim, and threw it at Charlie. So the game commenced.

There are many games far less exhilarating than snowball; and when boys do commence a game, they generally contrive to make it sufficiently exciting to amuse and keep them warm. So they whiled away the day, which, to both of them, appeared very, very long, because every now and then they strolled into the kitchen to look at their skates, and to give them a little more oil. The straps also appeared at times to want more grease, to soften them, for, you know, hard straps hurt the feet. And then, having the tormenting skates always before them, they could scarcely endure the firesome disappointment of staying at home. Charlie would not play at leap-frog, and Walter would not fence; Charlie would not do anything Walter wanted, and *vice versa*. So, between them, they contrived to make things more uncomfortable for each other than they would otherwise have been. But they both agreed in one thing, and that was in wishing five o'clock would come, for pa's return.

They were doomed, however, to a greater disappointment. About half-past four they started off at a sharp trot for the station. When they were nearly there they saw the long train steaming and smoking in the distance, and approaching the station rapidly. The boys, however, were by this time on the platform, and waiting anxiously to see Mr. Thornton.

"One, two, three, four—only four people, and neither of them pa," said Charlie. "Why, where can he be? Are you sure, Wal, that he did not slip past us?"

"Oh, yes," said Walter, "quite sure. Let's go out and see, though."

But there were no signs of Mr. Thornton, and they returned to the platform, intending to wait for the next train.

Charlie was very well known at the station, for he often accompanied his father there. Presently a porter came to them, touching his hat—

"A telegram's bin sent to your house, sir, from Lunnon."

"Has it, White? Do you know who it's from?" asked Charlie.

"From your father, sir, I'm thinking," said the man.

"And how long has it been gone?"

"Just this minnit," was the reply.

"Come on Wal!" shouted Charlie, half way down the stairs. "We can soon catch that slow telegraph boy, and then we can make haste home with the message ourselves."

Charlie was right. They had not gone more than half a mile, when, sauntering along in advance, they saw the big, overgrown boy from the station, who seemed to have been chosen on account of his extraordinary slowness.

"Heigh! heigh!" shouted Wal, at the top of his voice; and before the slow boy could well make up his mind to turn round the boys were by his side.

"Have you got a telegram for us?" said Charlie.

"Ye-e-s, oi' ave," said the boy.

"All right, then, give it to me. I'm going home, and can run faster than you." So saying,

Charlie took the letter from the boy's hand, who, I must say, was nothing loth to part with it, for he was thinking of the warm, comfortable fire he had just left.

"Thankee, y'ung sir," said he, and turning round, was back at the station in less time than he had taken to walk from it.

When they arrived at home they were certainly more vexed than ever, and there really was some excuse for it. The telegram ran as follows:—

I am detained in town, and cannot be home until to-morrow night.

"Therefore, no skating," thought Charlie. He did not say so, however, but asked his mamma whether he and Wal might go to bed.

"Yes, darling, you can go," said Mrs. Thornton; "and I am very sorry father has disappointed you, boys, for it is such a pity. Good night, dear; good night, Walter."

They had scarcely got up into their little bedroom, when Charlie burst out—

"Well, Wal, I'm not going to give up my skating. I shall go on the ice to-morrow."

"Oh, Charlie, boy, you surely don't mean that! We had much better wait until Mr. Thornton returns."

"I do mean it!" said Charlie, fiercely. "It's a shame of pa, it is, to promise us, and then not to come."

Charlie did not think that his papa had business matters of importance which he could not postpone, and therefore was obliged to remain in town. No; he thought, as many naughty boys will think, that his papa could devote time to him whenever he chose to desire it.

Well, Charlie rose next morning as soon as it was light, and looked through his little window.

"Oh, how jolly!" said he. "Why it's been freezing awfully hard. Come on, Wal, get up, and we'll go out for a run."

Out they went, and of course, Charlie led the way to the pond, for that was where his thoughts had been ever since he awoke.

"Oh, how thick!" said he. "Why, it's quite strong. See, Wal, it bears well enough;" and he took a step forward, and stood on the ice.

"Yes, it seems strong, certainly," replied Walter; "but we had better not go on. You know—"

"Well, I shall, and there's the long and short of the matter," was the abrupt and uncourteous reply.

And now our little story draws to a close. Charlie ran home, returned with his skates, and was flying along over the ice in a very short time; for I told you that Charlie was a good skater. Every now and then he would come round with a great sweep, and stop suddenly opposite Wal, chaffing him about standing on the bank in the cold while he was enjoying himself so well.

"Run for your skates," said he. "Don't be such a muff, Wal. I wouldn't be so frightened as you for anything."

But, no; Walter would not "run for his skates."

Charlie had dashed away again, and the heightened colour on his cheeks showed how much he was enjoying himself. He had been round the pond again, and now thought he would take a cut across, when the point of his skate caught against a large stone, which was frozen into the ice (the one he and

Wal had thrown to hear it rattle along), and down he fell with great force, breaking the ice with a crash. In a moment Charlie had disappeared. He came up again, however, and it was the work of a moment for Wal to pick up a rail, which was lying close to him half frozen to the earth, rush towards the hole, and push it across so that Charlie might have something to catch hold of.

You see Wal was no "muff" or coward, but Charlie was, in reality, the coward; for you know he could not resist the temptation, but must go on the ice, contrary to his father's strict commands to the contrary.

No time was to be lost, so Walter called out to Charlie to "Never mind," and away he went to obtain assistance.

This he fortunately soon procured, but it arrived only just in time, for Charlie was on the point of fainting from extreme cold. To get him out was a matter of considerable difficulty and danger, but it was at length accomplished without any accident. So they carried him home, placed him in blankets, and sent for Dr. West, who had been attending him ever since.

And now that Charlie had recovered his senses, his position came vividly before his eyes—his disobedience and its punishment. And that punishment had been very severe: Charlie was no longer the strong, romping, careless boy, but a pale, weak little invalid.

Let us hope, however, that he will soon recover, for we must now leave him. I must first tell you, though, how very, very sorry his poor papa was to learn that his favourite and good little boy had been so wicked; and when he went to see him on his recovering consciousness, he told him in the kindest manner to repeat and remember this little prayer—"Lead us not into temptation."

THE BROKEN LAW.



HERE was a noise and confusion the other day in the street.

What was it all about? Everybody was getting out of the way, for crowds of men and boys were rushing down-town. In the midst were two policemen, and between them, a man with an evil, angry-looking face, whom they were dragging along. He struggled to get

away, but they forced him on, till they reached the gaol, where he was put in a cell with a grated window, and the heavy bolt pushed back in the iron door, and then he could not escape.

They surely would not have taken an innocent man and carried him off—oh, no! He had been stealing; he had broken the law of the land, and he must expect to suffer the punishment.

The next morning he was brought into the court-room to be examined. Some questions were asked him, and then he was sent back to his gloomy cell till the time appointed for trial. Then he is to be brought again to the court-room, where sits the judge, and the prisoner stands at the bar before him; those who saw him steal are obliged to come in as witnesses, and prove that he is guilty.

Sometimes the prisoner engages counsel, and when the testimony has been given proving that he is really guilty, his counsel tries to plead for him. Suppose he should say—"Yes, the prisoner is guilty—he confesses it; but he was suffering for the clothes which he stole. Listen to the bleak winds of winter, shudder as you see the drifts of snow beating against the windows, draw your own warm garments more tightly around you, and look at the wretched prisoner in his threadbare, tattered rags. Need you wonder that the temptation overcame him? Gentlemen, I plead for mercy."

Every heart in the court might be filled with sorrow for the wretched man, but he is none the less guilty of having broken the law. Suppose the lawyer should rise again and say—"I will pay a ransom for this man: let me give you a certain sum of money, and let him be free." But for every broken law there must be a punishment, and neither mercy nor pay could satisfy the law. To continue to be a perfect law, it must pronounce the sentence and punish the guilty.

Now let us see how Adam and Eve stood. They had stolen from God, they had broken his command. They could not say they did not know it was wrong; for when Satan first tried to persuade Eve, she replied, that if they took the fruit they should die. You may think it was a hard law, that it was only a little sin, and a very great punishment; but God wished to try them; if they could not keep an easy command, they would not keep a greater one.

So might the poor thief argue that it was only some coarse clothes he had stolen; but yet he had broken the law against stealing just as much as if the theft was greater. He might plead that he was in need, but Adam and Eve had no wants to supply, for they had enough before. Our poor ragged thief might plead that he had not been taught the sin of stealing, that he had grown up in wretchedness and poverty, surrounded by people more wicked than himself.

But these two first sinners could not offer that excuse, for they were created without one impure wish—pure and holy—and held converse with none but the Holy One who made them. Angels looked on at their creation, and sang songs of glory to the Lord who had made man but little lower than themselves.

But now the blessed pair had wickedly, foolishly sinned, their kind and loving Father had become their offended Judge, and all the angels witnessed this, the *first broken law*.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 355.

"I am Alpha and Omega."—Rev. i. 8.

1. I chabod's	1 Sam. iv. 21.
2. A mminadab	Exod. vi. 23.
3. M ichal	1 Chron. xv. 29.
4. A phek	1 Kings xx. 30.
5. L achish	2 Chron. xxv. 27.
6. P haltiel	2 Sam. iii. 15, 16.
7. H iel	1 Kings xvi. 34.
8. A biram	1 Kings xvi. 34.
9. A doni-bezek	Judg. i. 7.
10. N ahah's	1 Chron. xix. 2.
11. D elilah's	Judg. xvi. 16, 17.
12. O nesiphorus	2 Tim i. 13.
13. M akkedah	Josh. x. 17.
14. E lah	1 Kings xvi. 9.
15. O enubath	1 Kings xi. 20.
16. A chan	Josh. vii. 20-26.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."—Matt. viii. 2, 3.

I went out from the city gate,
With downcast eyes and sighing,
And ashes on his fevered brow.
With their dim grey hue were lying,

With sackcloth round about his loins,
A covering o'er his mouth,
Sadly he left his childhood's home,
That leprous stricken youth.

And hotly in his azure eyes
The fever look was shining,
Around his sad, unuttered thoughts
A stupor was entwining.

Softly he breathed out as he walked,
"Unclean, unclean, unclean,"
Lest any should approach too near,
The spot where he had been.

He durst not for a moment pause
At the river's grassy brink—
For stern leper-laws forbade—
Of the running stream to drink.

Nor was he even long to rest
Where wheel-track might be seen,
For man in terror shunned to meet
The outcast, the unclean.

Oh, lonely, lonely seemed the world,
Spreading before him there;
The world, to happier spirits all
So beautiful and fair.

He heard a murmur as of rain,
Of summer showers around;
'Twas Jesus with the multitude,
That coming, whispering sound.

"How happy they," 'twas thus he mused,
"Whose thoughts can mingling blend;
How sweet must be the communing,
Thus journeying friend with friend."

Perhaps our Father's pitying love,
That wanders like the wind,
The sacred Spirit, holy dove,
That nestled in his mind.

For with a sudden impulse bold,
He knelt before the Lord,
And in the fervour of his prayer
His inmost soul outpoured.

"Lord, if thou wilt," with upturned face
And reverential mien,
Tearful he cried, "the power is thine,
To make thy servant clean."

Then Jesus gently passed his hand
Across the sick man's brow,
And said, in accents soft and sweet,
"I will; be healed thou."

The cooling stream of health rushed fast
Throughout each burning vein;
A few short moments and he stood
His former self again!

Children, adown the stream of years
Those words are floating still,
And ever to the prayer of faith,
The Saviour saith, "I will."

PATIENCE AND IMPULSE.



THESE two talked together one day. Impulse said to Patience, "I am surprised you go on so calmly, saying you will get that wall knocked down before I do, so that we shall see the beautiful view beyond it." Patience replied, "You have kicked at it several times, and have only succeeded in loosening a few bricks. I am trying to get the owners of the land

to see that it will be much better for their own interests to remove the wall. Even if you were to break it all down, you would be sorry afterwards that you had done so, for you would be punished for an unlawful deed." Impulse only laughed at Patience, and called her dull and stupid, and said she had no energy at all. But in the end Patience won what they both had so earnestly desired, and the wall was laid low.

My father often wondered why young Blake got on so well, for he had always been a dull boy at school. Will Palmer, his playmate, was constantly laughing at him, saying he would never set the Thames on fire—never make a noise in the world;

and so bustling and boasting Will went on his way, but somehow or other he never remained long in one situation. If all did not go on exactly as he wished, on the impulse of the moment he would throw up his place; and yet all the while people used to flatter him. "Will has never to take anything in hand but what he succeeds," they said. Some few looked knowingly at each other, and whispered, "He is a clever fellow, but he lets success slip through his fingers as fast as he gets hold of it." And so it was. Will's father died; and in about two years after this event, I was very much startled at meeting my friend Will in his official capacity as conductor of an omnibus. This was Will, the talented boy from whom so much had been expected.

In the meanwhile, James Blake, who was humbly born, had risen to an honourable, responsible position. Patience and Industry were his friends. Sometimes James had to stand still and wait, and at such times he would say to himself, "Though the blessing tarry, wait for it." Slowly and steadily he worked on his way, for his patient trust was firm as a rock. From clerk in the bank he rose to be cashier, and is now receiving an excellent salary.

"TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."



HERE are two sorts of "taking thought for the morrow"—the one proper, and necessary to success, the other useless, sinful, and ruinous to one's happiness. The first kind consists in a thoughtful and serious concern for the wants and contingencies of the future, leading to earnest efforts to make provision for them. The second kind consists in painful misgivings, forebodings, and fears in respect to the wants and contingencies of the future, when it is wholly out of our power to make any provision for them. So long as any practical good will result from painful and serious thought as to how this want shall be met, or that evil averted, a man does well to be anxious as to what he shall do in the future; but when it is beyond one's power to meet the want, or avert the evil, or secure the good contemplated, when the most serious concern, and active diligence, and untiring earnestness can effect nothing, then anxiety becomes useless, sinful, and ruinous to happiness.

And yet how much of just such "taking thought" there is, even among Christians! What a besetting sin of many persons it is to brood over the future, and, with heart full of foreboding, and mind burdened with anxious thoughts, wonder "what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed!" How many lives, which would otherwise be happy, are made miserable by a habit of contemplating events with painful anxiety that are yet in the future, and over which they have no control!

Let, then, harassing care have no place in our minds. Firstly, because it is useless. It can do no possible good. "Which of you," said our Lord, when trying to guard his disciples from this very evil, "by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?"—can effect the slightest change in the things about which he is troubled? The strong inference from our Lord's question is, that no one ever yet did himself any good by mere anxiety about things in the future, over which he has now no control.

Secondly, we should not allow an undue care

about the future to have place in our minds, because we have no right to put in one day what belongs to another. "Give us *this day* our *daily* bread," is the petition, and not, "Give us *this day* bread for a week, or month, or year." The future has its own wants, and its own provisions for them—so also has the present—so has each particular day of our lives; and it is wrong for us to put into one day what belongs to another. This is true of all the wants and contingencies of human life. The future will have its own cares and anxieties—plenty of them, likely—and they will be forthcoming in due time; but they have no business among the cares and anxieties of to-day.

Thirdly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because God does not give us grace and strength to-day to bear trials that will not befall us for years to come. The grace and strength that we have to-day are bestowed with an exclusive reference to the painfulness or magnitude of to-day's trials. The trials that God will send upon us to-morrow, or next month, or next year, if they are heavier or severer than those of to-day, will be accompanied by larger supplies of grace and strength. "As thy day is, thy strength shall be." So that, when we trouble ourselves about the events of the future, we take upon ourselves a burden for which to-day's grace and strength are not adequate—God not giving us, in advance, assistance to bear troubles yet in the future. No wonder that in such circumstances our hearts grow sad, and our faces pallid, and our heads white, as we vainly attempt to stagger along under burdens that are too heavy for us, and are crushing us in the dust.

Fourthly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because it implies a want of confidence in God. The present is ours—the future is God's. He has it all in his own hands. He claims it as his prerogative to dispose of its affairs. And when we are anxious about what evil or good shall befall us in the future, we in effect doubt God's wisdom, or power, or goodness. We show a want of confidence in him. We ought to consider that God's past faithfulness is the pledge of future faithfulness. "After so much mercy past, will he let us sink at last?"

THE DYING SLAVE.

IN the heart of a gloomy, reeking swamp,
A son of Afric lay,
The night shades crept round, so cold and damp,
While his life ebb'd fast away.

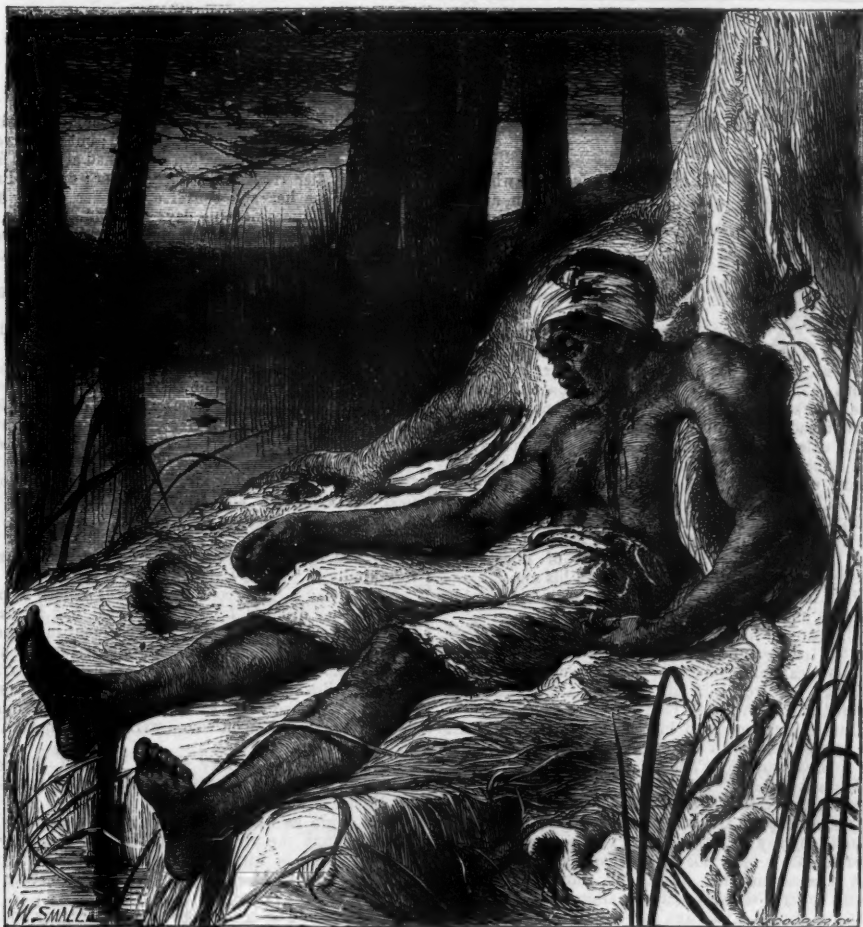
Around him there stretch'd a festering marsh,
Where chills and fevers bred;
And the gloomy pine-trees grated harsh
Around his gory bed.

The hideous toad and slimy snake
Over his bare limbs crept;

And there, in the reeking, rotting brake,
The hunted negro slept.

He slept; and a look of terror stole,
Like a cloud, across his face;
And fear and anguish filled his soul,
As he dreamt in his hiding-place.

The cry of the fierce pursuer he hears,
And the bay of the gaunt bloodhound;
And, aroused by his agonising fears,
He starts at every sound.



But all around is hushed and still,
Save the boom of the waving woods,
And the cry of some distant whip-poor-will,
In the gloomy solitudes.

Again he slept; and a smile now flits,
Like a sunbeam, round his mouth:
By his mother's knee he happy sits,
In his home in the sunny South.

Once more he plays, a little child,
'Neath the palm-tree's grateful shade,
With his happy playmates—free and wild
As a fawn in forest glade.

His bosom heaves with a heavy groan;
Like rain his tears fast pour:
For he feels, alas! that dream is gone;
He's a wounded slave once more.

Slowly his life-blood ebbs away;
The night-shades now are gone;
The glorious sun proclaims the day:
Must the poor slave die alone?

Is there no one near to soothe his pain—
To wipe the death-dew'd brow?
Yes; He who once for him was slain
Is with him even now.

No human eye looks on his form;
No human help is nigh:
But Love shines brightly through the storm,
His hopes in Jesus lie.

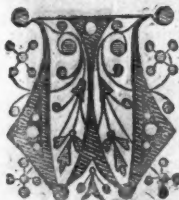
His cares, and fears, and painful cries
Are gone; no more he'll weep.
To heaven the poor slave raised his eyes;
He smiled—then fell asleep.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER LVI.

A GOOD SON.



E must now leave for a while the little world of Evertown, and the ruined family in whose fortunes our readers have taken so kind an interest, in order to ascertain what has really become of Faulkner-Moore, and whether he was indeed worthy of the sublime constancy and entire faith of Eva's true woman's heart—in short, whether he was a villain or a martyr.

But before we ask our readers to follow us across the blue waters of the South Pacific, and to land with us on those broad isles which bid fair one day to bear the proud title of Queen of the South, we must take a farewell glance at the position of those to whom we shall not return until, among the Anatoki mountains, or in the rich valley of Takaka, or in the primeval forests or the rich gold fields of New Zealand, we have found Faulkner-Moore, and learnt from himself the secret of his flight, and the history of his many years of unexplained absence from his country, his wife, and his son.

First let us inquire how it fares with Sir Gregory Greville, and his sweet niece, Violet Vivian.

The baronet has not yet reappeared at Greville Park, and the last accounts, conveyed in a letter from Violet to the vicar, announce that her uncle's health is so seriously impaired, that his doctors have peremptorily ordered him to winter in Italy.

During his absence all his pensioners are confided to the care of the good Vicar of Evertown, who is appointed his almoner and Violet's too.

We will not believe that the illness of Sir Gregory Greville was caused by the disappointment of a long-cherished hope. He was much too sensible to suffer himself to play at fifty the part of a love-sick swain. *Post hoc, non propter hoc* may perhaps apply in this case. But it is certain that about this time Sir Gregory's health suffered severely, and his altered appearance and manners caused great anxiety to all his friends, and especially to his tenderly-attached niece, and to one who dared not express the deep sympathy she felt, nor the distress with which she had heard of his illness—namely, Mrs. Moore herself.

Poor Eva! Although she tried to bear up in her son's presence, she well knew that the great and pressing necessity for exertion was no more. A prey to all the wild fears and torturing fancies that haunt the solitude of a devoted wife, uncertain of her husband's fate, Mrs. Moore's disappointment was very great.

The romantic incident connected with the loss of Faulkner-Moore's letter to his wife, and which, as the reader will remember, he had confided to Mr. Clopstone, his head clerk (who perished when the Paris train took fire), had been a nine days' wonder, and had caused a paper war and a lively controversy between two great rival journals. One party contended as warmly that Faulkner might have been innocent, as the other did that he must have been guilty.

Mrs. Moore had herself privately ventured to address a letter to the editor of the paper which took her husband's part. She could not be silent when it seemed to her that what she had to say might benefit his cause. Whether her letter ever reached the editor's hands we know not, but no notice was taken of it in any way; and a second letter of hers met with the same fate.

Her bodily health became daily weaker and weaker, and her eyesight more and more affected; but the fervent faith and the sweet resignation which had attended her throughout her trials never forsook her; and as Fred could only see her and converse with her during the evenings that succeeded his days at Bond and Co.'s, he was not aware how much her health and spirits were impaired, and how much the disease that had so long threatened her valuable sight was on the increase.

Poor mother! She saw Fred so happy in his useful and progressive career—so proud of the confidence reposed in him by the great and good man at the head of the firm—so esteemed by all above him, so respected by all beneath him, and so happy in the confidence which increased experience and knowledge of the business gave him—that punctuality, perseverance, zeal, and a real love of business, and a genius for trade, would in time make the young clerk a partner, perhaps, in the great house of Bond and Co., and in the end a merchant prince, like the great Bond himself, with an unlimited power of doing good, and a genuine and truly Christian delight in the exercise of that power.

Fred had written to Sir Gregory to thank him for the watch, and he had ventured to beg to be remembered very kindly to "Miss Vivian."

Miss Vivian! How cold those words seemed to poor Fred as they dropped from a pen which, had he dared to give it leave, would have been so eloquent in praise of Violet, and in entreaties that she would not forget him.

But a thousand invisible bonds and delicate barriers compelled Freddy to confine himself to a few cold words; and if they seemed such to him, they appeared equally so to Violet Vivian, upon whose warm young heart they fell like ice.

Sir Gregory wrote very kindly to Fred Moore in return for his letter, but briefly, and without mentioning Violet.

Once again he wrote to Sir Gregory; that was when he heard from the vicar that the baronet was very ill, and was going to winter abroad. Again he sent his remembrances to Miss Vivian; but this time there was no reply.

The vicar told him one day that Sir Gregory and his niece were gone to Palermo, and Fred, who had never lost that habit of prayer instilled into him in his infancy by his mother and Becky, took the first opportunity of retiring to his own chamber, and of praying his God on his bended knees to spare his beloved Violet the grief and agony that the loss of her best friend would cause her.

The sailor and the *ci-devant* shopman, who had been taken for the night, after the attempted burglary, to the Evertown station-house, whence they were the next morning to have been taken before the nearest magistrate, had cunningly effected their escape during the night, and though every effort was made, and every means was used to trace and regain possession of them, no clue whatever was obtained as to their whereabouts; and after a few weeks of intense excitement, and no little alarm at the idea that such ruffians might be lurking in the neighbourhood, the search was given up in despair.

Mrs. Moore remained at the old house in the marketplace. Her faithful Becky, and her devoted friend, the vicar, tended her with constant and earnest care during her son's absence; but as she never complained, and as the sitting-room was always darkened on account of the weakness and pain of her eyes, they were not aware how much thinner, paler and weaker poor Mrs. Moore had

become; and they were rejoiced to see that she availed herself of Fred's income to rest from her own labours: not suspecting that she had only ceased to work at her easel and her embroidery because she found herself quite unequal to the exertion of her talents.

Eva's present existence was a very tranquil one, as far as the outward world went; but within, the storm was still frequent.

She now habitually rose late, and not until Becky had brought her some refreshment. She would then rise, and exchange her bedroom for the sitting-room, and her bed for the sofa.

She would occupy her thin white fingers in knitting, netting, and crochet; and as reading was painful to her, she would get Becky to sit by her and read the Bible aloud. Or the good vicar would come in, and relieving the old handmaiden, would sit down by his friend, and, at her request, would read aloud to her some work of interest and genuine piety.

In such company, Eva was often calm, and always gentle, in spite of "the fear of vain longing," that often seemed to parch her very breast, and "the sickness of hope deferred" that had so brought down her buoyant, joyous spirit.

Then, every evening, her son's bright face and now manly form gladdened her tea-table; and his contented smile and happy voice cheered her poor mother-heart; and the boy grew so like, so wondrous like the forgotten, the still tenderly-loved absent one. In his eyes there was the same clear depth reposing beneath the shade of the dark lashes, like a translucent lake beneath the shade of the cedar and the cypress. Fred's lips had his father's intellectual and honest smile; the wave of his thick, glossy hair, the colour that mantled on his cheek, the proud uprightness of his form, and every little turn of his head, and peculiarity of his manner, reminded his mother of what her husband had been in those happy days when he first sought to win that love which had been so true to him, both in the sunshine of his prosperity and in the dark midnight of his disgrace and his despair.

Yes, Fred—for the reader will here observe that, since his instalment at Bond's, the more childish appellation of Freddy had been dispensed with—was fast growing up to manhood, and Eva was rejoiced to see how naturally he began to take his place in what she loved still to look upon as her husband's home. How gracefully he presided at her husband's table! how readily his strong young arm supplied the place of that on which she had so loved to lean, and the very memory of which, recalled as it was by her Fred's ever-ready support, often filled her eyes with tears, and sent a convulsive shudder through her wasted form. And yet Eva was not ungrateful for the blessing of such a son.

No; he had, indeed, been trained up by herself, the vicar, and by poor old Becky in the way in which he should go, and she felt that he never would depart from it.

CHAPTER LVII.

FRED'S PROMOTION.

YEARS had crept on, and Fred, who, at eighteen, was very tall and very manly, might well have passed for three years older than he was; and he held, indeed, in the great house of Bond and Co. a position which in no other case had ever been granted except to a man of thirty years of age.

But as Mr. Bond said to the one next to himself in authority and importance in that great establishment, "If young Moore is more steady, more useful, more clever, and more to be relied upon at eighteen than others are at eight-and-twenty, it is but right to reward his merits without reference to his years, and to give

him the appointment and the salary due to one who, between ourselves, is the best accountant, the readiest reckoner, and the most punctual and gifted young man in our establishment."

And thus it came to pass that Fred Moore, at eighteen, was enlisted among the senior clerks, and enjoyed a salary of £250 a year.

Enjoyed it, indeed! not for his own sake, but for that of the beloved, revered, and cherished mother, whom he was thus enabled to surround with all due comforts, and some of the luxuries of life.

But, for himself, he was strictly economical in his own personal expenditure; he was very modest and simple in his dress. No coxcombry vulgarised his fine manly person. He drank water from early habit and choice, for he could well have afforded to drink ale, or even wine.

He was always in bed early, and up with the lark. His morning prayer was as full of piety, purity, and faith as it had been when first he lisped it at his mother's or at Becky's knee; and every evening, just as Eva remembered his father was wont to do, so Fred now did: he read prayers aloud to the little household, increased by the addition of a niece of Becky's, a good, honest, buxom girl, who helped the old handmaiden in the many duties which her increasing years made too heavy for her alone. Oh! at that hour of family prayer, when the inflections of Fred's voice, awoke a thousand echoes in his mother's sad heart, and when, closing her eyes, she would almost imagine that it was her husband's voice she heard, how would the fervent prayer of faith rise from her very heart to the throne of grace!—how would she implore her heavenly Father to send back the absent husband to clear away the dark clouds that hung over the fair fame of one whom she knew to be innocent!—how did she entreat the one only Mediator—he who had been himself a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief—to plead for her beloved!

For how many years did those prayers, which grew in faith and fervour, continue, though they seemed unheard, unanswered! For how many years were they offered up at morning, at evening, and the noon-day! and yet she was not disheartened. "Cast your bread upon the waters, and you shall find it again after many days," she would say to herself. "My prayer will yet be heard, I feel it will!"

On the day upon which Fred completed his twenty-first year two very important events occurred. The one was his promotion to the office of head clerk at Bond and Co.'s, an appointment vacant through the death of the worthy old man who had held it for forty years, and who had become so much attached to Fred Moore that (being himself a bachelor, and without relatives) he had left him all he possessed in the world, namely, the savings of his life, amounting to £3,000.

The other was a long and very agitating private conference with his mother, in which she courageously revealed to him the secret history of his father's misfortunes, of his bankruptcy, of his long and unexpected absence, of the dark blot on the name of Faulkner, and, worst of all, of the destruction of Violet Vivian's prospects and property, by feloniously selling out and appropriating the money in the funds, which formed her capital of £15,000, and which vile deed, though attributed by the world to Faulkner Moore, his (Fred's) father, had been, she (his mother) felt certain, the sole work of his artful and designing partner.

Fred heard the dreadful revelation with a throbbing heart, an ever changeful cheek, varying from red to pale, and pale to red; and as his mother told the terrible tale connected with Violet and her ruined fortunes, the poor young man's face became ghastly white, a violent trembling shook his frame, his breath came short and thick, and, folding his arms on the table by

which he sat, he hid his face upon them, and his mother saw, by the convulsive heavings of his breast, that he was weeping bitterly.

"Fred," she said, "I have told you the dark secret of our lives to-day, not only because to-day you are a man in the eyes of the law, but because your old friend's legacy has made you master of a sum which I look upon, as I am certain my son—Faulkner-Moore's son—must do, as the first instalment of the debt of fifteen thousand pounds, due by your father, and, therefore, by yourself, to Violet Vivian. It is due by your father, Fred—not that I believe he ever touched one penny of the fortune of which he was the guardian. No! I believe he would have seen his right hand consumed by slow fire rather than have let it take one penny of that sacred fund. But he was Violet's protector; she was his ward. His partner must have forged his name, and sold out Violet's stock. He was answerable for his partner's actions—for his partner's debts. You are morally answerable for your father's debts; and it must be the object of your life (supposing my prayers are unanswered, and he does not come back himself) to clear his fame, and restore Violet's fortune. You, I say, my son, are answerable for every shilling she has lost, and I know you will begin, with the legacy you have just had, the grand work of restoration and restitution. It has been to me a great trial, a painful duty, my son, to tell you all, but you were so young, so very young, when all this happened, and I have always so tried—for reasons which you can well understand now—to throw a veil over the past whenever your recollections were likely to recall it, that I think you have entirely forgotten that your name used to be Faulkner-Moore. To-day, Fred, you were talking of many expenses which your legacy seemed to justify you in incurring. You were planning the purchase of a pony phaeton and a pair of ponies for your poor mother, and many other luxuries—all for me, dear Fred. But, ah! even as luxuries, my own boy, how far, how very far, behind that of replacing even a fraction of that sum of fifteen thousand pounds, which lies with all its weight upon my heart, and I fear will do so henceforth upon yours until it is replaced!"

"It does, it does, mother!" gasped Fred, holding out one hand to his mother, while with the other he hid his flushed, agitated, and tear-marked face—"it does; and for the first time I understand what a life of bitter memory and cruel martyrdom yours has been. For the first time I fully appreciate the heroism of your Christianity. Long years you have suffered alone; but in this shame and sorrow, mother, you are alone no more. I am in your secret now; I am by your side. This day, mother, I have been appointed head clerk at Bond's. Now I know all, we will live, as we have ever lived, with an economy bordering on penury, and every shilling of my now great salary over what the necessities of life require shall go, with all my old friend's legacy, to form a fund—a holy, sacred fund—to replace Violet's fortune. I believe with you in my father's innocence; but I recognise his responsibility, and, therefore, mine. I believe your prayers will be heard, mother. I believe my father will return, and that the truth will be made patent to the world. He may come back with wealth to replace Violet's fortune, and do justice to all who confided in his house and the stability of his firm—he may come back poor, and dependent on his son for the recovery of his name and honour. Be it as it may, with God's blessing, Violet's fortune shall be replaced; and I thank you, darling mother, for the education and principles which will enable me to complete the great work which they have empowered me to begin. A good instalment of the fifteen thousand pounds shall be in the bank to-morrow, and every quarter I shall have the happiness of adding to the fund."

Never, since the turn of their fortunes and the absence of her husband, had Mrs. Moore felt at her heart throbs so much like those of pride and joy as she did while she listened to Fred on his twenty-first birthday.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FAULKNER-MOORE.

WE must now take a rapid and retrospective review of all that has happened to Faulkner-Moore during the fifteen years that his wife has spent in the old house with the many gables in the market-place at Evertown.

The first time we expected to be personally introduced to Eva's husband and Fred's father was on the fifth birthday of the latter, when, as the reader will remember, such bitter disappointment prevailed at Beech Park as the day passed, and the night stole on, and Faulkner-Moore did not appear.

The first part of the time, passed in such painful suspense and expectation by his wife and child, was spent much in the same state of anxious misery by Faulkner-Moore.

He knew that his beloved Eva and his darling and only child were counting the moments of his absence. All the more eagerly was he, as we all know, expected and longed for, because a great increase of important business had kept him away from Beech Park for more than a week.

Faulkner-Moore was not a man of business. He was active, energetic, punctual, and painstaking; but he was by birth a gentleman, and by profession a soldier.

Banking, like every other profession or business, requires an apprenticeship, and Faulkner-Moore had had none.

The eccentric old relative at the head of the firm who took him into partnership, and left him to fill his place, could not give him his experience, his knowledge of accounts, his caution, his tact, his skill; all he could do was to encourage him to rely on the wisdom and talents of his partner, Mostyn, who while under the shrewd, keen, and watchful eye of his former master, who had generously taken him into partnership, had been a treasure—industrious, clever, far-seeing, punctual, careful, cautious, and strictly honest.

"Alas! the means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done."

and so it was that when Faulkner-Moore became head-partner, Mostyn became rash, extravagant, idle, profligate, and a speculator. Extravagance and a rash spirit of speculation brought Mostyn to the brink of ruin; and the enemy of our souls—generally at hand, in the time of despair, to tempt to crime—urged Mostyn to the felonious deeds that ended in disgrace, ruin, and bankruptcy. He forged Faulkner-Moore's signature to sell out Violet Vivian's £15,000; and this was only one of the nefarious deeds which brought the old-established, world-renowned house of Faulkner and Mostyn into such deep disgrace.

On the day fixed for the visit to Beech Park, to keep Fred's birthday, Mostyn—having realised a very large sum by the sale of bonds and securities entrusted to the firm, and by the selling out of trust funds, Violet's included—cleverly disguised, drove down to London Bridge, set off by the tidal train for Dover, got to Paris, thence by the usual route to Marseilles, and set sail for New Zealand in an emigrant ship called the *Ocean Queen*.

He had not been gone many hours when a suspicion of the truth flashed across Faulkner-Moore's mind. A cabman, who was under great obligations, supplied him with a clue, and taking Clopstone, his head clerk, with him, Faulkner-Moore started off in pursuit of his villainous partner.

(To be continued.)

CREATION: ITS PURPOSE AND OBJECT.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.



GOODLY proportion of the blessedness of the saints in glory will be derived from a retrospect of the designs and purposes of God, as manifested in the things which he hath made and done. The Seer of Patmos is permitted, not only to see the glory of the saints, but also to hear the jubilant song of the redeemed in heaven. He beholds the "four beasts" (*τεσσαρὰ ζῷα*, properly translated *living creatures*), and the "four and twenty elders" falling prostrate before the throne, and doing obeisance to Him that sat thereon, in lowly worship and adoration; casting their crowns, their highest glory, at his feet. There is humility in heaven, which teaches the beatified to count it all joy, and their chiefest glory, to be deemed worthy to touch the footstool of the King. And there, a great portion of their song of praise is in honour of the Creator, because of his good purpose in creation—"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created" (Rev. iv. 11).

This, then, is the testimony of heaven to earth and all created things. Eternity beareth witness here to time, and the future to the past. There is a purpose in creation—for Jehovah's pleasure, for his glory and dominion. It was no vague or purposeless deed, this creation which the Lord God hath made. It is well, too, that we are permitted to anticipate this song of songs, and that, while we are in the world and amid these created things, we should be able to know why, wherefore, and whereunto all these things were appointed and ordained. Particularly as this testimony is so different from our common ideas and experiences, so opposed to the ordinary uses of the world, and so apparently contradictory to the character of worldly things. We would, indeed, almost marvel at the tidings here made known, that anything here could conduce to God's pleasure, or to the Divine glory. Yet, so it is; where the shadow of darkness has fallen most dense and deep, there the glory breaks forth and the brightness dawns, showing that, amid all the resisting forces, and all causes to the contrary notwithstanding, God *will* be honoured, magnified, and glorified in these created things. This purpose of the Creator is as the strong current of the stream passing clear and pure through the polluted waters; the golden thread in an unbroken tissue running through the warp and woof from the beginning even to the end. God hath made all things for a purpose and with an object; and of these he has never lost sight, and never will. He still regards the world as the object of his love, as

the sphere for the manifestation of his glory, and for the accomplishment of the good pleasure of his will.

Let us now break up this topic into its several parts and particulars, as illustrated in the various departments of Creation—

1. *In the material creation.*—This was made for God's "pleasure," and so highly and perfectly did it please him, that he pronounced it to be "very good." And the sun and moon and stars continue still to fulfil the great purpose of their being, and to discharge the great mission of their birth. No spot of sin, no stain of corruption has descended upon the fair disc of yonder stars and light. The sunbeam falls as purely upon the festering corruption of the dunghill, as upon the jewelled coronets of princes. This earth, too, after all, is a fair and beauteous place. The remark of the poor woman was true—"It is not the world itself that is so bad, but the people that are in it." The earth has been exposed, indeed, to the curse, and has been "subjected to vanity;" but "not willingly"—not for its own fault—but, as the apostle says, "by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope" (Rom. viii. 20). A design of mercy is traceable even in the curse; for even yet there is "hope."

Now, between the original design and the ultimate glory there has intervened the season of the curse; and this would seem to have reversed the original intention, and to have baffled the design of God. We walk amid the evidences of the curse; this sin-cursed world shows many signs of corruption, many symptoms of decay. There is in it the element of sin, which, so far from being for the "pleasure" of God, is the abominable thing which God hates; and there is sickness, which mars man's beauty, face, and form; and there is death, that final break-up, that humiliation and degradation to which "the body of this death" is subjected; and there are wars, and fightings, and murders, and revellings, and such like—all tending to disturb or destroy the well-working of the original design of God, and are surely very far from contributing to God's "pleasure." These are the temporary interruptions of the Divine purpose; the substance of the dismal shadow that has crossed the thoroughfare of man's history; the condensation of the dark cloud that hangs over the head of man; the pregnant fulness of that weary parenthesis which has been interpolated between the first and the last; the midnight that has intervened between the sad sunset of Eden, and the glad sunrise of the better day. Yes, it shall yet be at the last as it was at the first—"For thy pleasure they are and were created." No more interruption of the Divine order and purpose; no more shadow of sin to darken the earth; no more cloud, but all a clear firmament of light; no more parenthesis of ungodliness, but the context of righteousness will run on undisturbed; no more midnight, but one unending and eternal day.

This material world is yet designed to administer

to the glory and pleasure of Immanuel. This earth, which is now his footstool, will yet one day be the place of his throne. Christ has a great inheritance here; the world is his; its kingdoms shall yet become "the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." That shall be the day of the "new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." There shall then be no more a sin-cursed earth, spawning forth its physical and moral evil: there shall then be none of these strong temptations, these weak resolves, these easy fallings; this sin, this sorrow, this suffering, this sadness: there shall be no more aching heads, broken hearts, sad bereavements, and longing regrets. The earth shall be as fair in the regeneration—its second birth—as it was in the pure and early morning of its first creation. For this the earth is described by the apostle as "earnestly expectant," "groaning," "travailing," "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." And yet again shall the Creator's "pleasure" be fulfilled—"Because the creature (i.e., creation) itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Rom. viii. 19—23).

2. *In the moral creation.*—This, also, was designed for God's "pleasure." Virtue, goodness, truth, obedience, confidence—all these were the first bonds of human society, and, above all, of union between heaven and earth, between God and man; and by reason of the perfectness of these moral principles, and their full power and sway over the heart of man, they shared in the approving sentence which pronounced them to be "very good;" and "for his pleasure they were created."

But the adjustment of this perfect balance has also been deranged. Sin has flung its heavy-hilted sword into the scales, and Satan kicked the beam; and the balance has been disturbed. Righteousness is now outweighed by evil; virtue is overborne by vice; might prevails over right; truth is trifled with by falsehood and error; goodness is quenched by the carnal nature and the corrupt affections; obedience is disturbed by disobedience, rebellion, and revolt; confidence is lost in fear and terror, and in superstition and alarm. The wise man, in fact, sums up the whole tale of wrong in a single sentence—"Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" (Eccles. vii. 29).

Thus it would seem as though the original blessing of moral good had been changed by sin into the curse of moral evil. All the foundations are out of course—peace has been changed to conflict; man suspects his fellow-man, and brother goes to war with brother. Justice seeks out evidence almost in the dark; truth is hidden, and must be groped for; and when discovered, both truth and justice are oftentimes evaded, baffled, disappointed. Mercy is not in her native clime in a world like this; her goodness is imposed on, her gentleness taken advantage of, and her kindness hoodwinked and deceived. Honour and honesty have a hard fight of afflictions, if they would hold their own in the midst of prevailing wrong and robbery. And religion, at best, is but a tiny plant, a strange exotic here; and, like the great Master himself, is "despised and rejected of men;" so that she cries out as the martyrs cry, "How long, O Lord, how

long?" And yet, for all, she thrives in some hearts; there is the secret seed-growth, the onward progress of the soul to God—

"Amid the businesses of life,
Amid our anxious care and strife;
Amid the nipping frost and snow,
Amid the wintry blasts that blow;
And while men wake, and though men sleep,
'Tis thine the growing plant to keep."

All holy principles and moral virtues are in the battle-field now, and are militant here; they shall yet be gloriously triumphant; and it shall be as true at the last as it was at the first—"For thy pleasure they are and were created."

3. *In the human creation.*—Man was created for God's "pleasure." Just as the material creation was for his pleasure, as the platform for the great drama of the world's history; and the moral creation, to supply motives and principles to guide the actions of men; so it is with man himself—the purpose of his creation was for Jehovah's "pleasure." For no vain object, for no worthless design and destiny, wast thou, O man, created; but wholly and altogether for the good pleasure of the Creator!

Of all created things, that which pleased God the most was man. He was made in the image of God, in the moral likeness of his Maker; with heavenly feelings, emotions, and aspirations; and these were designed to please and glorify Him who was the creator of them all. Moreover, that which was designed for God's pleasure was calculated to promote man's profit. All pleasurable things were placed beneath man's authority and power; and he the viceroy of them all—the human representative of Deity. All things were made for him and were put under him, for he was God's son—"which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." Light was made for man, that he might rejoice in it; darkness was made for man, that he might repose beneath it; the Sabbath was made for man, that he might rest and be refreshed in soul and body; the sun, and moon, and stars, though manifestly having other uses, yet seem as though they were made peculiarly for man, and for our world. So that "one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet" (Heb. ii. 6—8).

And yet, here again all is distorted and disturbed. Sin has wrought the fiercest havoc on the choicest work; and now the worst, the vilest, the most disobedient of all God's works is man: and because he is the most gifted, therefore is he the most responsible. No calamity had so wrung the great Father's heart, as that his son should fall. The tenement might run to wreck and ruin, the flowers might fall and die, the lights be quenched, and the soil be cursed; and yet, if man had but been faithful, all had been well. But no; it was not the dwelling-place that first decayed, nor the flowers that first drooped and died, nor the lights that first were spent, nor the soil that first sent forth its weeds; it was *man*—the parent father and the nursing mother of our race—that was first in the transgression; and then all suffered; man's sin dragged the whole creation down to ruin.

And yet, it was for God's "pleasure" he was

created; and for God's "pleasure" he still continues to be. Surely, it must be so; for God gave his Son—"the Father's pleasure;" and Christ resigned his own pleasure, and "pleased not himself;" and God "hath no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." The whole scheme of salvation is one elaborate proof of that self-resignation, self-abnegation, self-denial, and self-sacrifice, by which God in Christ, and Christ in God, sought still to have "pleasure" in man.

God loves you, poor sinner; he loves you, even in your sin. Man was created for God's glory—for Jehovah's pleasure. Heaven is the designed dwelling-place for man; hell is not designed for man, but "for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv. 34, 41). And yet men are lost! Yes, lost, as the traveller is lost who chooses the wrong road, to walk in it; lost, as the railway train is lost which, by reckless driving, is thrown off the rails—the very rails that were designed to keep it safe; lost, as the ship is lost, when, for lack of

due precautions, it has been allowed to spring a leak in mid-ocean, and founders in the deep; lost, as the sheep is lost, which has wandered from the safety of the fold, and from the good shepherd's care.

But this need not be—ought not to be. Man was designed, not for his own loss, but for his Creator's "pleasure." There is no decree of damnation, to insist that any soul shall be lost; but there is every provision of grace to win man, and to save him with a mighty salvation. In Christ—the man Christ Jesus—humanity is restored. In Christ—"the Father's pleasure"—man is renewed, and the angels' song is true—"For thy pleasure they were created." And man once more becomes the darling of Jehovah's heart, as the apple of an eye, as the signet upon a right hand. And at last, while the lost shall awake their own echoes, the song of the saved shall sound through the skies—"Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

OWLS.



HE summer sun shone brightly, the birds poured forth a merry song, the river ran smoothly by, glistening like a thread of silver as it wound gracefully along the grassy mead, and three schoolboys, full of life and mirth, strolled out to spend a half-holiday in the woods.

Our schoolboys having reached the wood, and sauntered about for a time under its cooling shade, recklessly treading down at every step the luxuriant wild flowers which formed its carpet, commenced cutting hazel-sticks. While trimming their sticks under a pollard ash, they suddenly heard a stirring in the tree above them, and forthwith, on stealthy wing, flew out a white-breasted owl. This was quite enough for our young friends; the existence of a nest in the vicinity was quickly suspected, the tree was climbed, and, surely enough, there it was found, and in it two little puffs of white down—the owlets.

Here was a prize too precious to be left; and yet, how were the birds to be taken home?—how kept when there? For the boys well knew their kind-hearted father's objection to any living creature being deprived of its liberty. Nevertheless, the temptation proved too strong to be resisted, and secured the owlets were, and carried home under the jackets of the boys, who, finding in an out-of-the-way part of the garden an old pigeon-box, carefully deposited in it their treasures, well closing up the front with bricks. Having looked at their pets the last thing at night, they retired to rest, and slept as only schoolboys can sleep.

A gouty next-door neighbour, however, whose slumbers were at all times of the lightest, was roused from his first doze by loud and piercing screams. A murder, he felt sure, must be taking place somewhere near, and, horror-struck, he lay

for some time listening and trembling, until, at last, finding that no one applied to him for help, he once more composed himself and fell asleep.

On the following morning, as the father of our young friends was taking his early walk, he was accosted by the invalid neighbour, who mentioned the alarming disturbance he had heard in the night, and inquired if any untoward event had occurred in the town.

The worthy gentleman replied that nothing of the sort had come to his knowledge, and that he had heard no unusual noise. This he supposed must have been in consequence of his room being on the other side of the house.

The boys, on visiting their owlets, were greatly surprised to find that the bricks had been pushed away from the front of the pigeon-box in which the birds had been concealed. They now began to suspect some foul play, and thought that their treasures had been discovered; therefore, doubly securing the barricade, they determined to be on the watch during the following night.

With this feeling in their mind, they slept somewhat more lightly than usual, and were awoke before long by continued shrieks, similar to those described by the next-door neighbour. Up they jumped, and running to the window, desoried in the bright moonlight two large owls perched on the neighbour's house, and screeching fearfully. In the morning they found the double barricade partially removed, and from the scattered fragments around it, it was evident that the visitors had been the parent owls, who, although their young ones had been stolen in their absence, and conveyed a distance of three miles from the nest, had yet found means to discover them, and to bring them food suited to their taste, contriving to push aside the heavy bricks in order to feed them, and giving notice of their approach by the screech peculiar to their species.

But the neighbour had also taken advantage of

the moonlight; and the next morning, having guessed the truth, he communicated his suspicions to the boys' father.

He questioned his sons, who immediately admitting their possession of the owlets, were desired to liberate the captives from their prison.

Most unwilling to part from their favourites, yet not daring to disobey their father by keeping the birds any longer in close confinement, the boys now took them to the further end of the garden, and tethered them by the leg with a string amongst the beans, then in full flower.

Here the attached parents again discovered them, and fed them, night after night, with mice, moles, and other similar delicacies for more than a fortnight; while every morning an early visit was paid to the owlets by the boys.

What was then their utter dismay at the end of the fortnight, on going as usual to the garden, to find the birds gone! They were in despair, and began to consider that the string had not been strong enough, and had probably given way. In the midst of their reflections, however, they were struck by seeing, in an orchard hard by, a flight of swallows hovering around an apple-tree, apparently in great consternation, and uttering sharp cries of distress. A suspicion of the truth suddenly flashed across them; they ran to the spot, and quickly discovered the cause of the alarm, for there, comfortably perched in the apple-tree, sat their two pets, the owlets. The anxious and devoted parents had again been at work, and having succeeded in severing the chain that bound their young ones, had liberated the prisoners, and conveyed them to the apple-tree, there to be fed and cared for, until their plumage should be perfect enough for a more distant flight. The tree, however, was soon mounted, the birds re-captured; and this time a very strong fastening secured them again to the beans.

The parents, nothing daunted, once more followed them, and continued their watchful care, until at last the owlets, with their assistance, a second time broke through their fetters. Now, fully fledged, on triumphant wing, the happy birds returned to their native woods, free as air, and released for evermore from their keepers, the schoolboys, who in after-life could never forget these touching proofs of parental affection, so strikingly exhibited in the feathered creation.

The owl, we know, is a nocturnal bird of prey; he goes forth only at night, or in the twilight, in quest of food; and if we look at his formation we shall see how beautifully our great Creator has adapted it to the peculiar requirements of the bird in the pursuit of his appointed victims. His food consists of rats, mice, bats, and other small animals who, like himself, wander abroad in the dim twilight or beneath the moon's soft beams. To enable the owl to distinguish these little creatures, his eye is formed so as to catch the faintest ray of light. It is very prominent, and can be adjusted at will by the bird, with greater nicety than we could adapt the finest optical instrument of man's manufacture.

The pupil or centre of the eye is of very large size, so much so that the bird cannot endure the bright light of the sun, and is therefore provided with an inner eyelid, which he keeps half over his eyes during the day, like a curtain, and has the power of folding up within the socket at dusk, when he is ready for the chase.

The ear of the owl is also of remarkable structure. The cavities or hollows within the skull containing the apparatus for the reception of sound are of great size, and the external opening through which the sound is transmitted is of proportionate dimensions, and placed between two extensive valves, capable of being widely separated, so as to give entrance to the faintest vibration of air; and by concentrating it again, they cause even the slightest noise to be conveyed to the internal

parts of the ear. The cry of a mouse concealed in a hedge or amongst the long grass, will be distinctly heard by the owl; and even the rustling of the little animal amidst the straw in a barn will reach the sharp ear of the enemy, and bring him to the pursuit of his prey.

We may, perhaps, think that a numble, agile creature like the mouse, might easily make its escape from an adversary whose heaviness of flight would naturally be supposed to give timely notice of his approach. But no; for this, again, has been marvellously provided against; and the mechanism of an owl's feather is another proof of the perfection of our heavenly Father's works.

All feathers are composed of three parts—the quill, the shaft, and the vane. If we take the wing-feather of a bird not of the owl tribe, and draw our fingers along it from the quill to the tip of the shaft, we shall find that the surface is level and



smooth, and the vane firm and compact; and that in passing our fingers in the reverse direction, the barbs, as they are termed, which compose the vane, cannot be separated without some little difficulty. By holding up the feather to the light, we shall see that this resistance is caused by a set of very minute hooks on the edge of the barbs, which lock firmly into each other, and give to the feather its wondrous strength. Now, if we look carefully at an owl's feather, we shall perceive that, in addition to this fastening together of the barbs forming the vane, a most exquisitely-fine, close down, or nap, rises from their outer side. This it is which prevents the noise usually caused by the beating of a bird's wing against the air (as in the pigeon, and other diurnal species), and makes the owl's flight perfectly silent and inaudible, so that, without any intimation of his approach, he is enabled to pounce down upon his unsuspecting victim.

The foot of the owl, in which he carries off his prey, is also singularly adapted for its purpose, its prehensile or grasping power being very great. The outer toe can be moved backwards or forwards, so that the claws being brought opposite to each other like pincers, their hold is wonderfully firm and steady.

Although the barn or screech-owl is the best known in England, several other species inhabit our country. The short and long-eared owls are by no means uncommon; the latter species is said seldom to build a nest for itself, but to prefer inhabiting the deserted one of some other bird, and has been known even to take possession of a squirrel's nest, and therein to rear its young.

The brown or tawny-owl is also frequent amongst us, and although a small bird, is remarkably spirited and fierce, and will sometimes, when kept in confinement, attack human beings. An anecdote is related of a pair of these owls, who when approached on one occasion by a stranger, darted towards him, and fastened their claws into his head with such violence, that some force was required to remove them.

The owl tribe seems to be very generally distributed throughout the world, being found in each quarter of the globe, though most common in the northern countries.

The eagle-owl, found in Sweden, Switzerland, and Russia, although extremely rare in England, is a powerful and very pugnacious bird, occasionally venturing to combat the eagle himself, and

not unfrequently remaining the victor. This owl feeds on partridges and game of all sorts, and, whilst hunting, flies low over the ground.

The Virginian eared-owl of North America is a great invader of the poultry-yard, and, gliding on noiseless pinions from his native woods, will mark in the moonlight the roosting-place of the settler's scanty stock of turkeys and other fowls, and silently selecting his victim, carry it off to his nest in the dark and distant forest.

In many parts of America is found a small owl, of very curious habits, named the coquimbo or burrowing-owl. It sometimes takes possession of a burrow or tunnel formed in the earth by a species of animal called the marmot, or prairie-dog; but in some parts of the country, where these marmots do not exist, this owl is obliged to dig his own tunnel, which he does cleverly with his claws and bill. When he has excavated to the depth of about eighteen inches or two feet, he places a heap of moss, leaves, and dried grass at the bottom of the burrow, and upon this the hen-bird deposits her eggs. This owl is scarcely eleven inches in length, its legs are longer in proportion than those of other species, and its cry is also different, being more like the bark of the prairie-dog, or marmot. Another point of dissimilarity is in the eye, for the burrowing-owl can face the full glare of day, and so cannot strictly be called a nocturnal bird.

In the eared-owls, the tufts of feathers called "ears" or "horns" are not in any way connected with the sense of hearing, although they are placed on the same part of the head as the ears in quadrupeds, and from hence they derive their name. The bird has the power of raising or lowering them at pleasure, and they have a curious effect in varying the expression of the owl's already singular countenance. The resemblance which the face has to that of a cat, has procured for this bird the nickname of "winged cat."

Having thus slightly glanced at the formations and habits of this remarkable tribe of birds, we cannot turn from the contemplation without feelings of admiration and reverence. We have seen how beautiful in their structure and adaptation are these wonderful works of our heavenly Father; and the more we search into Nature's wonders, the more plainly shall we discern the perfection of that Almighty hand which created every living creature, and has endowed each with the instinct and power necessary to its preservation and happiness.

THE WITNESS OF THE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.



WE should naturally expect to hear that the monuments of Egypt bear witness, in some way, to the sojourn of the Hebrews in that country. But for many long years they refused to do more than illustrate Egyptian manners, customs, and names, mentioned in the Pentateuch. Tombs and temples were explored and ransacked with no positive result. The key to the hieroglyphics failed to extort from them any declaration

concerning Israel. Papyrus rolls were deciphered, and still no record of God's chosen people appeared. Some believers began to doubt whether any light would beam forth from Egyptian ruins and relics. They argued that very few references to the Hebrews ought to be looked for. The Hebrews were alien in religion and habits from the Egyptians, and for awhile dwelt apart from them. After the exodus the Egyptians may have removed or avoided all reference to the despised race which had put them to shame. It is said, too, that the Egyptian records are interrupted, or appear to be so, in consequence

of some great internal change about the period of Israel's deliverance. It was felt, however, that we might even yet find mention of the Hebrews upon Egyptian monuments, although their seeming silence had been eagerly caught at by sceptical critics—a little too soon, as we believe.

The oldest certain reference to the Hebrews hitherto found in Egypt was a representation of a captive king, with an inscription referring it to the kingdom of Judah. This relates to the plunder of Jerusalem in the reign of Rehoboam, by Shishak, about B.C. 971. The value of this precious memorial will be seen when viewed in connection with 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26, and 2 Chron. xii. 1—9.

At length, however, we have what is regarded by eminent Egyptian scholars as positive documentary confirmation of the record of Moses concerning the bondage of his countrymen. It comes in just such a form as we should most reasonably expect. M. Chabas, a distinguished French Egyptologist, is the author of this discovery, which he has made in some papyrus fragments. The documents in question are official records, two of them of the reign of Rameses II., who is believed to have lived a little before the exodus.

Before proceeding further, let us observe that in Gen. xxxix. 14, and elsewhere, the Egyptians call the Israelites *Hebrews*—a name which, as was long since remarked, they seem to have borne among foreigners. But the character of the Egyptian language would require the name to be altered when written in Egyptian letters. So that what we should really expect the Israelites to be called would be a name resembling the word Hebrews. We should also expect some allusion to the bondage and servile state of the people. All these conditions are fulfilled in the discovery of M. Chabas. He finds the Israelites called Hebrews, but in the altered form of *Aperiu*, and performing forced labour upon public works.

The Hebrews were employed in building the cities of Pithom and Rameses, in making bricks and mortar, and in hard labour of other kinds in the field. This is exactly the position occupied by the *Aperiu* in the three documents which mention them, and strongly confirms our opinion.

The name *Aperiu* appears to be a plural form of *Aperi*; and the Hebrew word for Hebrew is *'Ibri*, which occurs as a proper name in 1 Chron. xxiv. 27. In writing this word *'Ibri*, foreigners naturally adapt its form to their own language, the same as we have done: we do not say *'Ibris*, but *Hebrews*. The Egyptians used *a* for the first vowel, where we have used *e*. They have also changed *b* into *p*, but these letters are constantly changed in transferring words from one language to another. We are told, for instance, that an Hawaiian cannot distinguish one from the other. In fact, *p*, *b*, *f*, and *v*, are regarded by comparative philologists as little more than variations of the same letter. The insertion of a short *i* in *Aperi* was merely to assist pronunciation, and exemplifies another of the commonest rules of philological science. The last two letters, *ri*, were allowed to remain. The termination *u* probably resembled our final *s*, as a mere sign of the plural. Thus far then, viewed scientifically, the word *Aperiu* fairly represents the Hebrew word *'Ibri*, which is the plural of *'Ibri*, and we are justified in thinking that that is the expression it stands for. Our opinion is rather confirmed by

our inability to find any other people to whom the name would so reasonably apply. The ancient period to which the records belong is another reason in our favour. And when to these considerations we add the statements with which the words are connected, we find it difficult even to doubt that true records of the Hebrews in Egypt, written by Egyptian scribes, have been brought to light.

Dr. J. P. Thompson, of New York, gives an account of this remarkable confirmation of Holy Scripture in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," of October, 1863, and July, 1864. He remarks that—"In the first of these documents, the scribe Kauisar makes a return to his superior, the scribe Bek-en-Ptah, in these words: 'I have obeyed the command which my master gave me, to provide subsistence for the soldiers, and also for the *Aperiu*, who carry stone for the great bekhen of King Rameses. I have given them rations every month, according to the excellent instructions of my master.' The second is addressed by a scribe named Keniamen to his master Kadjena Hui, of the court of Rameses II., and is as follows: 'I have obeyed the command of my master, and have furnished rations to the soldiers, and also to the *Aperiu*, who carry stone for the sun of the sun, Rameses Meriamen, to the south of Memphis.'" Dr. Thompson further adds that *bekhen* denotes any building, a temple, a palace, or a common house. The word is applied to sumptuous erections, and might refer to the "treasure cities" which the Hebrews were compelled to build for Pharaoh. The phrase "sun of the sun" is obscure; but its sound in English reminds us that one of the proud titles of the Pharaohs was "son of the sun."

Since the first announcement of this remarkable discovery, its claims have been examined by the greatest Egyptologists. It has been suggested that the word *Aperiu* might be read *Apuriju* (pronounced *Apuriju*); but this is of no importance to the meaning. What is important is, that the eminent Egyptian scholar, Dr. Brugsch, endorses the interpretation of M. Chabas. Here, again, we quote Dr. Thompson, who says: "In noticing the monograph of M. Chabas, Dr. Brugsch calls attention to this reading as giving a special historical significance to the papyri in which the name occurs, adding, 'The Hebrews are therein described as foreigners, who, under Rameses II., were compelled to haul stone for building the city Rameses.'" A glance at Exod. i. 11 will show that this city—there called Raameses, but Rameses in Exod. xii. 37—was one of those which the Hebrews were forced to build.

This most valuable discovery should put to shame or silence those who have joined in the late outcry against the Bible record of the Hebrews in Egypt. Carping critics, arguing from their own ignorance, and calculating on the ignorance of others, are very prone to assail the veracity of the Bible, wherever external evidence is weak or wanting. They do not see that the confirmation of single facts is of immense weight in favour of the general truth of the history. Happily, there are those who see this, and God in his providence is continually supplying us with evidence for his Word. He makes the very stones of Egypt, of Assyria, and of the Holy Land cry out and testify against the unbelief of men.

Apart from its bearing on the truth of the Bible

record, this discovery will assist in settling the long-disputed question as to the date of the exodus. *Rameses II.* is famous as one of the great builders of Egypt, and if the date of his reign were decided, we should know very nearly the exact date of the exodus.

But, after all, the main advantages of these collateral verifications of the Scripture narrative arise from their practical bearing. Intellect would probably feel the force of them, but the moral impressions they are fitted to produce are much more enduring. Believers rejoice that God thus comes forward from time to time to remind the world that the Bible has not lost its claims to their confidence—that it is not a mere bundle of forgeries, as

certain men would have us suppose; and to convince us that those who set forth such pure and lofty morality, and such spiritual ideas of God and religion, were not mere story-tellers and novelists, but men who did not lie.

For our part, we have no doubt about the truth of the Bible. Its internal equally with its external evidences are very convincing to those who understand them, and we are quite at a loss to conceive how any one who studies the Pentateuch, for example, by the light of Egyptian antiquities, can hesitate to believe it. We have mentioned one of the most recent illustrations which Egyptian antiquities have furnished, and we hope the knowledge of this fact will be profitable to our readers.

FIDELITY.



WHEN we read the account of some fearful railroad disaster, resulting from carelessness and mismanagement on the part of those employed, we are ready to censure the whole system as most reckless in its disregard of human life. Yet is it not a wonder, rather, that so few accidents occur? What millions have travelled over the railroads of our country the past

year! and yet nearly all have been as secure from danger as if they had remained at home. What was the secret of this safety? A wonderful individual fidelity of men to the trust committed to their charge. They have stood faithful to their posts, by night and by day, in cold and heat, through snow and storms. All of that vast army who have managed these endless trains, from the highest to the lowliest, have, in most cases, been at the right spot at the right moment, and have performed their appointed work. Only a slight mistake is needed, the waving of a false signal, the wrong turning of an iron rod, a half hour's disregard of time, and the way is strewn with mangled bodies; and a bitter cry of mourning rises up all over the land.

You step on board, at evening, one of the magnificent steamers which ply between England and the Sister Island, and, after a peaceful night, awake in the morning harboured safely at your destination. But it would have been far otherwise if, while you slept, others had not waked and toiled; were it not for the tireless hand and sleepless eye above at the wheel, and the steady watchfulness of the man down by the furnace below. If one had not stood, all the night long, by that complicated machinery, holding in check with a skilled hand all those terrific steam forces, most fearful would have been the destruction.

We who are Christ's are all on such a journey. We are employed. We are guiding the vessel onward to eternity. We have a precious freight on board, which we hope we may land safely on the shores of immortality. Oh, how precious that freight is! Our children who have not yet given themselves to Christ, our scholars who look to us

weekly for spiritual guidance, our neighbours who come with us to the sanctuary, but never sit down with us at the Redeemer's feet—we want to bring them all safely into the heavenly harbour. *Fidelity* on our part is the price of their safety. If we sleep, the vessel may strike the rocks and the cargo of immortality be wrecked for ever!

What should we say, on taking the rounds of the steamer at midnight, to find the captain had retired to his berth, the engineer had placed a pillow under his head and forgotten all about his fires and his steam valves, leaving them all to manage themselves? Above, the helmsman and his assistant were soundly sleeping regardless of the dangerous seas and hidden rocks they are swiftly nearing!

Yet such a strange sight our heavenly Father often looks down upon. A whole church asleep! Nobody watching, none praying nor pleading with souls; dangers thickening every hour, yet all hurrying on together towards destruction, without a thought or care.

When the final crash comes, a few may be snatched, as by a miracle, from death; but over all the rest the dark waters close without a ray of hope. Shall these men who toil so ceaselessly on our boats and trains show such fidelity to their trusts, and shall we, who serve such a Paymaster, be so remiss? If we are the very humblest and feeblest of his workers, we still have our post, and it is most important to the safety of the whole that this post is faithfully filled. Not a single brake can be mismanaged without endangering the whole train.

How strongly we censure a careless operative for unfaithfulness; yet we think but lightly of our own recklessness with regard to souls that are committed to our trust. We do not hesitate a moment in deciding that one who refuses to obey his instructions should be at once discharged.

How much more long-suffering than man is our heavenly Father! How He bears with our unfaithfulness! Yet He marks it all. One day we shall read the sad consequences of it when it will be too late to remedy it.

Oh, let us be up and doing, "while it is called to-day;" the night will come soon enough, when no man can work. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



LUCY.

WAIT a minute at the doorway yonder ;
 You will see the swaying of her dress,
 Then herself, emerging from the shadow,
 Glad with sunshine and the May's caress.

There she stands, her morning dress and mantle
 Making space between her and the world ;
 Shutting in her heart within its whiteness,
 Like the sweets in unblown lilies furled.

Mark her bearing as she stands a moment,
 Head turned backward for a parting word,
 Eager foot advanced and arched for going,
 White hand fluttering outward like a bird.

Hear her step, elastic, full of vigour,
 Will and purpose in its cadence shown,
 Garden-walk, and hall, and winding stairway
 Giving back its clear, emphatic tone.

Quick, decisive, on the door her summons
 Craves admittance, will not brook delay ;
 Come, my darling, welcome as the sunshine,
 Birds to summer, or as flowers to May.

Eyes of agate, looking straight before them,
 Blinking nothing, sparing no pretence,
 Pressing home their mute interrogations
 Claiming truth, integrity, and sense.

Strong, and true, and brave, and earnest-hearted,
 God will bless thee, darling !—Go thy way :
 Choicest gifts and holiest benedictions
 Wait to crown thy future, day by day.

Work awaits thee—care and toil for others—
 Self-denial, stern affliction's rod,
 Joy at length, the fruit of patient waiting—
 Christian graces, and the peace of God.

THE LOVE OF GOD.



El have already spoken* of the love of God as manifested in the physical world.

However, in verifying the Christian view of the Divine character, we encounter not only the pain that befalls men in the ordinary course of nature, but also moral evil, and the misery that flows from it. Here we must remember at the outset, that in the nature of things wrong-doing cannot be harmless. Right and wrong are not arbitrary, but essential characteristics. The wrong is, in its very essence, unfit to be done; and if the right has beneficent results, it is impossible that its opposite should not have opposite results. Omnipotence can no more deprive the wrong of its power of harming, than it can make two and two five.

In the next place, free agents must needs have the power of doing wrong, in order that they may have the power of doing right; and if they have the power of doing wrong, it is impossible that they should not exercise it, at least in the earlier stages of their history, and until the entire range of moral experiments has been exhausted. The only question then is, whether this perilous gift of free-agency is consistent with the Divine benevolence. In answering this, we must suppose that the plan of the Creator would embrace every kind and degree of happiness of which finite beings are susceptible. Now, does not our consciousness assure us that free-agency, rightly exercised, is the source of immeasurably higher happiness than can flow from all other sources combined? With what shall we compare it? With intelligence? Intelligence brings labour, care, and pain, and of itself bestows no counterbalancing joy. What we call the pleasures of knowledge or of the intellect, derive their zest from the moral nature. Emotions and affections that have their source in a loyal and obedient will, alone enable us to assimilate the materials of knowledge, and to make them conducive to our nutriment and growth, our elasticity and gladness of spirit. Without this moral solvent, the acquisitions of the intellect are but burdensome and oppressive crudities, ministering to our isolation, misanthropy, and restlessness. But if such be the case, it was the part of Divine love to provide for the highest form of happiness, that flowing from moral goodness, even though it were foreseen that countless multitudes would spurn the noble gift. And if moral excellence be the supreme good, then is there no more merciful portion of the Divine administration than the wretchedness that results from human guilt. The issue of sin in misery is the surest way of awakening repentance and producing reformation. Sin never looks so appalling and offensive as when it is mirrored back from its consequences to the sinner's own consciousness. By the desolation and misery into which men plunge themselves and others, they are made to abhor themselves, and to cherish purer affections and better purposes; while

by the same exhibition the innocent are kept innocent, the tempted held back from evil, the virtuous confirmed in their good principles and habits, and the philanthropic urged to more vigorous efforts for the restoration of the fallen and the well-being of their race.

But while God wounds only in love, and punishes that he may restore, our language bears one testimony of very great and incontrovertible force to the preponderance of the joy-giving element in the Divine Providence. It is implied and employed in the use of the word *happiness*—at once an atrociously irreligious and a profoundly religious word. It means that which *happens* or chances, thus excluding in its form the agency of an overruling Providence. Yet in the application of this ungodly word to felicitous events alone, we bear tacit testimony to a benignant order in human affairs; we confess that, if we are the subjects of chance, it is of a chance that plays with loaded dice; that is, we deny the sovereignty of chance in the very act of admitting it, and affirm that of Providence in the very act of denying it; for, were events fortuitous, the *happenings* to us would be as often afflictive as they were glad, and *happiness* would never have been chosen to designate joy. While it might not be safe to reason from individual experiences, the vast preponderance of pleasurable sensations over the contrary—the system under which happiness is the rule, misery the exception—is a clear and full demonstration of a fatherly providence, which wills and promotes the enjoyment and well-being of its subjects.

There is also an inward experience which cannot mislead us—a spiritual providence by which we are prepared for such events as God may send, strengthened for our burdens, sustained under our trials, by resources of which we were unconscious till the stress of need, and in which we rejoice to trace the direct action of a Father, who loves us more than we can love ourselves, upon our minds and hearts. These experiences are often clear and emphatic; they multiply upon our recognition in proportion to the constancy and thoroughness of our introspection; and they leave in the most reflective and devout spirits an assurance too profound for doubt, that God is with us in his fatherly providence where we most need his inspiration and support, in the region of our sensibilities and affections.

We have spoken of the argument from experience. There is in the aggregate of human experience a counter-argument which we are bound to meet fully and fairly. We refer to the case of the multitudes, the myriads of the utterly unprivileged—of those who have their full share of calamity and sorrow without access to the faith which might enable them to sustain their trials patiently and hopefully, and to transmute them into nourishment for the moral nature. It cannot be denied that, for unnumbered millions, if this life were their only being, or if they were destined to suffer hereafter for lack of what they had no means of doing or becoming here, it had been better that they had not been born. But if the earthly life be for them a brief embryo state from which they emerge into

* See No. 19 of THE QUIVER.

a realm of light, privilege, and joy, it is easy to conceive that their present condition subserves essential purposes of the Divine Providence, which we may not now fully understand. Let us borrow an illustration from the physical history of our planet. There were, long before man or the higher animals had birth, geological ages during which rank, luxuriant vegetation overspread large portions of the world. Forests rose in beautiful verdure, ferns and grasses clothed the plains, though there were none to enjoy the shade or to feed upon the harvest; and generations of these forests, unnumbered growths of this profuse vegetation, were swept by volcanic fires, and piled, heap upon heap, in massive strata. Had one of the elder sons of God, not endowed with foresight, beheld this process, he might have questioned the Divine wisdom, and asked, "To what purpose is this waste of what might feed and shelter living, reasoning, enjoying races?" But these layers of charred forests are what now sustain our fires, and feed our forges, and propel our ships, and promise supplies for human art and comfort for myriads of years to come! and all generations will bless the Omniscient Wisdom whose seeming waste is their unexhausted wealth and strength. Spiritual geology, too, may have its ages whose meaning is to be studied only in the remote future. This seeming loss and waste of souls left in unavoidable ignorance on earth, may have its end in the sure development and ultimate supremacy of goodness through the whole universe of God. It may be essential to the education of our race, that the history of every form of evil should be written out in gigantic characters; and the vicious experience of earlier

ages may have its ultimate result in ages that shall roll on in undimmed holiness and blessedness. He who lays the beams of his chambers in the waters, while their topstone is above the heavens, may be laying the sunken foundations of that kingdom of universal righteousness, in which not future generations alone, but those too whose earthly destiny was beneath the floods of ignorance and depravity, shall have their eternal dwelling-place.

We have thus shown that the seeming exceptions to a benign Providence are not really objections, when viewed in connection with the intensely strong positive arguments that may be urged in its behalf.

This subject furnishes an impressive illustration of the office of revelation as regards the truths of natural religion. In the observed course of human experience there are contrasted facts that seem at first sight as utterly irreconcilable as if they flowed from the rival working of a benevolent and malevolent Deity. There is, on the one hand, mercy, blessing, privilege; on the other, the seeming absence of all these. Nature, unenlightened by revelation, refuses to embrace these facts in one comprehensive generalisation. Their harmony eludes her search. Revelation utters the word "Providence," around which they all crystallise, and opens the immortal life which proffers scope for their development in a coherent system initiated and crowned by the infinite love of God. *Providence* is a truth which belongs to natural religion; revelation furnishes the clue which leads us through its labyrinth, lets down from heaven the hand that unseals its mysteries, utters the voice that interprets its harmonies of love and praise.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WALTER'S BAGATELLE-BOARD.



BIRTHDAYS are such jolly things! I wish I had one every day." So said and thought a little boy named Walter Leigh, upon his eighth birthday, and as he stood looking at a beautiful bagatelle-board his father had sent him in as his birthday present. Nor was the board all the little boy had received upon that eventful day. His mamma had given him a paint-box, his grandmamma had sent him a box of tools, and some other relations and friends had added books and pictures; so that, being all laid upon a table together, the birthday gifts had a truly imposing appearance, and there was some visible excuse for an eight-year-old little boy saying "A birthday was a jolly thing." I fancy most of us, when the same age, if blessed with kind friends who were rich enough to give such nice presents, would have said the same thing.

Well, Walter was very happy all day. He could not sit still, and was continually running in and out of the room, laughing, whistling, dancing, and singing; now playing a stroke or two upon the

bagatelle-board, and saying it was the very thing he had "been all along wishing for;" then opening the paint-box, or glancing over the books. Sometimes he would rush off to the window, to see if the misty rain was clearing off, but until about three o'clock not a sign of better weather, or a crack in the even grey curtain over the sky, was visible. About that hour, however, the rain ceased, the clouds began to fade away, and, to Walter's intense joy, his mother told him to put on his thick boots and great coat, and to come with her and meet his father coming from the bank.

They walked a good way before they met Mr. Leigh, and when they did they all turned together, Walter holding his father's hand tightly in his, and being firmly convinced that there was not such a kind, generous father in the world as his.

Just as they turned into St. James's Park, a very ragged and sickly-looking woman, who seemed to be waiting there, came forward, and in a low, weak voice begged for help; but Mr. Leigh said, harshly—

"No, no; I never give anything to beggars."

"Oh, sir!" said the poor woman, walking on after them, "for the sake of your own dear boy, give me a few pence to save mine from starving."



"He was kneeling down beside the bed."—p. 392.

But Mr. Leigh did not answer; he only walked a little quicker, and the poor thing, being too weak and hopeless to keep up with them, fell back and disappeared.

Walter laughed and talked no more. He was thinking of the terribly sad and hungry-looking face of the beggar woman, and of her weak voice, as she said, "For the sake of your own dear boy, give me a few pence to save mine from starving;" and then he began wondering how it was possible for people to be starving in London, where there were so many rich people, and how it would feel to be starving; then he thought over what his father had said, and he looked up to see if there was any of the sorrow upon his face that was swelling up like sobs in his heart. But Mr. Leigh was laughing, and telling his wife some funny adventure he had had that day; and Walter's eyes sank hastily to the ground, and a hot blush tingled in his cheeks, as, for the very first time in all his life, he felt, he thought, his father might be wrong.

When they reached home the lights were all burning, the fire in the hall looked snug and comfortable, and servants stood ready to do all that was required. Walter felt unhappy when he saw all these things, and thought of the cold, shivering, half-clothed beggar, so went softly, and without saying a word, up-stairs, dressing himself for dinner very quickly, hoping thereby to have a chance of speaking to his mother, and asking her about the starving beggars. But there was no one in the drawing-room, yet there stood the bagatelle-board; and Walter stood by it counting the balls and numbers, and wondering how much money it cost. This was soon settled by looking at one corner, where the little price ticket still was; and there Walter discovered that his beautiful present had cost no less than five pounds. A deep flush came upon the little boy's face as he made this discovery, and he turned very quickly away, and, walking off, he seated himself with his back to the board, and began thinking, looking sadly puzzled and doubtful at first; but gradually a bright, determined, and hopeful light sprang up, and he started when the door opened and his father entered.

"Why, what's the matter, Walty?" he said, laying his hand upon his son's head; "you are as grave as a judge."

Walter got up directly, and, with his face very red, and something like two tears in his eyes, he said—

"Dear papa, would you mind me sending it away—the board, I mean—and giving me the money?"

His father looked astonished, and said—

"Give you the money, my boy! Why, what in the world do you want with the money?"

"Will you do it, dear papa?" begged Walter, earnestly and determinedly.

"Do you really mean it—that you care more for the money than the board?" said Mr. Leigh, gravely. "What has come over you, Walter? Why do you want the money?"

But before Walter could make any answer the door was thrown open, and the footman announced the names of some people who were coming to dine in honour of Walter's birthday; and the little boy, afraid lest the signs of his tears should be seen, ran off by another door.

At dinner he could scarcely eat anything, the nice things seemed to choke him; and every now and then a desperate inclination would come over him, tempting him to seize some of the dishes, and rush off into the damp, chilly park and give them to the beggar woman. But, of course, he dared not do that; so had to sit still and try not to think of it.

When dinner was over, and he and his cousins had gone up to the drawing-room, they all began admiring the bagatelle-board; and some of them said they only wished they had such a kind papa to give them such a present; and I am sadly afraid more than one little child there envied Walter, and coveted the board he was so unhappy about.

When Mr. and Mrs. Leigh were alone in the drawing-room, after their friends had all gone, Mr. Leigh told his wife what Walter had said about the board, and asked her if she knew what he meant, but she did not think of the true reason any more than his father had done; so they determined to find out, and, hearing their boy had gone up to his bedroom, followed him softly. He was not in bed, or even undressed, but he was kneeling down beside the bed; and, as they stood just inside the door, they heard him say, "O God, make papa give me the money to keep the poor beggar woman's boy from starving."

And then the tears ran down the little boy's cheeks, and he laid his face upon the coverlet, and sobbed very bitterly. His father stood looking on for about a minute, and then he came up and knelt down beside Walter, and, taking him in his arms, said—

"God bless you, my little son; you have given me a lesson in mercy I shall never forget. We'll pray together for power to help the poor starving people."

And so they did; and from that day many a hungry child, and father, and mother, owed their very lives to dear Walty and his father; and, moreover, the very beggar whose sad face and story had roused the little boy's pity, and, through God's directing grace, had been the means of awakening his father to a knowledge of true charity, and the uses for which money is entrusted to us, was at the same gate on the very next night, and, you may be sure, Mr. Leigh did not pass her this time; he made her follow him home, and then Walter, with his own hands, gave her a loaf of bread, and money enough to buy more for many a day. And I can assure you that the bagatelle-board was kept as a treasure by Mr. Leigh (although it was called mamma's after that day), and the price given to Walter. Can you guess what he did with the money? I think I can.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTICS.—No. VI.

A CITY IN WHICH TWO KINGS TOOK REFUGE.

1. A city in which the ark remained twenty years.
2. A city where 7,000 men met their death by the falling of a wall.
3. A slender plant.
4. The ancient name of Hebron.
5. A nephew of one of the spies who brought a good report of the land.
6. A general in high command under a king of Assyria.

CONTENTMENT.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



MAMMA, I think this is the most disagreeable month in all the year," said Kate Hailton, one foggy morning in November: "it makes me feel quite miserable."

"Hush, Kate," said her mother; "I do not like to hear you speak so. This fog certainly is not pleasant, but you must remember that God sends it, as he does everything else, and that you are murmuring against him."

"But it has been quite dark ever since dinner, mamma. I cannot see to do anything, and you say the weather is unfit for a walk. What am I to do?" and she impatiently pushed aside the book she had been reading.

"I am grieved to see you so put out about the weather, my child," said Mrs. Hailton, drawing her little girl to her side. "If you give way to these discontented feelings they will grow upon you, and, in time, nothing will please you."

She was about to say more, but was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, and was then obliged to leave the room to attend to some little business in the kitchen.

Kate still stood by the window, looking very disconsolate, and wishing there was no such thing as fog, when she was startled by the cry of a child, and looking up, saw a poor woman with an infant in her arms, and a little girl, not more than two years old, dragging behind, and crying most piteously.

The woman, with tears in her eyes, entreated Kate to give her something, saying that her little girl was crying with hunger, and she had not a halfpenny in her pocket to buy a morsel of bread.

Kate soon forgot her own misery when she heard this sad tale, and having told the woman to wait, she ran out of the room in search of her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "there is such a poor woman at our door; she has a little girl and a baby with her, and the little girl is crying with hunger, and the poor woman has not any money to buy bread. May I not give them something to eat?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Hailton; "we will go and see what we can find."

They took them something to satisfy their present hunger, and after having heard her sad story, promised to make inquiries respecting her case, and if the information given should prove satisfactory, assured her she would call and do something towards relieving her distress.

The poor woman expressed much gratitude to her kind benefactress. Mrs. Hailton took that opportunity to remind her that nothing happens by chance; that it was God who had directed her steps that day, and had put it into her heart to assist her, and trusted she would thank him for his goodness.

Kate was very silent the remainder of the afternoon. She remembered with shame how discontented she had been, simply because the weather was foggy; and when she remembered the poor

woman who could not get a piece of bread to give her little girl, she could not help thinking God had indeed been very good to her in giving her a happy and comfortable home, and kind parents; and when her mamma wished her good night she saw that she was looking unhappy.

"What is the matter, my child?" said Mrs. Hailton.

"Oh, mamma!" said the little girl, "I have been so very naughty to-day. I do not deserve all the good things I enjoy nearly so much as that poor woman who came here. I never thought before how good God is. Do you think he will ever forgive me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, if you are really sorry, and ask him, for Jesus' sake, to forgive you, he will. Ah, my dear little girl, pray that you may be kept from these discontented feelings. What a happy thing it is, always to be contented, in whatever station of life it pleases God to place us!"

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

"And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds; and there was a great calm."—*Matt. viii. 24-26.*

IT WAS a calm and pleasant evening
On the twilight-mantled hill;
The dying day was lying
All calm, and hushed, and still;
In the west the gold light sparkled,
Like the waters of a rill.

The busy day was over,
And Christ was with the few
Who longed for the sweet eve-side,
As weary children do;
And the Saviour's words of gentleness
Fell on their souls like dew.

"Go with us, Lord," those fishermen
In earnest accents cried,
"Out on the lake's calm waters,
E'en to the other side;
The air is soft and fragrant,
And we take the current tide."

They placed a pillow lovingly
Beneath their Master's head,
And lightly o'er the tranquil lake
The little vessel sped;
From his gentle breathing soon they knew
That Jesus slumbered.

The cloud they had not noticed
Grew larger, darker now,
And the spray was wreathing whitely round
The small boat's dripping prow;
Each turning to the Master cried,
"Awake, and help us, Thou!"

It was an angry tempest,
Yet I wonder at their fear,
When He, the Ocean's Governor,
Was lying there so near;

"Oh, sleep not, Master!" this their cry,
 "Our fainting spirits cheer."

And He arose, and hushed the wind,
 And said unto the sea,
 "Peace! be thou still!" The billows all
 Lay down obediently.
 "Why are ye fearful?" saith their Lord,
 Somewhat reproachfully.

"How is it that ye have no faith?
 Could ye but trust my care
 When Judah's waters all were smooth—
 When Judah's skies were fair?
 I slept, but my protecting love
 Is sleepless everywhere!"

So, children, as you onward steer,
 Over life's changeable tide,
 In storm or calm, in cloud or light,
 Let your souls in peace abide;
 Take Jesus with you, you shall reach,
 Safely, the other side!

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

1. To whom was Paul by Claudius Lysias sent?
2. What erring servant was by Paul restored?
3. The damsel who to welcome Peter went.
4. Who lost by force the idol he adored?
5. Who 'neath King Abaz held the second place?
6. What man of Issachar judged Israel well?
7. Who was the second son of Judah's race?
8. What town before the ruthless Danites fell?
9. The tribe whence came the man who Nadab killed.
10. The queen who lost her throne through scorn and pride.
11. Who faithfully his master's work fulfilled?
12. Who by the hands of his own servants died?
13. Where went a queen to beg her young son's life?
14. The place where Jair the judge in death was laid.
15. Whose wicked schemes were checked by his king's wife?
16. What woman by her sons' dead bodies stayed?
17. What patriarch through fear a falsehood told?
18. The people who Job's oxen all destroyed.
19. Whose king to Solomon sent all the gold,
 Which he to decorate God's house employed?

To those with Christ who live,
 What terror can remain?
 "For me to live is Christ,"
 Then death itself is gain.

CHANGE.



AM the Lord, I *change* not." Change, of necessity, implies imperfection. Change for the better is a confession that the previous condition was imperfect; change for the worse is but entering into imperfection. God is perfect; he cannot change for the better, because there is no better than he; neither can he change for the worse, for that would be to resign his perfection. It is therefore evident that he must be "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." His nature is the changeless standard of all perfections.

God cannot cease to exist. He is the King eternal and immortal; who only hath immortality. Were it possible for God to cease to exist, a doom the most terrific that can be imagined would overhang, as a perpetual terror, all his creatures and works. For, could the Deity expire, the laws of the universe, in every part, would instantly fail in their operation; the moment the power of the Lawgiver should be withdrawn, the machinery of creation would suddenly cease its motion, with a crash; life in every living thing would at once go out; and all things throughout the old realm of space, losing their balance, their orbits, their subjection to power, would rush into chaotic destruction, from which any deliverance were utterly and for ever impossible. From the fear of such a universal tragedy in the heavens and upon the earth, we are delivered only by the comforting truth that the life of God can never, never approach an end.

The same result would follow, only perchance with not such universal woe, should any of the attributes of God ever decline into the least imperfection. If the Divine wisdom should weaken with the lapse of ages, and the end should no longer be

known from the beginning, to God, then the revolution of the worlds would be only a grand experiment, in which failure and ruin to all would not be impossible. Or if his power to execute what his wisdom had devised should once be wanting, the perfect result would be no longer assured. Or if his holiness, justice, or any other attribute, should falter, inevitable catastrophe would surely succeed with swift and certain stroke. It is evident, therefore, that with the Divine perfections, as with the Divine existence, there can be no mutation. In all, he is "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

God is also unchangeable in his purposes. "He is in one mind, and who can turn him?" There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand. "The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations." Reflect upon the beauty, the order, the perfection of that complex plan, that from the first has moved steadily and consistently on, with its myriad designs reaching forth their long arms to all departments of creation, yet never a single designated issue failing, nor a solitary motion deviating from the strict line of its original appointment—never the shadow of a defection, by so much as a hair's breadth, in any part, though it be a plan that only ages incalculable can work out to its complete accomplishment! There is nothing to reconsider, nothing to mend. The government of the universe is like the building of the temple of God: the stones thereof are made ready before they are brought thither; they are noiselessly set in their appointed places, every stone fitting with absolute nicety to its chosen seat; so that there is neither hammer, axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it is in building. It must be so if God be changeless in his wisdom, an omniscient Architect, an infallible Governor and King, declaring the end from the beginning, and from

ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

God is unchangeable in his *promises*. He "is not a man, that he should lie"—(oh, scathing sarcasm!)—"neither the son of man, that he should repent: Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" All the promises of God are yea and amen. The Divine promises are predicated upon the Divine purposes. As the purpose is steadfast, so must also the promise be unfailing. Can there be any insincerity in him, one of whose perfections is truth, and none of whose perfections can be mutable without imperiling the hopes of the countless worlds his fingers hath framed? The word of the Lord endureth for ever. He hath sworn and he will perform. Here rest, then, O my soul! Since he is true and cannot change, for thee

"All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace."

How firm a foundation is laid for your faith in his excellent word! His promises have not failed once in their fulfilment in the past. For in the fulness of time God sent his own Son in the flesh, according to his eternal purpose, and in direct fulfilment of his covenant with the patriarchs, our fathers. And if he hath given us his Son, will he not, with him, also give us all things.

The promises of God are in many cases *predictions* yet unfulfilled; especially in so far as they relate to us who are still upon the earth. It is a precious comfort to be assured that whatsoever he hath spoken will surely come to pass. It is upon this immutability of the everlasting God that the weak and trembling faith of God's people lays hold, even as with outward hands they might clasp the horns of the altar. Assured of this, implicitly believing this, the storms of life may sweep in tempestuous terror over my head, but my soul will still be calm and confident, knowing in whom it has believed.

The promises of God include his *threats* against evil-doers. The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, "Surely, as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand."

He is unchangeably opposed to sin and sinners. He could not be infinitely holy without being and remaining perpetually averse to every shape and shade of evil. It cannot for a moment stand in his sight. If sinners would find mercy and blessing, they must change, and not he. They must seek after his righteousness, but need never expect that he will compromise in the least with their sins, or

bend from his inflexible position of perfect stability in justice, truth, and righteousness, even for their deliverance. All forgiveness, and restoration to the favour of God, is founded upon penitence by the transgressors, and returning to the path whence they have strayed. Christ died to prepare the way for this change on the sinner's part; but unless the sinner will return in this newly-opened path of blood, it cannot be otherwise but that the Lord's unchangeableness will call down upon his devoted head the wrath and the curse of sin.

The Lord is indeed spoken of, in several passages of the Scriptures, as *repenting*; a term which, in its application to man, implies a change of mind. It may be easily seen, however, that this is but an adaptation of human phrase, to represent more distinctly to the human mind the "alteration of the outward dispensations of the Divine providence," according to his perfect knowledge of all events and circumstances. When man forsakes his sins and turns to the Lord, the extension of mercy to him is expressed as a repenting of God; whereas it is obvious that all the change has been *in man*, who now, conforming himself to the perfect law of God's nature, has received the blessing which always flows to the obedient. God has not changed; he is still, as ever, favourable to the obedient, and unfavourable to the disobedient. When the wicked forsakes his evil ways, the Lord smiles upon him; when he persists in them, he rests under a frown—and all this because God is immutable.

We shall be made partakers in this Divine excellency also, when we come into the kingdom. We shall be established in immutable being and holiness with the angels of God, in our glorified state; and in this respect we shall be like him. O, glorious state! O, happy condition! when change, that token of weakness and imperfection, shall have for ever passed away, never to show its power upon us again for ever. The heavens and the earth shall change, but not we; for we shall bear the image of the heavenly, and the heavenly changes not. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but *thou* art the same, and thy years shall have no end!

"My never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous ways,
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love."



TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER LIX.

"THE SEA, THE SEA, THE OPEN SEA."



T was a miserably ill-built, slow-sailing French vessel, called *La Sylphide* (but the very reverse of a sylph in shape and motion), in which Faulkner-Moore took a berth at Marseilles.

He had set off in desperate haste, and had been guided rather by impulse than reflection in his pursuit of Mostyn, his treacherous, fraudulent, and absconded partner.

We have said that Faulkner-Moore was not by education or habit a man of business. The kind old relative who left him his share in the bank, and his position as head partner, knew this; and, having entire confidence in Mostyn's integrity, experience, and ability, encouraged Faulkner-Moore to rely entirely upon his junior partner. Here, as in so many other instances, "the means to do ill deeds, made ill deeds done." Mostyn, under the sharp watchful eye of his old master, was a treasure; with power in his hands, and having risen from head clerk to be a partner, he became a speculator, a spendthrift, and a rogue.

Mr. Clopstone, the head clerk, who had attended Faulkner-Moore to Marseilles, and who had seen him on board, was entrusted by his employer with instructions which, had he been spared to carry them out, would have, perhaps, induced the British public to suspend its judgment in the case of Faulkner-Moore.

Clopstone had not only in his keeping the letter to Mrs. Moore, which, as the most important document of all, was consigned to the little silver portfolio, but he had copies of letters which he was to address to the leading papers. These letters were explanatory of Faulkner-Moore's conduct. Clopstone was instructed to call on Messrs. Martin and Marsh, and on the principal creditors of the firm, to implore them to await news from New Zealand before they passed sentence on Faulkner-Moore.

The horrible and singular accident of the Paris train catching fire, and the consequent death of poor Clopstone, who, with everything combustible about him, fell a victim to the flames, had caused the entire destruction of everything he had with him, save the little silver portfolio, or case, in which was Faulkner-Moore's letter to his wife. This case, it is presumed, dropped from the unfortunate Clopstone's person when he was dragged, partly burnt, partly smothered, out of one of the half-consumed carriages of the train, and it probably was trodden into the soft earth of the embankment. There, as the reader may remember, it was found, many years after, when the railroad was repaired, and the letter inside quite uninjured.

We have said that Faulkner-Moore yielded rather to impulse than reflection, in setting off after Mostyn without stopping to consult his lawyers, to communicate with the creditors of the bank, or to take any step to explain his flight, account for his conduct, or to mitigate the rage and quell the fears of his clients.

The fact was, he had ascertained—at least, he felt certain he had done so—that Mostyn had forged his (Faulkner-Moore's) name, as Violet Vivian's trustee, to sell out the £15,000, and that he had committed the same vile felony in several instances. In short that, although he had long been in the habit of "cooking" up the ac-

counts, and playing upon Faulkner-Moore's credulity and comparative ignorance of the banking business to appropriate any sums he pleased, and to squander largely on his own pleasures, yet that a very considerable sum—the greater part, indeed, of the capital of the bank—had been embezzled, and carried off by Mostyn for his own use. This sum was in gold and bank-notes, and Faulkner-Moore believed he might yet overtake Mostyn with all his ill-gotten treasure in his possession, and compel him to give it all up to him.

Full of this hope—this exciting idea—Faulkner-Moore lost sight of everything else. He felt as if he could chase Mostyn all round the world, but could never give up that chase until he had wrested from him the treasure he had so basely obtained, and compelled him to write an acknowledgment, before witnesses, that he, Faulkner-Moore, had had no share in this gigantic fraud and daring felony.

It was not till Faulkner-Moore found himself looking on the world of waters from the dirty deck of the *Sylphide*, with nothing to be seen but sea and sky, that his heart sank within him, and he asked himself whether he had done wisely to leave all in confusion at the bank in Lombard Street, and what might be the construction put by the creditors on his flight.

But the worst and most crushing of all the thoughts that came during the long, watchful nights to torture Faulkner-Moore, was one which flashed across his mind suddenly, as he was thinking over some cases of bankruptcy similar to his own. Suddenly, and with a sharp cry of agony, he recalled the fact that a friend of his own, a partner in a country bank, having, like himself, started off in pursuit of an absconded partner, and, not being in court to surrender when called upon, had been outlawed; and, though a man of high honour, pursued as a felon when he returned to England. "I too shall be outlawed!" he groaned; "I too am a felon, in the eyes of the law!"

Vainly poor Faulkner-Moore tried to persuade himself that Clopstone would set all to rights. A presentiment of evil, a depression, a terror, and a despair which he could not shake off, haunted him night and day. Bitterly did he regret having left England; but there was no help for it now, and yet the anguish of his spirit tortured him night and day, until the wind shifted, and blew hard, and the crazy old *Sylphide* creaked and groaned, and was tossed, now on the top of the waves, now down into the troughs between them, and the overwhelming, all-absorbing horrors of sea-sickness stretched him in his wretched berth, and even the thoughts of Eva, his boy, and his creditors, or rather the creditors of the bank, faded before the unspeakable sufferings he endured.

Faulkner-Moore was very ill indeed for nearly three weeks. Perhaps the tremendous shock to his nervous system caused by the discovery of Mostyn's roguery, and the agony of mind which he had endured while pursuing him across Europe, had greatly contributed to bring on the illness which the motion of the vessel so terribly aggravated.

Oh! as he lay in his wretched berth, neglected and despairing, too weak to rise, parched with thirst, and with no gentle hand near to moisten his dry lips, prepare the cooling draught, or smooth his pillow, with a fever of vain longing at his heart, how he yearned for Eva!—Eva who had ever been so lavish of her endearing attentions, if his cheek were but pale, and his brow ached, after a day of heavy business. How he thought

of his boy—his Fred—and the fresh fruit and sweet flowers Fred would be proud to bring him, feeding "poor papa" himself with the ripe strawberries, or the sweet hothouse grapes, and trying to sing him to sleep with the wild old lullabies with which old Becky had been wont to perform that office for the boy himself. Even Becky came in for a share of her master's affectionate regrets, for Becky had been the very best of nurses whenever anything ailed any member of the family. No amount of night-watching ever seemed to tell on the iron frame of old Becky. No one ever made such good things as Becky, because *conscience* entered into all she did, and she never spared herself in any way.

From the thought of his devoted, beautiful Eva, his cherub boy, and poor Becky, with their tender care, and from a dream of his elegant home at Beech Park, poor Faulkner-Moore would turn to the realities of the worst kind of sea-sickness; of a berth too narrow for him to turn in it, in a cabin in which a number of men of different nations, all smoking and all squabbling, did not allow him a moment's quiet.

Perhaps it was a merciful dispensation of Providence that during a great part of this terrible voyage in the ill-built,stead-sailing old French tub called the *Sylphide* (*Anglies*, "Sylph"), Faulkner-Moore's bodily sufferings were so great as to overpower, in some respects, his sense of the false position in which he had placed himself by his unexplained flight, his anxiety about the fate of his wife and child, and an occasional dread which had crossed his mind during his journey to Marseilles, lest Clopstone, too, might not be trustworthy, but might be himself in league with the swindler, Mostyn!

Alas! poor Clopstone had been faithful enough to the master he loved and honoured, and had served faithfully for fifteen years; but the head, the heart, and the hand that would have been so active in the defence of the honour and integrity of the hapless Faulkner-Moore were cold in death! and the charred and blackened remains of the head clerk of the once time-honoured and wealthy, but now dishonoured and bankrupt firm of Faulkner-Moore and Mostyn, were lying among the nettles and the long grass in the Protestant corner of a French cemetery near Amiens.

After the heavy *Sylphide* had "crossed the line," and when the warm, balmy air of the tropics stole in through a little window close to Faulkner-Moore's berth, a change for the better took place in his bodily symptoms, and he was able to crawl upon deck and gaze at the glorious tropical sunset, and watch the stars come out in the translucent azure of the torrid zone.

Oh, then, how he missed the dear old constellations that had been the delight and the study of his boyhood! and how he yearned for the bright familiar faces of the Pleiades, the noble form of Orion (belted warrior of the long-sword), the bold outline of the Great Bear, the Polar Star, and the "two pointers," on which he had so often gazed when he was Eva's affianced, from a jessamine bower in which they had loved to sit, side by side, while her head rested on his shoulder, and her hand was locked in his.

Ah, then! though brighter clusters adorned the heavens of the south, they only reminded him of the world of waters that now lay between him and all he loved, and "the Southern Cross," and all the radiant constellations of the tropics, seemed only to light up the darkness of his desolation and the depths of his despair.

To Faulkner-Moore the events that excited an almost childish delight in the minds, and a pantomimic display of ecstasy in the manners, of his volatile fellow-travellers, were almost without interest.

He certainly did cast a languid glance from his cabin through its little window when an English boy,

who was going over to Nelson with his invalid mother, to join his father who had settled there, came and told him to "look out sharp, for Madeira was in view;" and he did the same when he heard that the Canary Isles could be sighted from the deck; and again when told that the curious island of the strangest of strange histories—Tristan d'Acunha—was close at hand.

The word "Land" always seemed to send a flush to his pale, thin cheek. It conjured up the possibility of his overtaking the vile robber, Mostyn, with the plunder of Violet Vivian and hundreds of other confiding clients of the great, old, long-established wealthy bank, on his vile person.

Yes, at the shout of "land" his heart would beat high, the blood of an injured, innocent, and ruined man would boil in his veins. For a moment strength would return to his limbs, and vigour to his muscles. His hands would close in a tight, imaginary grasp of a "scoundrel's" necktie, and a prayer that he might be granted opportunity and strength to meet and to despoil the destroyer would burst from his very heart.

But this shout of "land" alone, of all the wild noises of that excitable crew, awoke every echo in Faulkner-Moore's breast.

While the others crowded on deck to witness the exchanging of signals, and the speaking with other vessels homeward bound, and while many crowded together when near any land whatever, to write letters, and, having corked them up, to throw them into the sea, in the hope that they might be found again after many days, Faulkner-Moore either lay in his berth, downstricken and almost heartbroken, or else he occupied himself in the torturing, dispiriting effort to calculate how much each individual and confiding client of that bank, which had stood every commercial and political earthquake, and every monetary crisis, for two hundred years, had lost by Mostyn's villany.

Harry Hart, the son of the poor invalid mother, who seldom left her berth, and who had taken a great fancy to the kind gentleman who seemed so unhappy, would often come to him, in boyish glee, to tell him of the appearance of some monster of the deep, in the shape of a whale, a shark, or even a porpoise.

To the boy of fourteen (a fine, healthy, manly, rosy young fellow, who yet, much as he loved to be on deck, was a devoted and patient nurse to his poor mother), a waterspout, or a lunar rainbow, were sources of lively interest and pleasure. A gale, a squall, or that calamity, to others, of seas breaking on board, were all so many sources of joyous excitement to young Harry.

These pleasures—for to him they were such—he would fain have had "the sick gentleman" share with him; but he soon found that was impossible.

In one object of the boy's interest Faulkner-Moore, however, took a lively part, and that was his suffering and, alas! consumptive mother.

CHAPTER LX.

SOMETHING TO DO.

ONE day young Harry rushed into Faulkner-Moore's cabin, wild with alarm, to tell him that his mother had broken a blood-vessel, and that he much feared she was dying.

In a minute Faulkner-Moore was by her side. All his own weakness, all his own woes, were forgotten in the sight of the poor woman's terrible state, as she lay soaked and almost bathed in the bright crimson blood that a violent fit of coughing (in which she had burst a vessel) had brought from her lungs.

Poor young Harry stood cold and white as marble—the image of despair.

"Where is the surgeon?" said Faulkner-Moore to a

woman—an Irishwoman—who had occasionally been kind to poor Mrs. Hart.

"Och, hone! och hone! dinna spake o' him—dinna send for him, there's a honey," said Molly O'Rourke; "she cannot bide him anigh her, he's that crule. She made me promise her that, if the rattles were in her throat, and she in the dead thrav, I'd na bring the Frinch doctor down upon her."

"What can we do for her, then?" said Faulkner-Moore.

"I've had a sister just the same," said Molly, "and I'll tell yer honour what to do, only I've no' the strength to do it myself, seeing I'm that bad wi' the rheumatiz. Ice, honey, ice is the best thing, and ice we cannot git, under this broiling, milting sun; but cold wather comes nixt, and there's no lack of colt say-wather, yer honour."

Guided by his own judgment and knowledge, and by Molly's experience, and the use of cloths steeped in cold sea-water, Faulkner-Moore succeeded in stopping the hæmorrhage of the lungs. Molly then cleared away all the ensanguined linen, that made the poor sufferer look as if she had been butchered.

Clean, comfortable, silent, pale, but free from pain, and in no immediate peril, Mrs. Hart lay, her large, dark, hollow eyes eloquent of the gratitude which Faulkner-Moore forbade her to express with her pale lips.

Young Harry, not to disturb his mother, whom he saw so much better, had hurried into Faulkner-Moore's cabin, and, kneeling by his kind friend's berth, his face buried in the bedclothes, he was sobbing out his prayers and his thanks to the heavenly Father who had raised up a friend to save and comfort his mother.

From this time forward Faulkner-Moore was no longer a prey to enforced idleness, maddening fancies, and torturing regrets. He had now a sister's bodily wants to supply, a sister's failing strength to watch over, a sister's mind to feed with heavenly manna, a sister's soul (under the Divine blessing) to save—yes, to save alive!

Molly O'Rourke was a good, hardworking, devoted old creature. She had a son in New Zealand who had lost his wife, and caught a fever while vainly working at the Diggings; and the last accounts she had had was that he was in the hospital at Nelson, and that his poor children were left to shift for themselves in a little hovel he had built some miles from Nelson, close to the Dun Mountain.

Although in her sixty-eighth year, and a martyr to rheumatism, Molly O'Rourke, on hearing this, had resolved to take with her all her portable goods and chattels, and "a bit o' money she had laid by," and go over to New Zealand from County Cork, where she had a snug cabin and a potato-ground, to nurse her poor son and see to his children.

Molly was a Roman Catholic, and a very devout one; but that did not prevent her feeling an interest in her Protestant neighbour and fellow-traveller. The good of all Christian creeds must acknowledge the grand principle of brotherhood and fellowship in Christ which our Divine Redeemer so laboured to instil into all his followers. "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase"—that God who listens to every prayer offered up in the name of the one Mediator of the whole world, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Although Mrs. Hart was an English Protestant, she and Molly O'Rourke were neighbours; Mr. Hart had been a steward on an Irish estate. Both being eager to get to New Zealand at once, and as cheaply as possible, were attracted by the account of some sailors, newly come from Marseilles, of the cheapness of the voyage to that port, and the facilities of getting thence to New Zealand.

Molly O'Rourke having, as we have said, brought with her all her portable belongings, was able to supply poor Mrs. Hart with many kind loans, among which were a soft bed and pillows, clean sheets and blankets,

and several simple comforts, as tea, gruel, and such domestic and commonplace medicines as Mr. Faulkner-Moore felt he could prescribe with safety.

But still, all that the poor woman's kindness could do was only to mitigate her sufferings, and, perhaps, prolong her existence for a few days or weeks. At least, that was all as far as the body was concerned; but Faulkner-Moore was enabled to effect a great deal more than that, for he read the Bible to her and her boy. Yes, he read the Book of books twice, and often thrice a day to the suffering woman; and he not only read, but he explained what he read, and every day some new ray from that fountain of light—the Bible—dawned on the hitherto benighted soul of the sufferer.

She had been—as so many, alas, are (though a good woman in the ordinary acceptance of the word)—one of those Marthas who "are troubled about many things;" but she was fast getting more like that Mary who had chosen that good part which should not be taken from her.

The work of grace was going on in her soul all the more rapidly, perhaps, because no one who had any experience could look at her and not see that, in all human probability, she would not live to reach New Zealand, and that her poor, wasted body, would not rest in the bosom of mother earth, but would be cast into those waves which one day will be called upon to give up their dead.

Harry was never absent from his mother's bedside when Faulkner-Moore prayed with her, or read the Bible to her.

A great change had taken place in the boy. Innocent as he was of what the world calls evil, the light of truth had flashed suddenly into his soul, waking, with a start, the inward monitor, Conscience. The boy, at the same moment, saw by that light that he was a sinner, and felt the burthen of his sins, while the voice within him cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Fortunately for him, Faulkner-Moore, who perceived and understood his alarm and perplexity, was able to answer his questions, and to point him to the foot of the cross. His weeping, penitent, and dying mother, was already there.

About three weeks after the breaking of the blood-vessel, which had brought Faulkner-Moore to her bedside, Mrs. Hart died, as true believers die. Her last words were, "Dear friend, I thank, I bless you! we shall meet again. Harry, dear, dear boy! don't cry. Love and serve God, and put all your trust in him. I am happy—tell your father so, with my love and blessing: tell him to repent, believe, and pray. Good-bye, until we meet in heaven. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

She died without uttering a groan or a struggle; but Mr. Faulkner-Moore perceived that the unmistakable change was wrought.

Yes: he who had often seen death, and Harry, who had never till then looked upon the dead, both equally felt that all was over, and the first throes of anguish on the part of Harry were terrible to witness.

Faulkner-Moore knew that that first wild burst of sorrow must weep itself away. The deluge must abate before the green land could appear.

He did all in his power for the young mourner. He took him to his cabin, and watched by him till he fell asleep.

Sleep is such a necessity in very early youth, and Harry had been up with his mother the whole night before her death.

Alas! the worst trial was yet to come.

Two days was a long time to keep a dead body on board, and in the tropics. There was no help for it; the mother must be consigned to her watery grave.

The light and wasted form was wrapped up in a sail-cloth well secured. Faulkner-Moore had hoped to get the harrowing ceremony over while Harry slept; and so he had induced the captain to appoint an early morning hour for the dropping of the body into the deep.

He himself undertook to read the burial service; or rather that version of it suited to the circumstances.

There were sobs in his own voice and tears in his own eyes. Silence reigned, and sympathy might be read on every face. Poor Molly O'Rourke was in floods of tears. But just as the body was about to be lowered into the sea, a wild shriek was heard to ring through the air, a cry of "Mother! mother! Oh! do not throw my mother into the cold dreadful sea!" fell on Mr. Faulkner-Moore's ear; and Harry, who had joined the group unperceived, having entered the cabin where his mother had been lying, and missed the cold, pale form, had rushed forward with an instinct of filial love to save his mother.

Mr. Faulkner-Moore caught him in his arms, and held him fast till the tranquil sea had closed over that loving and beloved mother's breast, and as it did so, Harry ceased to struggle and to shriek. He grew cold and still in Faulkner-Moore's arms, and he, feeling the boy's arms droop and his head fall heavily forward, guessed the truth, and laid him gently upon the deck.

The boy had fainted.

CHAPTER LXI.

FAULKNER-MOORE'S WEDDING-DAY.

HARRY HART was very ill for some days after the painful excitement which had ended in the fainting-fit we described in our last chapter.

Faulkner-Moore tended him as if he had been his own darling Freddy, and by degrees Harry recovered his health and some degree of calm; but the buoyancy and vivacity which had distinguished him before his mother's last illness and death were gone for ever. Heaven and heavenly things filled his young mind, and he was never weary of reading his Bible, and other good books, which Faulkner-Moore delighted to help him thoroughly to understand.

One evening, rather late, Harry, who, not feeling inclined to sleep, had been reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," was frightened to hear cries and groans, as of extreme pain, issuing from Mr. Faulkner-Moore's berth. It was about half-past nine o'clock, and Faulkner-Moore, who had been unusually thoughtful and depressed all day, had retired early to rest, for his head and his heart were aching sadly. Harry and he were the only people in the cabin, the other passengers who had berths had now gone to a species of concert on deck.

Harry went at once to the berth of his kind friend, and found him in all the agonies of a hideous nightmare.

His face was damp and livid, his hair stood on end, his limbs were cramped, and his whole frame trembled convulsively. As Harry gazed at him, he woke with a loud cry.

"Oh, sir," said Harry, "what is the matter? Are you ill? what can I get you? Shall I call the doctor, or any one?"

Faulkner-Moore stared at him in silence for some time, and then slowly recovering his composure and his senses, he said, still trembling violently—

"No, Harry; no. I shall be better presently. It was only a hideous dream, or a nightmare, I suppose; only I never had one before."

"What was it like, sir?" said Harry. "Do tell me, sir; it will take away the terror and the horror, I know. When poor dear mother had had dreams, or nightmares, she always told me all about them, and said they seemed to vanish as she talked of them."

"Well, I will tell you, Harry, if that is the case," said Faulkner-Moore, trying to smile. "I dare say you perceived that I was very unhappy all day, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said Harry; "but I was afraid to ask you what made you so."

"Harry, I have told you that I have left a dear wife and a darling child in England. Well, this day, which is now coming to a close, is my wedding-day; and, of course, it is an anniversary that makes me think more than ever of the dear ones I have left behind. It used to be such a holiday with us. And now, Harry, you, who are sensible beyond your years, and who know what love and sorrow are, can understand that it is a very dark day to me here, and to my poor wife in England."

"Well, Harry, worn out with grief, I lay down in my berth, and fell fast asleep. I dreamt a good deal, and all about my wife and child; and we were always falling down precipices, or wading through cold, black rivers, or running away from wild beasts, or sinking in quick-sands, or some other dreadful places. Then the scene changed, and I was alone, and wondering where they were, when I saw an old-fashioned, many-gabled house in a sort of market-place, the paving-stones of which were red in the light of flames that burst out of the windows."

"Oh, Harry, it makes my flesh creep to think how clearly I saw the figure of my dear wife at one of the windows, and saw the flames coming in to envelope her, and heard her screams and cries for help; and in the agony of that moment I awoke."

"And what became of your dear little boy, Master Freddy, sir?" asked Harry, much interested by this exciting dream.

"I do not know, Harry. I saw nothing of him. I only saw my dear wife in her great peril, and heard her shrieks and cries of help. I fancy I hear them still; but it is all nonsense, Harry. Bring the Bible, dear boy, and read me the Sermon on the Mount—I have no faith in dreams."

"But Joseph, sir, was warned by God in a dream. Even in the New Testament," said Harry, "and in the Old Testament, how many dreams came true."

"Well, Heaven forbid my dream should do so," said Faulkner-Moore. "If that is a nightmare, I hope I shall never have another. I am still in a cold perspiration, and trembling all over."

"Shall I make you a hot cup of tea, sir?" said Harry, "or get Molly to do so? She has everything at hand."

"Do, dear boy," said Faulkner-Moore; "and then come and sit by me, and have some yourself."

Molly O'Rourke was very glad to oblige "the gentleman," as she called Faulkner-Moore. She made some good tea, and took leave to join Faulkner-Moore and Harry in the refreshing repast.

After tea, Harry read the Bible to his kind friend for more than an hour; and Faulkner-Moore seeing him begin to nod, and to look very tired, insisted on his leaving off and going to bed.

He himself fell into a deep and quiet sleep soon after Harry had left him; and he dreamt of Eva and Fred, but this time his dreams were of a happy past and a bright future.

CHAPTER LXII.

MOSTYN BY MOONLIGHT.

ONE night, one bright moonlight night, Faulkner-Moore and Harry were reading together Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," when loud noises on deck arrested their attention, and pausing to listen, they became aware that the captain of the *Sylphide* was hailing a

vessel which was almost alongside of his own ship, and which had overtaken them, being bound for New Zealand.

"Let us go on deck, Harry," said Faulkner-Moore, "and have a look at the ship bound for the same port as ourselves."

Harry followed his friend on deck.

The strange ship, called the *Eugénie*, was just moving off; but as it sailed away, the light of the bright, full moon fell on a face and form which Faulkner-Moore, with a cry of exultation and surprise, recognised as that of Mostyn!

"Yes, Mostyn it must be," he said to himself.

Sleek, laughing, stout, dressed in a military cloak of blue cloth, with a gold clasp, formed of two foxes' heads—a great bean in his dress, and talking gaily to a young lady, smartly attired, who seemed to listen with interest to his jocular and gallant remarks. His curly red hair, a little silvered into a rhubarb and magnesia tint, worn longer than is usual with Englishmen, fell on the velvet collar of his coat, and his tall, bulky form—all belonged to the fraudulent, absconded bankrupt, forger, thief—the ruthless destroyer of Faulkner-Moore, of Fred, of Violet Vivian, and of countless confiding clients of the banking-house in Lombard Street.

Faulkner-Moore thanked Heaven on his bended knees, not that revenge seemed to be at hand—he had heard who has said, "Vengeance is mine"—but that Providence seemed to smile on his efforts to compel Mostyn to give up the spoil, and to clear his (Faulkner-Moore's) name from the foul suspicion of complicity in his crimes.

CHAPTER LXIII.

SHIPWRECKED IN SIGHT OF LAND.

AND now, at length, after a hundred and twenty-three days at sea, *La Sylphide* began to near the shores of New Zealand.

Everybody was in a state of great excitement on deck, although heavy drops of rain were falling fast, and a tremendous storm was evidently brewing, when the sounding line was brought on deck, and the captain, pale and anxious, was seen straining his eyes eagerly in one direction.

A faint cheer was heard, even amidst the roar of deep thunder, when a faint, cloud-like streak, was discovered.

The captain's anxiety was caused, not only by the approaching storm, and wild, sudden rising of contrary winds, but he had just discovered that his nautical instruments had misled him: the land before him was not Nelson, the port for which he was bound; and the old *Sylphide*—which was quite unfit for so long a voyage—could not, as he well knew, hold out much longer, and in such a storm as that which threatened them.

A horrible fear now got abroad among the passengers, namely, that angry winds, battling among the sails, were sending the *Sylphide* upon the dwarf rocks that render parts of the coast of New Zealand so dangerous.

The captain lost his presence of mind, the crew began to mutiny, and one of the mates, pushing him aside, took possession of the helm.

Darker and darker became the sky, which was only lighted by occasional flashes of lightning; and by those flashes the terrified passengers could see each other's white faces, and behold some drinking, some praying, some fainting, and all in wild terror or abject dread, save only Faulkner-Moore and young Harry, who knelt side by side and hand in hand, calm, collected, and in earnest prayer, not uttering wild and frantic cries to Heaven, but imploring their heavenly Father to succour and save for his dear Son's sake.

But just at that moment when the winds were

fiercest, the sky darkest, the thunder loudest, the rain heaviest, and the lightning most blinding in its forked flashes, *La Sylphide* struck upon a dwarf rock, and, with a tremendous crash, the groaning, creaking old ship went to pieces. Oh, what a chorus of prayers, shrieks, yells, groans, accompanied that hideous crash!

Every living creature in that ill-fated vessel was now struggling for life in the dark and wind-tossed waves of the South Pacific.

Faulkner-Moore, a very strong and practised swimmer, struck out with an instinct of self-preservation; but the next moment he thought of Harry, and cried aloud to him to speak, that he might try to save him.

There was no answer to his shout, and a flash of forked lightning a few minutes later, showed Faulkner-Moore some strong men clinging to the wreck of the *Sylphide*, but no one swimming towards land but himself.

For three long hours Faulkner-Moore breasted the furious waves. Sometimes the cry of this "strong swimmer in his agony" might have been heard even amid the war of the elements and the roar of the thunder. His strength was almost spent, his hope was dying within his cold breast, and he had commended his soul to his Saviour, when a strong wave—one which he had supposed would engulf him—bore him away with resistless force, and landed him safely on a patch of hard, sparkling sand, among the dwarf rocks of the most dangerous part of the coast of New Zealand.

How Faulkner-Moore got through the night, he never knew; but the morning sun woke him from a sort of trance, and with a power and a heat of which we in Europe can form no idea, dried his clothes, and restored life to his limbs, and circulation to his blood.

He had in his pocket a biscuit, now almost a pap, and a flask of brandy.

He ate part of the biscuit and swallowed a few drops of the brandy.

He dared not consume all the biscuit, for he knew not where he might obtain any other food; and after offering up a fervent thanksgiving for his safety, and a prayer for poor Harry's, he rose, and gazed with admiration on the magnificent scenery of the Land of Promise.

As he strolled along the beach and gazed at the ocean—which, late so dark and tempest-tossed, was now calm and tranquil as a sleeping infant's breast—he saw, cast on the rocks, now quite bare and dry, for it was low water, the lifeless form of young Harry!

The sun shone down on the bright hair and fair young face of the Christian youth.

Faulkner-Moore knelt down beside him, and the strong man's tears fell like rain on the marble beauty of the young face of him who had died in the Lord, and on whose features the radiance of his Saviour's smile of welcome to his rest was reflected as he passed through the gates of death and met his Lord face to face in a "temple not made with hands."

Faulkner-Moore having ascertained beyond a doubt that life had long been extinct, scooped out a grave on that wild coast for the boy he had loved and trained for heaven.

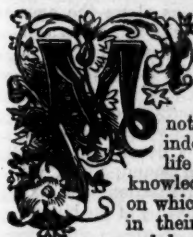
He kept the Bible, which had been clasped in the boy's hand, looking upon it as the Christian boy's legacy to the friend of his soul.

He marked the spot where Harry Hart lay by a rude cross, formed of pieces of rock; and as he rose from his knees he saw fast approaching, and evidently having caught sight of him, a hideous group, composed of half-naked, dark-skinned, tattooed men, brandishing tomahawks, and uttering a wild war-whoop! They were natives of New Zealand.

(To be continued.)

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN HUMAN ART.

PART I.



MAN is proud of art and skill more than of all things else. Virtue and piety are, indeed, greater and nobler, but they make men humble, not proud; and even they are indebted to the arts of civilised life for the basis of intelligence, knowledge, culture, and refinement, on which alone they can be built up in their full strength and beauty, and by means of which alone they can have their due manifestation and influence. But what man has done for himself and for his earthly home—the wastes he has reclaimed; the cities he has built; the grandeur and beauty he has embodied in architecture, enshrined in marble, portrayed on canvas; the enslaving to his uses of the giant and wayward forces of Nature; the overcoming of obstacles that once seemed insurmountable; the sovereign command which he exercises in the entire realm of material forces and agencies—these are the burden of his unceasing self-praise; and especially we are never weary of admiring the vast mechanical and artistical progress of the last and the present generation. Meanwhile, the perpetual voice of the Bible is—"All power belongeth unto God." We have taken for our subject the Natural Theology of Art, and our aim will be to show that human art is but a manifestation of the Divine providence; that God is, as the Scriptures represent him, the sole contriver, artificer, builder—the author of all the vast, graceful, curious, and complicated forms that grow under the hands of man; and that the achievements of our race are equally with the sun in his glory, and the stars on their circuits, and the changing seasons, "but the varied God."

Let us first remark that in art man does nothing except what God either does or provides for in Nature. He only follows out indications that are a Divine directory for his procedure. He creates nothing; he only finds and uses what God has made. He does not confer properties; he only discovers and applies them. We talk of raw material; but there is none. If there were, it would for ever remain so. What we call by that name has in it all that is ever made out of it. Our paving and building stones lie, in the quarry, in parallel strata, and with crystals so grouped and separated as to invite the very cleavage they receive; and the blocks in which they are laid or heaved correspond in their surfaces with the natural divisions of the mother rock. The veins and fibres of our forest trees guide, rather than yield to, the axe, the lathe, and the plane; and they might have been of essentially the same substance, and yet so gnarled and knotted as to defy the accumulated science of centuries. Our silk we could not wind or use, had it not been first reeled on the cocoon with a delicacy far surpassing our finest handiwork. We make no dyes, but dip our raiment in brilliant and enduring hues, beautiful as the rainbow or the sunset clouds,

which God has treasured for us in barks, and roots, and insects. The telegraph is no work of ours, nor yet an invention of our time. The agent which it employs has been from creation's dawn the medium of all communication between mind and matter, brain and muscle, brain and brain. We have only arrested for a specific purpose a force which throbs from zone to zone, leaps from sky to earth, darts from earth to ocean, courses in the sap of the growing tree, runs along the nervous tissue of the living man, and can be commanded for the speaking wires simply because it is and works everywhere.

Let us carry out this view somewhat in detail with reference to water, the most essential of all mechanical agents, with which art does literally nothing of which God has not given the model or the hint.

How numerous beyond all computation are the artistical contrivances of which water is the means or the object! Not only is it the destined home of the ship—that noblest masterwork of human genius, that most expressive type of man as the conqueror and lord of Nature—but without water how utterly impossible would it be to bring together materials for the ship, or for any other costly and complex structure! Without its diffusion in quantities and qualities adequate not only to sustain life, but to supply the thousand-fold greater demands of art, where were the triumphs of that monarch of our century, the steam-king? Now, mark how perfect, as regards human industry, is the Divine distribution of water—gathered into oceans for the world's highway—indenting the shore in bays and creeks without whose shelter navigation would be impossible, and the ship merely a splendid conception—radiating in rivers which alone could develop the resources and furnish the materials that freight our commerce—branching into streams and rivulets to irrigate the meadows, to twine among the valleys, and to laugh by the poor man's door; now falling over precipices, and acquiring force to propel the wheels of those mighty Babels that weave the wealth of nations; now swollen by vernal thaws and rains, and bearing forests from their birthplace to the builder's axe.

Mark, next, the beautiful simplicity of the Divine mechanism by which the distribution is made. There is unceasing waste, and yet unceasing fulness; the ocean replenishing the fountain, the fountain speeding with trembling haste to bear its tribute to the ocean; the river pouring its current into the great sea, and anon those selfsame waters, through cloud, torrent, brook, and streamlet, seeking the river again. The circulation of the waters is like that of the blood in the human body—the ocean, the vast heart; the rivers, the veins that carry home its tide; the clouds, the arteries that distribute it anew; the brooks and fountains corresponding to the capillary vessels that bear the rose-tint to the cheek of youth and beauty. The system, too, is self-adjusting, full of mutual checks and offsets the very circumstances that create the need

expediting the supply. The solar heat, as it parches the continent, distils and evaporates the adjacent water of the ocean or lake, forming clouds which, like aerial burden-ships, float away with their freight of bloom and harvest wealth, and are drawn by the partial vacuum to the very regions where intense heat has most rarefied the lower strata of the atmosphere, at the same time threatening the hope of the husbandman and exhausting the fountains of man's industrial energy.

But for the numberless demands which man, more as an artisan than as a consumer, makes on Nature's reservoirs, distribution would be necessary in immeasurably larger quantities than could be endured in the form of rain in our fields and about our dwellings, unless we were amphibious, and our grain and grasses aquatic plants. Mark next, then, the Divine providence by which the mountains that must for ever remain uninhabitable are made the ocean's procreant cradle. The levity of the clouds as compared with the lower strata of the atmosphere, lifts a large proportion of them to a height at which they are drifted against the tops of the loftiest mountains, where, amid

"Unceasing thunder and eternal foam,"

or in hail and snow, they discharge their burdens, and form those fierce and rapid torrents which, as they approach human dwellings, grow deep and broad, tame and tractable, so that the very stream which had rolled huge crags and uprooted primeval forests from the mountain-side can be resisted by the feeble stroke of a child's oar, or made the servant-of-all-work in a machine-shop.

Mark now the relation of human art to this vast system of circulation. The raft, in which form alone could lumber be delivered at its appropriate depôts without labour and cost that would make a well-built house a luxury attainable by none but the very rich, simply avails itself of the ocean's feeding season and of its channels of supply—commits itself to their swollen bosom—forces itself upon them as the companion of their inevitable journey. The ship, hardly less essential to material civilisation than is the Bible to spiritual culture, is the most passive of all creatures, depends for its motion on the sails which diminish its power of resistance and render it even more hopelessly passive, and yields itself to the very atmospheric currents which sustain the circulation of the waters by driving the clouds landward. The water-wheel, which multiplies and cheapens to an inconceivable degree the comforts and luxuries of civilised life, merely plants itself in the descending path of the stream or river, and revolves because its axis is so secured that it cannot be floated down. The aqueduct, which gushes as a fountain of health in the great city, bears the same relation to the course of the stream which feeds it, that is borne by the turnpike-road to the serpentine one that leads by every farmhouse; and depends for its flow on the gradual declivity by which the ocean-born clouds descend from their mountain-exile to their native home. Lastly, the steam-engine, the most versatile of all the works of man—now bearing on its fire-wings migrating multitudes and costly merchandise across the waste of waters, now twisting a gossamer thread or mending a web—is but the intensifying (though in miniature) and harnessing to the industrial yoke of the very process by which

the vapour exhaled from the ocean waters the hills and makes the desert glad.

These illustrations may suffice to show the entire dependence of human art and skill on the infinite providence of God—that providence which has sown in the bosom of creation the seeds of all uses and capabilities, whose harvest ripens along the ages under the same genial care which, in the briefer spaces of a similar husbandry, renews the face of the earth, sends the early and the latter rain, and crowns the year with plenty.

We would next call your attention to the physical structure of man as specially adapted to the purposes of art. There are in a devotional hymn two lines peculiarly childish in sound, which yet contain the whole theory of civilisation, and expound the earthly position and destiny of the human race. They are—

"Why was my body formed erect,
While brutes bow down to earth?"

Were it not for this simple difference, man might be possessed of all the native intellectual capacity he now has, and yet could gain scarcely any accurate knowledge of the universe; could embody his ideas only in the rudest forms, could transmit very little of his experience and wisdom or their results to future generations, and could bequeath to his immediate posterity hardly anything more precious than some savage booth or burrowing-place.

Man is, perhaps, the most feeble animal on earth in proportion to his size, yet he easily walks as sovereign, leads the behemoth in his train, tows the leviathan by his warp, makes the everlasting hills bow before him, and lays his mandate and his chain on the giant forces of Nature. And this chiefly by means of the divinely-fashioned instrument, the hand—through the elevation, expansion, and more complex organisation of the very digits which we trace in less perfect development in the anterior limbs of every quadruped. The hand—so slender and flexible that it might seem fitted neither for doing nor enduring, yet whose closely knit web-work of nerves and sinews concentrates the entire strength of the body, constituting a mightier force in proportion to its magnitude than is found in the whole universe beside;—the hand, combining all mechanical powers in one—the fingers jointed levers, the sinews pulleys, whose elastic force is but imperfectly typified when by a series of artificial pulleys a slender silken thread is made to sustain as heavy a weight as a man could carry—the wrist-joint a perpetual screw, without whose circular motion no screw of steel would ever find its way into its socket;—the hand, capable one moment of wielding a giant's strength, and the next of subserving the most delicate uses, dissecting the microscopic proportions of a flower-cup or an insect's wing, marking with the graver air-lines subtle as the sunbeams, copying the vanishing hues of clouds and rosebuds and the human countenance, embodying thought in forms so ethereal that they might seem inbreathed by viewless spirits, rather than wrought by material agency;—the hand it is that makes man what he is—God's viceroy upon earth. Reflect that there is no mechanical operation, whether of ruder craft or of the highest art, the capacity of which is not inherent in the hand, the direction of which is not one of the com-

plex movements of which the hand is susceptible, the efficacy of which does not depend on the guidance or restraint of the hand. And what do we mean when we speak of water-power or steam-power taking the place of the hand? Simply this: that, imperfectly copying some one or more of the countless number of divinely-shaped instruments obtained by division or combination from our two wrist-joints and palms and our ten digits, we construct certain artificial hands, and then supply to them by the impetus of falling water or expanding steam the force which accrues from the principle of life to the nerves and sinews of the vital organism.

We have selected the hand as the prime executive member of the body, and we scarcely know of an object in the universe which so richly and beautifully manifests the Creator's wisdom, love, and providence; so that, were we obliged to confine ourselves to a single illustration, we would choose this before all others. But there is hardly one of the perceptive or active powers of the body which does not, on analysis, reveal kindred adaptations to industrial uses, showing that man brings into the world and carries through life fitnesses, capacities, and instrumentalities, which render art less his choice and achievement, than a divinely-imposed necessity of his nature.

Nor are these adaptations confined to the organs and faculties which we usually connect in our thought with industrial energy: they may be traced equally in the interior structure, in the vital organs and functions. Consider, for instance, the nutritive process in man. We look indeed with no complacency on the lot of the overtasked labourer, whether he be a slave by arbitrary law, or by a no less tyrannical necessity, and I doubt not that in a future better than the present all labour will find its due meed of repose, relaxation, and space for the culture of the higher faculties. But thus far the requirements of human industry have demanded of the majority of mankind the constant and vigor-

ous employment of the active powers through the greater part of every day; and it is believed that in no other animal does nutrition occupy and digestion appropriate to its own purposes so little time as in man. A single hour in the day might suffice for the taking of food; and if food be taken in moderation, it may pass through all its essential stages without impeding the physical energy. Thus man may toil his ten or twelve hours daily with no cost to health or decline of strength. On the other hand, the ruminating animals demand for nutrition the greater part of their time, and are, therefore, incapable of anything approaching the vigorous and persistent bodily exertion necessary in many departments of human industry. The ox forms no exception. His strength, indeed, enables him to draw heavy weights; but he can be quickened only by cruelty, and then but for brief periods, beyond the naturally sluggish gait of his species. Nor does the sustained velocity of the camel, when we consider the length of his steps, bear any comparison to that persistent celerity of the human limbs which is essential alike to the more subtle processes, and the immense aggregate of man's achievements in the industrial arts. Even the horse, man's most efficient helper, yields to him in the power of continuous effort. He needs so much time for feeding, that he is never capable of so many hours of unintermitted labour as man, and even in mere locomotion, it is well known that in a month or any long period of time a well-trained pedestrian will pass over more ground than the best-trained horse. You will perceive the pertinence of this comparison to the topic under discussion, when you reflect that there are not a few departments of human industry, and not unfrequent industrial emergencies, in which persistency of labour is no less essential than artistic skill, and that this persistency is due, not to man's skill or genius, but to the providence of the Creator, which has thus fitted him for his place and office as an industrial agent.

A STORMY SUNSET.

Rathlin, an island off the north coast of Ireland; Sleit, a rugged mountain, 2,000 feet high, on the Mull of Cantire, in Argyshire, overhanging the Atlantic, over which Venus sparkles like a diamond.



BEYOND Rathlin's isle, like the robe-fringe of even,
Bright, flame-tinted clouds o'er the ocean are rolled,
As down the steep race of the blue, bending heaven,
Red Phœbus rides on in his chariot of gold.

The light from his flashing wheel glints on the cloudlets,
Their wings dripping gold through the dim, purple haze;
And by arrowy flames, shot through fire-rifted outlets,
Sleit's heathery summit is wrapped in a blaze.

A gold track, at times, o'er the breast of the ocean
Gleams wild as it streams from yon fountain of fire;
Red eyes watch a moment the heaving commotion,
Then darkly behind the storm curtain retire.

On his cold ocean pillow the Day-king is dying—
The Night lifts her shadowy standard on high,
Her spangled wings far o'er the storm clouds are flying,
And wreathed in her dark locks are flowers of the sky.

He dashes his bars of broad light through the folding
Of draped clouds on the cold-bursting wave;
Majestic and grandly he flies our beholding,
Like a hero that sinks to a warrior's grave.

Ah! now he is gone, and his pale, faded glory
Shines faint on the front of the fast-flying night;
The billows, in darkness, gleam ghost-like and hoary,
And Hesper burns clear o'er the far mountain height.
J. H.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS OF THE BIBLE.

THE FOX AND THE JACKAL.



THE Hebrew word *shaal* is always translated in our version of the Bible by "fox;" there is no doubt, however, that the jackal, a closely allied animal, is also intended by that term; indeed, it is probable that this latter animal is more particularly designated by it. We read in the Book of Judges that Samson avenged himself on the Philistines by means of these animals. "And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives" (Judg. xv. 4, 5). Now the animals here denoted, there can scarcely be a doubt, must mean jackals, which usually hunt together in bands, whereas foxes are solitary in their habits. Besides, there would have been the greatest possible difficulty in any one being able to procure as many as 300 foxes, whereas that number of jackals might, with less labour, have been taken alive in snares.

Again, the passage in the 63rd Psalm—"But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth. They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes" (vs. 9, 10)—is much better suited to the nature of the jackal than the fox. For the former animal is well known to resort to battle-fields in the night time, in order to feed on the dead bodies of the slain. Both foxes and jackals are very fond of grapes, and allusion is made to the ravages these animals commit in vineyards in two or three passages in Holy Scripture. I remember, some years ago, buying a bunch or two of spoiled grapes in a grocer's shop in London, and going off to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, in order to test the fondness for this fruit which had been long ascribed to the fox. There are people who believe that an animal so carnivorous in its mode of diet, will refuse the fruit of the vine, and who look upon the old fable of the "Fox and the Grapes" as something contrary to nature in representing this animal longing after the ripe clusters; but if the reader had seen the avidity and evident relish with which Messrs. Reynard and Jackal consumed the juicy morsels, he would have been satisfied that old *Æsop* had done no violation to nature in this respect at least.

In order to guard against the depredations of these animals, the ancient Jews used to encircle their vineyards with a strong hedge or wall; for though the wild boar was probably the enemy most dreaded by the vine-keepers, yet foxes and jackals—the latter, on account of their number, especially—were sad rogues amongst the vines, both when in flower and in fruit. And thus the Prophet Ezekiel compares false prophets to these animals—

"O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts." And he complains that the people took no pains to keep them away—"Ye have not gone up into the gaps, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord" (xiii. 4, 5). Foxes and jackals injured the vines, not only when the grapes were ripening, but when they were in flower. This is alluded to in one of the most exquisite poems extant—the Canticles, or "Song of Songs." In chap. ii. 15 we read, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines when our vines are in blossom." The latter part of this verse is not quite correctly rendered in our English version. It must be remembered that the time of the circumstances mentioned in this poem is the spring of the year, and not the autumn. At this season the vines would be putting forth their buds and blossoms. Then foxes would resort to the vineyards principally as affording shelter and hiding-places, and would injure the plants by breaking off the flowers or buds. The enterprising Hasselquist, the friend of Linnæus, who travelled in Egypt and Palestine (1749—1752) for the express purpose of becoming acquainted with the natural products of the Holy Land, with a view to elucidate the sacred text, mentions foxes as being common in Palestine. "They are very numerous," he says, "about Bethlehem, and sometimes make great havoc amongst the goats. There is also plenty of them near the Convent of St. John, in the desert, about vintage time; for they destroy all the vines, unless they are strictly watched."

The same traveller also mentions the occurrence of great numbers of jackals near Jaffa, about Gaza, and in Galilee. Recent travellers have stated that the howling of the jackals may be heard at every bivouac during the night in most parts of Palestine. Allusion to their habit of taking up their abode amongst ruins and unfrequented places is made in the Lamentations of Jeremiah—"Because of the mountain of Zion, which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it" (Lam. v. 18). The fox, as every one knows, is a burrowing animal, and this habit is mentioned in the well-known passage—"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The fox has been celebrated from the earliest times for the cunning and ingenuity which it displays. "The general expression of its features," Professor Bell has well remarked, "the obliquity and quickness of the eye, the sharp, shrewd-looking muzzle, and the erect ears, afford the most unequivocal indications of that mingled acuteness and fraud which have long rendered it a byword and a proverb; for it is well known that this character of its physiognomy is not falsified by the animal's real propensities and habits." Jesus made especial allusion to the cunning of the fox, when he compared the wicked and crafty Herod Antipas to that animal—"Go and tell that fox" (Luke xiii. 32). The ancient Greeks frequently refer to the fox's sly and cunning habits, and have many proverbs about him. The Talmudical writers,



THE FOX.

amongst many other stories and sayings about the fox, have the following very amusing proverb:—

"The fox is at the rudder,
Speak him blandly, 'My dear brother.'"

Different kinds of foxes have been described: the common fox of our own country appears to be an inhabitant of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The American fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), sometimes called the "cross fox," from a peculiar stripe of a dark colour over the shoulders, is as crafty as its Transatlantic brother of England. The Arctic fox (*Vulpes Lagopus*),

* "Ist der Fuchs an Ruder, nenn' ihn höflich, 'Bruder.'" See Lewychn's "Zoologie des Talmuds," p. 73.

a much smaller species than the two just named, inhabits Lapland, Iceland, North America, and the Polar regions. In the winter months the colour of the fur is white, but in the summer time it is brownish or slaty, and as the winter approaches it is pied, owing to the change to white which has begun. It is a beautiful animal, and its silky white fur is an article of considerable value. What a beautiful arrangement of Him who orders all things in heaven and in earth is this changing of the colour in the Arctic fox, and in many other Polar animals! How admirably adapted it is to the necessities of the animal! The white fur in winter assimilating itself to the white snow, serves to

protect the animal from enemies, by affording means of escape from notice. There is a beautiful little fox, which is found in Egypt and Nubia, and some other parts of Africa, called the fennec (*Vulpes saarensis*). The colour is a pale fawn; it is remarkable for the large size of its ears. Like foxes generally, the fennec is very cunning, and exhibits with them the same fondness for fruit, ascending even the palm-trees, it is asserted, after the dates. As this little creature is still an inhabitant of Egypt, it is quite possible that formerly it might have been seen in the vineyards of Palestine, and may denote the "little fox" of the Song

of Solomon. Of jackals also there are various kinds—the common species (*Canis aureus*) is found in various parts of Asia and Africa. It doubtless is the jackal of Scripture. It often hunts in company with the lion in hopes of being able to find a dinner off the game his leonine majesty has slaughtered. Hence originated the old saying that the jackal is the lion's provider; the contrary, however, is the real truth. The black-backed jackal of South Africa is the most beautiful, perhaps, of its tribe. Specimens of nearly all of the animals are to be seen in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

THE LADDER TO GLORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-MADE MEN."

INTRODUCTORY.



MOST men pass through the world like a bird through the air, or a ship through the sea: they leave no impressions behind them. But some give new directions to the human family, create history, and impress their image on the world's mind. Jacob

belongs to this class. Nearly forty centuries have rolled away since he was buried in the cave of the field of Machpelah, yet he is better known to-day than any living man.

What a now and a then there was in the life of the patriarch! His father blessed him, but his brother hated him. On his way to Haran he had the stones for his pillows, and the angels for his guardians. In a dream he beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.

We shall consider this ladder as symbolical of Christ—the foot on earth representing his human nature, and the top in heaven his Divine nature. All the intercourse between this world and glory, since the Fall, has been by means of this ladder. Christ is the way; not a way, or the best way, but the way. It is impossible to get to heaven apart from this ladder.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LADDER.

It is very long. In the days of Solomon there was many a cedar in Lebanon two hundred feet high. The pyramids of Egypt are a monument of human labour, human folly, and, alas! human mortality. Their height has been stated at from five hundred to eight hundred feet. About one hundred and twenty years after the Flood, a number of determined builders resolved to raise a tower up to heaven. They failed; for the attempt was as vain as it was gigantic. Nevertheless, the Tower of Babel far exceeded the loftiest of the pyramids of Egypt. According to some calculations, it was four

miles high. Now, we do not know much about the locality of heaven, but we know that sin, by its centrifugal force, has driven us far from paradise. Man's fall was a deep fall; but this ladder of glory scales the amazing height; the foot of it is on earth, and the top of it is in heaven. Christ has united two worlds; and by thousands of arguments and motives—many as the stars of heaven—and earnestness sufficient to stir the stones of rocky Arabia, the lost are exhorted, invited, implored to mount the ladder to glory.

It is a strong ladder. Sin is the heaviest thing in the universe of God. Under one sin the mightiest archangel would sink to hell in wild dismay. Our sins are as numerous as the particles of the thundercloud; but this ladder is able to bear the huge burden. Manasseh climbed up after his murders; David after his adultery; and the dying thief, after society had cast him off from her embrace as a wretch not fit to live. There is no exception furnished by the number or extent of enormities, or the aggravating circumstances of previous crimes. Let a man's guilt be piled up to heaven, and his degradation be profound as hell, without a moment's hesitation, we would tell him to step on the ladder, and mount onward and upward to glory.

It is sufficiently broad. Not quite so broad as some would make it. The universalist believes that drunkards, robbers, suicides, murderers—all men, no matter how they live or die—will be safely conducted up this ladder to glory; yea, devils and all are to go up. Some, on the other hand, make it too narrow, and think that heaven will be a very small place, where there will be very few people. We believe that many shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall ascend the ladder, and sit down in the kingdom of heaven. But with the number of the saved we have nothing to do; with our own salvation we have everything to do. Let us therefore, instead of playing with truth, rejoice in the fact that, "whosoever will" may mount the ladder to glory.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THOSE ON THE LADDER.

They are elevated above the earth. When a man mounts a ladder, he immediately finds that he is

off the earth, and rising higher and higher above it. So those who are on this ladder are off the earth, and ascending to a higher region. The world, with its riches, pleasures, and honours, are beneath their feet. Their affections are set on things above. All below seems little and perishing; but the things that are above are so pure, and real, and true, that the very desire of them gives the mind an elevation, and so, step by step, they press up the ladder to glory.

They depend upon it wholly. When a man mounts a ladder he does not depend upon anything he did before he mounted, nor upon anything he did at the time he mounted, nor upon anything he may do after he has mounted; he clings to nothing, trusts to nothing but the ladder. Now, all this corresponds with the experience of those who are on the ladder to glory: they feel that they are supported by nothing but the bare ladder. If we were permitted to address the glorified inhabitants of heaven, and to ask them how they reached the realms of everlasting day, they would all give the same answer. "The goodly fellowship of prophets, the sacred company of apostles, and the noble army of martyrs would, with one heart and voice, reply, 'Simply by trusting to the ladder.'"

They often look upward. When a man is climbing a ladder, it is quite natural to do this. He is anxious to get to the other end. In like manner, those who are on this ladder let down from heaven frequently look upward. At the other extremity is home, their own sinless and eternal home.

"Jerusalem! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end

In joy, and peace, and thee?"

They look around them. The world's flowers are withering, and its honours perishing: it is full of suffering. They are distressed by his sorrows, and grieved by its sins. They look within them, and find much corruption in their own hearts to mourn over; so they turn their eyes upward, and, with renewed vigour, scale the ladder to glory.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THOSE OFF THE LADDER.

They are grovelling on the ground; their delights are on earth; they are truly earth-worms, for their minds are filled with the pomps and vanities of the present life. It may be their sole ambition to secure positive prosperity and ever-increasing wealth. For this they toil and dream, till humanity, and virtue, and charity, are drowned in the roaring vortex—the thirst for the gold. Or, they are following the guilty pleasures of earth; boasting of the sweetness of their stolen waters, and the pleasantness of their bread eaten in secret; or, they are sacrificing at one time health, at another peace of mind, at another life itself, in pursuit of honour—something more airy and less substantial than the air of heaven. Those whose plans by day and dreams by night—whose most anxious thoughts and most persevering endeavours tend towards the world in its pleasures, or gains, or honours—are off the ladder.

They are on enchanted ground. "The fashion of this world passeth away." The idea is that of a fair pageant sweeping past with its painted glories, or of a splendid procession passing by, and leaving the street a solitude. The allurements of the world

are also strikingly illustrated by the well-known phenomenon of the mirage. Some English voyagers in the Arctic regions were so enraptured with the splendid visions comprehended under this general term, that they called the place where they were seen "the enchanted coast." As the mirage delights and beguiles the unwary traveller, so do terrestrial hopes enchant and deceive their votaries.

"In vain the erring world inquires

For some substantial good;

While earth confines their low desires

They live on airy food.

"Illusive dreams of happiness

Their eager thoughts employ;

They wake convinced the boasted bliss

Was visionary joy."

Those who are off the ladder are spell-bound by false and deceitful dreams. They are on doomed ground. We have it upon the best of all authority—the authority of him who cannot lie—that this world is to be burned with fire from heaven. What! although we can see no marks of feebleness or age on the great works of Nature—the mountains as steadfast, the rocks as solid, the sea as mighty, the sun as clear, the moon as fair, the stars as bright, as they were about six thousand years ago? Nevertheless, we know that "the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up." By-and-by, not only "the solemn temples, the gorgeous palaces, the cloud-cap'd towers," but "the great globe itself" shall be missed in the catalogue of the stars.

"Yes, and the angel of eternity,

Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,

One day, O earth! shall look in vain for thee!"

Those who are off the ladder may inherit the perpetual infamy of perdition, for they are on doomed ground.

DIRECTIONS FOR CLIMBING THE LADDER.

We must begin at the lowest round. Some would begin a few steps up; indeed, many, instead of planting their feet on the first step, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, would look into the book of God's counsels, and spend their time in solving problems which, however interesting to those on the ladder, are worse than useless to those off it. First pardon, then justification, then the various degrees of sanctification, and, finally, glorification.

We must not attempt to take the world up on our back; we must leave it where Christian left his burden—at the cross. Those who are on the ladder to glory not only seek, but strive, to "put off the old man, with his affections and lusts, and to put on the new man, created after Christ Jesus to good works." None who love and live in the commission of known sin can get up the ladder. On the ladder ourselves, we will feel necessity laid upon us to urge others to come up too; but we must not come down to bring any one up. We must hold fast by the ladder. The lark, in cutting its way to the sky, in order to pour out its full tide of song, is sometimes met by the east wind; and so, after struggling for some time, it is obliged to come down again to its grassy bed. So the believer, in ascending to glory, is often assailed by the wind of temptation, and, unless he firmly grasps the ladder, will be driven back to the world again.

Oh! that we could persuade one and all to go up

this ladder. Multitudes went up during the Mosaic dispensation; multitudes went up in apostolic times, and multitudes are going up now. Forbid that we should rest satisfied with admiring this

wonderful ladder, and describing its good qualities. May we step on it, and go up, step by step, mounting higher and higher every day, till we soar away into heavenly glory!

COUNTING THE COST.



ALL the most valuable things are dearly won. Scientific discoveries lie at the summit of a hill which no man reaches without hard climbing. A nation's liberty costs treasure, toil, and blood; it is paid for in widows' tears and consecrated graves. What so precious as a soul's redemption? Yet by one price only could it be secured—"the blood of the Lamb without blemish or spot."

When Christ offered the reward and enforced the duty of discipleship, he put in the careful injunction, to "count the cost." The man who would not bear a cross for him, and follow him, is not worthy to be his disciple. Let us now reflect upon what we may count as the cost of attainment to a high standard of Christian character.

1. Count on a stubbornness in your own heart. It is by nature at enmity with God. There is a rebel fortress in every unconverted man that nothing but God's grace can conquer. Paul had to give battle without quarter to the old man of sin unto the last; so must you. Every sin must be met with vigilance and with prayer.

2. There are very unwelcome truths in the Word of God which you must swallow. The Bible is not sent to please you, but to save you. It has no mercy on a sinner's sins, but it has abundant mercy on a sinner's soul. When an ungodly man takes the vivid lamp of Bible truths down into the dark vaults of a depraved heart, it makes frightful exposures. But the sooner they come the better. Rather find out your sin and depravity by that light, than by the lightning flash of God's wrath at the judgment seat. God will not compromise with you. Count the cost of submission. He demands the whole heart, but he offers in return a whole heaven.

3. If you expect to follow Christ, you must deny your selfishness, and take up every cross that Christ appoints. Count the cost. The rule is inexorable; you must give up everything that is wrong. You now love to have your own way; you must consent gladly to let God have his way. You have favourite pleasures, which are sinful; find a higher pleasure in abandoning them. Count the cost of loving God more than you love money. Count the cost of losing some of your friends, who are not God's friends likewise; after all, Christ is a better friend than they. Count the cost of quitting "profitable" sins; count the cost of some sneers, of a great many hard knocks, and still more hard work. Count the cost of a noble, prayerful, selfless, godly life. It will cost much, but, thank God, it pays at the last.

When you get to be a Christian, you will find

that the better and stronger you are the happier will be your conscience. But the better you are, the more dear the cost. Study in your Bible what it cost Paul to become all he was. Does he now begrudge one single self-mortification, one crushing of his selfish lusts, one stripe of persecution's lash? Nay, even while living, he gloried in every tribulation that increased his piety, or brought honour to his dear Redeemer's name. The best part of a Christian's character is that which requires the greatest patience and the greatest self-denial to obtain. Patience, for example, is a noble virtue, but it is not oftenest worn by those who walk life's sunny side in velvet slippers. It is the product of dark nights of adversity, and of many a cross-bearing up the mountain of suffering. "The trial of your faith worketh patience." The bruised flower emits most fragrance; and it is the bruised Christian that puts forth the sweetest odours of humility and heavenly grace.

Let us now offer some brief encouragements. We drop them as diamonds in your pathway to the cross. Here they are:—

The service of Christ pays a magnificent percentage of usefulness. A working Christian never can be wretched: he gathers his sheaves as he goes. A man is always happy when he is right: he is happy in doing right; he is happy in the feeling that he has done right; he is happy in the approval of his heavenly Master's smile. God will sustain you through all if you try to serve him—you need not rely upon yourself. It is God who saith, "My grace is sufficient for you." And, lastly, there is a heaven at the end of every Christian's journey.

Reader, are you ready to follow Christ? Count the cost. But we warn you that if it costs much to be a Christian, it will cost infinitely more to live and die a sinner. Religion costs self-denial—sin costs self-destruction.

To be a temperate man costs self-restraint; to be a tippler costs a ruined purse, a ruined character, a ruined soul. The sensualist pays for going to perdition by living in a sty. The swearer must pay for his oaths, and the Sabbath-breaker for his contempt of God's law. To live a life of impenitence costs a dying bed of remorse. Count the cost! To go up to the judgment-seat without Christ will cost you an eternity of despair. Sit down, now, and make an honest reckoning. Put into the one scale life, and into the other, death. In the one, heaven—in the other, hell. Weigh them well—weigh them for eternity. And even while you consider the matter, Christ whispers into your ear the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

THE VISION.

SITTING at the open casement,
While the twilight deepened round,
And the pale moon, rising slowly,
Shimmering, silvered all the ground.

Sitting at the open casement,
I beheld a vision rise;
And I heard unearthly music
Float athwart the solemn skies;

And a deep voice filled the chambers
Of my raptured, awe-struck soul,
As, before the brooding tempest,
Distant peals of thunder roll.

While a beauteous form before me,
Clad in vestments white like snow,
From his presence shed a lustre,
Dazzling in its golden glow;

Then the deep voice spake, and uttered
Words of gentleness and love,
Truly sent, a sweet consoler,
From the omniscient Heaven above

"Cease to murmur, vain complainer;
Ask not what thou canst not know;

Curb thy soul's wild, restless longings,
Soar not where thou canst not go.

"See, through yonder distant heavens,
Worlds in countless myriads shine,
They have each their task allotted—
They have theirs, and thou hast thine.

"Duty calls thee! Follow—onward!
To the strife and battle-field,
Though the foe be clad in armour,
Helm and corslet, sword and shield—

"Thou shalt fight, and thou shalt conquer,
And a glory shall be thine,
Like the glory of the star-beams,
Shining on, and still to shine.

"And a day will come of freedom,
And those fluttering, eager wings
Shall be satisfied hereafter,
And shall know the hidden things."

And the vision faded—faded,
In the twilight of the sky;
But the comfort rested with me,
And shall bless me till I die.

ALPHABET.

THE RAIJA SLAVE.



THE subject of our illustration is a character little understood by the civilised world. The Arabic word *Raia* is a plural noun signifying "a company," and it was applied to a race of beings living in Turkey in Europe, who were brought up in the belief that kings were the pastors of the people, and that the caliphs alone should be worshipped. In later years a vast change came over the religious doctrines of the East, and the Turkish population were divided into two distinct classes—"believers" (i.e., Mussulmans, or worshippers of Mahomet) and "infidels" (Christians, or Jews). The word *Raia* was then applied exclusively to those who, having refused to embrace Islamism, became excluded from the rights of citizens. A more liberal decree was issued under the reign of the late Sultan, which abolished the stigma attached to the *Raia*, and attempted to give them the same privileges as were enjoyed by Mussulmans. Prejudice, which is, however, sometimes stronger than law, introduced in local districts enactments which debarred the *Raia* from taking

rank with the followers of Mahomet. They are not always outcasts, as is generally supposed, but their political and religious rights are heavily trampled upon.

In the United Principalities of Turkey, not including Servia, there are, out of a population of ten millions of people, seven and a half millions of *Raias*, and only three million Mussulmans. The *Raias* belong to three principal races—the Greek, the Albanese, and the Slavo. The latter race is by far the most numerous, scattered throughout Turkey in Europe, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. They are sub-divided into many different groups, but the people are easily discoverable by their ancient characteristics, and their original language. The *Raia* Slaves are principally found in Montenegro, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Servia, and Herzegovina.

The Montenegrin *Raias* inhabit a country on the Adriatic, between Cattaro and the coast of Albany, extending over 150 square miles, and numbering 2,000,000. These are composed of two distinct sections—the Czernagore, or Black Mountain—hence the name Montenegro—and the Bedas. They are surrounded by Austro-Turkey possessions, but the bristling mountains on their borders form a natural

and powerful fortification. It is the boast of these wild people that for four centuries they have struggled against the Turks, and maintained their independence. They make no good use, however, of their freedom: there are no manufactories or works of industry within their district. The country is unhealthy, and the soil arid, scarcely producing sufficient corn and maize for the subsistence of the inhabitants. All other comforts or necessities of life the Montenegrin has to obtain elsewhere than in his own territory; and, as he has no money to purchase, he plunders. The Montenegrin Raia boldly asserts that his position warrants him in playing the part of a bandit; that it becomes an absolute necessity that he should do so. It has been found, however, that these people can easily be reclaimed, and when they have the opportunity they can be industrious. Instances are not rare where the Montenegrin has been given land in Bulgaria: this he has cultivated with great care and industry, and has become as good a planter as his neighbours.

Speaking of Bulgaria, it has long been disputed whether the Bulgarians belong to the Raia race or not. The general opinion is that they are of the Finland tribe, descended from persons who settled in Bulgaria when that country was invaded by the Fins, in the seventh century, and that as the new settlers grew in strength they drove out the Raia, who were the original possessors of the soil. Be that as it may, the Bulgarians are very different in their manners and habits to the Montenegrins. They are mild, gentle, patient, and laborious, cultivating the soil with an ability and a care which would not disgrace our most scientific agriculturists. They differ just as essentially, too, in their characters and passions. The Montenegrin will seize his gun and rush after any unfortunate Turk that should chance to come within sight of him, and take his life solely for the love of plunder. The Bulgarian, even though he may be oppressed by the Turks, will rest contented with his position; all he will say is, with his finger on his mouth—"Wait for the hour of deliverance."

There were times when the Bulgarians were sorely oppressed, and then many of them emigrated to Russia, but in more peaceable days they returned. As a nation they have an unconquerable attachment to their country and the religion of their fathers. Some two years ago it was pretended that the Romish priests had converted the whole of the population of Bulgaria to Popish doctrines. "Three millions of people brought into the Church of Rome" we saw placarded about the streets of London. This proved to be one of the many falsehoods so constantly uttered by the Pope's emissaries. The three millions have dwindled down to 230 individuals, and it is asserted that these are all persons whose characters are sufficiently ill-famed for the Bulgarians generally to despise them.

We have not space to devote to Servia and the Raia there, but their history differs very slightly from that of the Montenegrins, except that they lost their independence as early as 1389, since which time Servia has been in bondage to Turkey.

Bosnia and Herzegovina were formerly distinct provinces, but were united under one government by a new organisation given to them by Omar Pacha in 1854. The local government meet in Sarajova. The population of these provinces num-

ber 1,400,000, of which about a fourth belong to Herzegovina. They are much divided in religion, however; two-fifths are Mussulmans, the remainder are Christians—one part belonging to the Greek church, the other to the Latin. The inhabitants of Bosnia, who are Mussulmans, are the descendants of a valiant native who, after having fought for independence against Mahomet II., embraced Islamism, to preserve his lands and privileges. From that time he and his descendants have formed a military aristocracy, as formidable to the sultans of Constantinople as they have been merciless to the Christians in their own country. Whenever the Porte has dared to make an attempt to take away their national privileges, they immediately gave combat to the Vizier, and he invariably lost the battle, till it was agreed at Constantinople that their Sultan should have nothing to do with the "square-heads," and that they would henceforward accept them as "good Mussulmans."

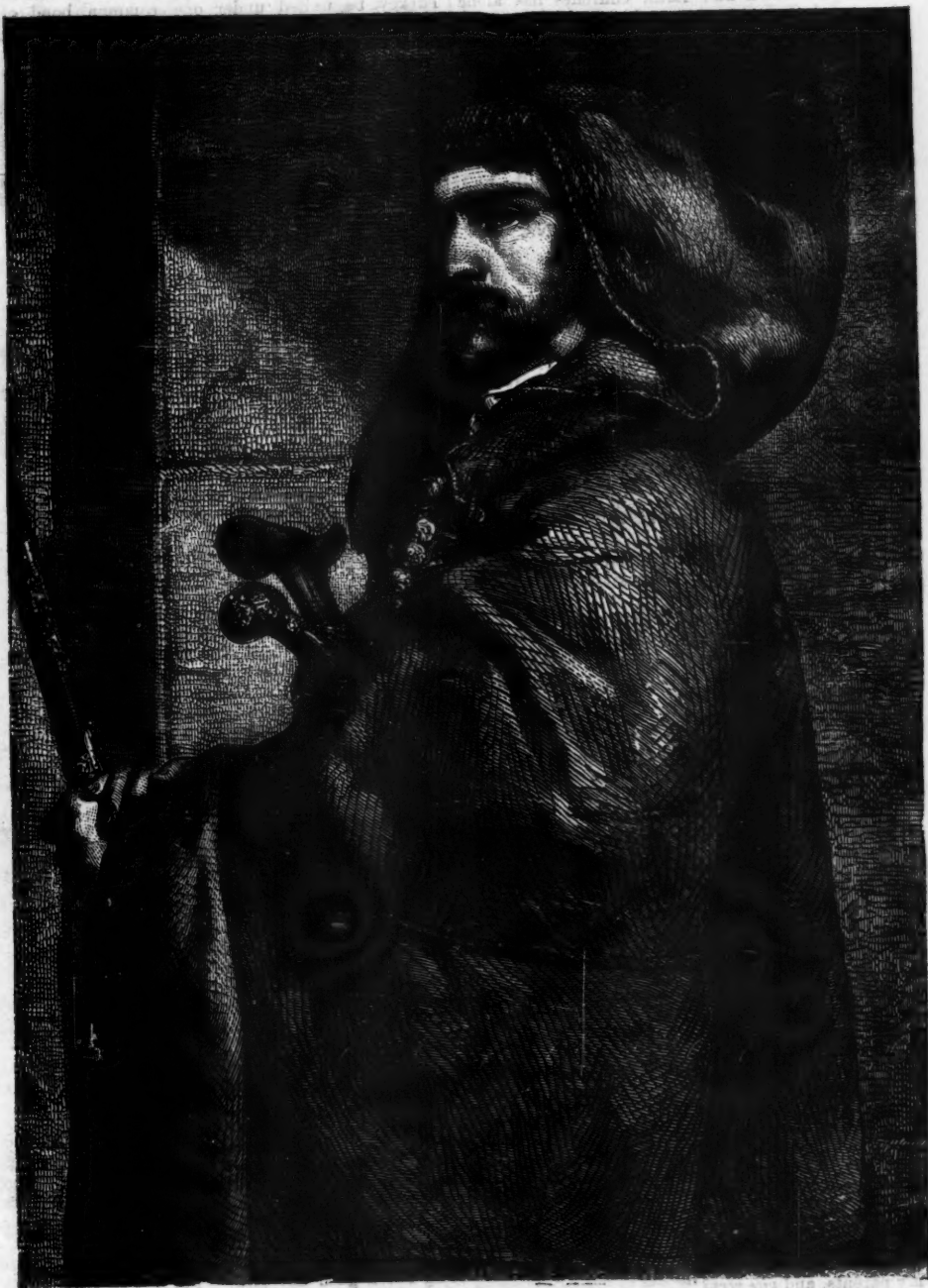
Entrenched in their castles, they took a position similar to our barons of the Middle Ages, and became exclusive proprietors of the soil, whilst the Christians became their vassals, and the Mussulman Raia, as they have been merciless to the Christians in their own country, were tyrants and despots. You recognise them when you meet them on the highways at the present day, not only by their accoutrements, but by a certain air of nobility and grandeur which cannot fail to strike a stranger.

"I have often," said M. Cherval, in his report addressed in 1855 to the French Minister of Public Instruction, "met in the *khans* (hotels) and upon the roads Bosnian nobles on a visit to their estates. These are gentlemen in the full acceptance of the word. Their elegant and haughty manners, heightened by the beauty of their costume, would give them distinction in the highest European society."

These "perfect gentlemen," however, sometimes become troublesome neighbours. The worst enemy the poor Raia has is not the unworthy Bey, who contents himself with making his superiority felt whilst he lives at other people's expense, but the bashi-bazouk (irregular soldiers), whose plunders and licentiousness are horrible to relate. The excesses committed by these undisciplined robber bands would fill pages.

In 1858 an address was delivered to Prince Callimache, the Turkish Ambassador at Vienna, which had a great number of native signatures, calling his attention to the state of this country, where the authority of the Porte is powerful only for evil. "Not only," said the address, "are atrocities and torments inflicted by the tax-gatherers on poor persons unable to pay, but men frequently die from the cudgelling they get from the Albanians who accompany the collectors in their rounds. Old men are shut up and well nigh suffocated in stables, until a more wealthy neighbour comes forward to ransom the victim." The address concludes by giving accounts of sundry atrocities upon women, which are too horrible for us to relate.

Our readers are aware that at the present moment the Christian Raia in Herzegovina and Bosnia—one of whom is represented in our illustration—are in open insurrection; they have felt their grievances long, and are now determined to obtain their independence or die. They are seeking annexation with other Christian populations in Turkey, when they hope to be able even to defy the Sultan himself, who has taken the part of the



THE RAIA SLAVE.

Mussulman Raïas. The rivalry that exists between the Greek and Latin churches has alone prevented Christians from taking a high position in Turkey. There are but few Protestants at present, but European missionaries are not without

hope that ere long the worshippers of Christ will in Turkey be united under one common bond of fellowship, that priestcraft will be set aside, the Bible placed in every one's hands, and the written Word of God be the guide of their lives.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE STOLEN HALF-CROWN.

"**I**F I had but half-a-crown," murmured a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked little boy, as he stood looking in wistfully at a shop-window, with its rows of glittering knives (and if there is one thing more coveted than another by a schoolboy, it is a knife). "Ah," continued the speaker, to himself, "but I haven't so much as a sixpence."

And Raymond Clifford jingled the few pence in his pocket disconsolately.

"What are you looking at with such greedy eyes, Bonus Puer?"

The speaker was a tall, overgrown youth, with anything but an agreeable expression on his heavy features.

"I wish you would not '*bonus puer*' me," said Raymond, turning sharply round.

"Come, come, no offence, I hope. You know it is a nickname the school has given you, so you need not fly out in that way. But I say, old boy, what were you admiring so much, just now?"

"Only these 'pocket-knives. Are they not beauties? See, that one with two blades is only half-a-crown."

"Well, are you going to buy it?"

"No. To tell you the truth, I have spent all my monthly allowance with the exception of a few pence, and my next isn't due for a fortnight or more."

"What shall you do?"

"Go without, I suppose," said Raymond, shrugging his shoulders; "I see no other alternative."

"Nonsense! I never should."

"Should what?"

"Go without the knife, if I really wanted it."

"Why, what would you do then, Dangerous?"

Edwin glanced round him, to be sure that there were no eavesdroppers.

"I should tease my mother until she let me have it."

"Whew!" said Clifford, for he did not think he should like to pursue that plan. "And if she would not give it to you after all?"

"Then I should take it."

"Take it!" exclaimed Raymond, in a tone of surprise and horror.

"Yes; where would be the harm?" replied Edwin, somewhat nettled by the other's manner. "It is all the same, you know; all that is mine is my parents, and *vice versa*."

Raymond did not think this way of reasoning was good logic. He did not feel quite comfortable;

so he said "Good-bye," rather abruptly, and turned off home.

He did not think Edwin Dangerous's advice at all good, and he meant to dismiss all thoughts of it from his mind; but, in spite of his endeavours, it occurred again and again.

The next morning he was up rather earlier than the other members of the family, for he had his Latin Delectus still to prepare—one of the consequences of the conversation with Edwin Dangerous. At half-past eight, no one having made their appearance at the breakfast-table, Raymond sat down to a solitary meal, a thing by no means uncommon. That business dispatched, he hung his satchel with his books on his back, and got ready to start for school.

As he was leaving the room, he caught sight of something glittering on his mother's work-table. He looked again; yes, there could be no mistake, it was half-a-crown. He took it in his hand, and turned it over and over.

Ah, Raymond, resist the temptation; put it down, and fly from the tempter.

But, alas, no; the still small voice of conscience was easily stifled, and slipping the half-crown into his pocket, he hastened away, "Thou shalt not steal" ringing in his ears.

He tried to console himself by recalling to his mind all that Edwin Dangerous had said about his parents' property being as much his as theirs: but it would not do—he knew he was branded with the name of thief.

As he crept slowly along the streets, he felt ashamed of himself, and could look no one in the face; and once, when he caught a glimpse of a policeman, he fairly took to his heels.

In his haste he ran against somebody, and, looking up, found himself by the side of Edwin.

"What is the matter now, Bonus Puer? Whither are you off to in such a precious hurry that you must almost knock a fellow down? And you are looking quite scared."

"Oh, I am all right. I thought I might be late for school." And Raymond blushed as he uttered the falsehood.

"Oh, no; we have plenty of time yet, it wants nearly a quarter by the school clock. I say"—and Edwin lowered his voice to a whisper—"how about the knife; have you bought it?"

"No; but I have the money for it."

"Ah, indeed! then you have followed my advice, Bonus Puer?"

"Don't, I say—don't call me that; I am anything but a good boy now. Yes, I have followed your advice; I wish I had not. I never felt so miserable in all my life before, and I think I shall put the money back now."



"Raymond," said Mrs. Clifford, sternly, "leave the room. You forget yourself sadly."—p. 411.

"Impossible! You can't do it. No doubt it will be missed long before you return from school. Besides, you surely are not going to turn chicken-hearted. Come, I will go with you to buy the knife at once; we shall have just time."

Yes, Raymond thought it was too late now to draw back, and so he yielded to the entreaties of his new friend, and they went together to choose the knife.

It was certainly a nice one, and cheap too; and when displayed to his schoolfellows won universal

admiration. But Raymond was not at all happy; the feelings of guilt weighed more and more heavily on his mind.

"What a fortunate fellow you are, Raymond," said a curly-headed little boy, eyeing the knife with something like envy; "you never seem to be short of money like other people."

"Of course not," chimed in Edward Dangerous, "he knows where to get it from."

Clifford winced at the allusion, and turned away. He was glad when school was over for the day, for

he felt ill and miserable, but the thought of returning home filled him with terror. What if the discovery of the missing half-crown had been made? or, worse still, what if he were suspected of having committed the theft? Home he went, however. Nothing was said about the money, and as the evening wore away his spirits rose. He was almost beginning to congratulate himself on the success of his theft, and its remaining undiscovered, and to fancy that it was not half so terrible a thing as he had at first imagined it to be, when he was startled by Mrs. Clifford's voice—

"Emily, go into the dining-room, love; you will find half-a-crown on my work-table: bring it to me."

In a minute the little girl returned—"I cannot find it, mamma; it is not there."

"Not there! impossible, my dear. I put it on the table myself last night. Are you sure you have looked well?"

"Quite sure."

"It is Widow Seymour's club-money. I think you must be mistaken. I will go myself and see."

Of course it was not to be found.

"It is very strange," remarked Mrs. Clifford, as she returned empty-handed. "Somebody must have taken it. You are sure none of you have touched it, my dears? But, no; I remember, it is not likely; you were all gone to bed when I put it there, and no one has been in the room since, excepting at meal times. Emily, ring the bell."

"Mary," she continued, to the housemaid, who appeared in answer to the summons, "have you seen anything of half-a-crown I left on my work-stand yesterday evening?"

"Yes, madam; it was there when I dusted this morning."

"It is not there now," said her mistress.

"Indeed, ma'am; then I know nothing more about it. No one went in the room before breakfast, excepting Master Raymond."

"So you mean to insinuate that I took it!" exclaimed the young boy, starting up furiously, "Liar! I believe you stole it yourself."

"Raymond," said Mrs. Clifford sternly, "leave the room. You forget yourself sadly. Of course you would not meddle with money that was not your own."

Raymond did as he was bid, glad to escape.

"And now, Mary," said her mistress, gently, "if you have been so unhappy as to have committed so great a fault, you have my free forgiveness, only you must confess your error at once, and restore the money."

A deep crimson suffused the neck and face of the agitated girl. It was caused by honest indignation at finding herself accused of a theft from which her whole soul revolted.

Mrs. Clifford only thought her distress and embarrassment a fresh evidence of her guilt, and continued—

"I am indeed sorry that you should so far have forgotten yourself as to be guilty of such ingratitude."

"Stay, madam, if you would not drive me mad! I never touched the money—I could not be so mean!" And Mary burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Your denial does not clear you, Mary. In my own mind, you, and you alone, are to blame. But

I do not wish to be unjust; therefore, I shall have the matter thoroughly investigated; in the meantime, I give you a month's notice to leave, unless I am further convinced of your innocence, which I own I do not feel at present; I cannot allow you to remain in my house."

Day after day went by, and still the disappearance of the half-crown remained a mystery. Mary was bowed down with shame and grief at her loss of character: shunned by her fellow-servants, and suspected as a thief, no wonder that she took the matter greatly to heart, and that her once smiling face wore a perpetual cloud. The bright, hectic flush on her cheek and the restless, wandering eyes told but too truly of the breaking of her spirit.

And did Raymond stand by and behold all this unconcernedly? Once he would have shrunk from inflicting pain even on the smallest of God's creatures; and now would he look coolly on and see this piece of flagrant injustice committed? He knew that with himself alone it rested whether the poor orphan girl, whom his mother had taken as housemaid from motives of charity, should be turned again into the cold, heartless world, with the loss of character, which would reduce her to beggary, and, perhaps, tempt her to the committal of that very sin for which she was now unjustly condemned. Many and sore were the conflicts which the guilty boy had with himself; but he felt he had gone too far to retract, and must abide by the consequences of that one act which was embittering his whole existence. True, one word would save Mary; but that word, which would clear her, must implicate himself; and so he stood aloof, and the housemaid went; but more and more heavily the burden of his sin pressed upon him. Yes, if the sprightly Mary had altered strangely of late, the difference in Raymond was not less marked. He had gained the nickname of "Bonus Puer" from his general good conduct, and the high favour he stood in with the masters; but the title did not apply well now, and he winced every time any one addressed him under that appellation. Everything went wrong with him. His lessons were badly learned, his Latin exercises full of faults, and his behaviour indifferent. From being one of the most industrious he had become the laziest of all lazy scholars. An accusing conscience was hard enough to bear, but it was nothing to the thralldom he felt himself under with Edwin Dangerous. This unprincipled boy took every opportunity of leading his new pupil into mischief. A faint resistance on the part of Raymond was followed by a threat to disclose the affair of the half-crown, and hold him up to the ridicule and contempt of the whole school, to say nothing of the public horsewhipping and immediate expulsion which were often broadly hinted at by the tyrant.

In short, Raymond found his life becoming a burden to him. Home influence was not quite lost upon him, and there were times when he revolted from the companionship of such a boy as Edwin; but he was not proof against the taunts and threats of the latter, and so he remained his dupe.

"I cannot think how it is, Raymond, that you are so fond of Edwin Dangerous's company of late," said Geoffry Howard, linking his arm within that of Clifford.

Geoffry had once been Raymond's great chum; he was the soul of honour, and since the latter's

downward course the two had not been such good friends.

Geoffry had watched Raymond's conduct with much pain; and, with the keen perception of a true friend, he soon discovered that the boy he had once loved so dearly was unhappy, and he had determined this day to make out the cause.

Clifford coloured deeply as he met Geoffry's inquiring and earnest gaze.

"I think he is a good sort of fellow," he said, in an off-hand manner, in reply to Howard's remark.

"Really!"

"Don't you?" asked the other, by way of retort.

"No, I do not; neither do you in your inmost heart, or you have altered strangely. Raymond, for the sake of old times, let me beg of you to have nothing to do with Edwin."

"What right have you to dictate to me who I shall choose for my friends?" said Raymond, angrily.

"I know you have ceased to care for what I say," rejoined the other, sadly. "You have chosen your own crooked path, so let it be then. I have only done my duty in warning you. Henceforth, we meet only as acquaintances, not friends."

And Geoffry turned to go. Only one step had he taken when Clifford, as if by a sudden impulse, sprang forward—

"Oh, Geoffry!" he said, in a voice choking with emotion, "do not leave me so; you do not know how wretched, how miserable I am, or you would not speak thus."

In a moment Howard's arm was replaced in that of Raymond's.

"Dear old boy, if you would only trust me with your secret, for I am sure you have something preying on your mind."

"Yes, it is of no use to deny it; but, oh! Geoffry, I cannot tell you—you would despise and shun me fifty times as much as you do already."

"I despise and shun you now! Surely you do not accuse me of doing that. I have thought lately that you have rather avoided my society, and, consequently, I have not cared to force myself upon your notice. And, oh! Raymond, I have indeed been grieved to find that one, and that one Edwin Dangerous, had replaced me in your affection."

"No, no, he has never done that; I cannot endure him; I detest him; I wish I had never seen him. Geoffry, do you know that I am a thief?"

The noble Howard gave a painful start, and recoiled.

"Yes," continued Clifford.

"You may well shrink from me in horror; but I am a thief, a liar, everything that is bad!"

And the ice once broken, Raymond made a full confession of his guilt to his friend.

"I have been sorely punished," he said, in conclusion. "Not one minute's happiness have I felt since I took that half-crown. Loathe and hate me, if you will; but do not quite cast me off, Geoffry, or I am lost."

And the wretched boy flung himself at the feet of his schoolfellow.

Howard gently raised him; shocked and grieved as he was by this disclosure, he could not abandon the penitent boy.

"No, no, I will never desert you; but, Raymond, you must let them know the truth at home in common justice to your poor housemaid."

"Oh, I cannot! Think of the shame, the disgrace!" and the boy's anguish was fearful to behold.

Calmly and gently did Howard reason with his friend, until he had extorted from him a promise to see Mrs. Clifford, and explain the whole affair to her that very evening.

And Raymond kept his promise.

We need not enter into details, nor tell how deep was Mrs. Clifford's distress on learning from his own lips the story of her son's guilt. She perceived at once that his sorrow was sincere, and judged wisely in thinking his punishment had been sufficiently severe without inflicting any further.

Mary was immediately reinstalled in her old place. She had not succeeded in meeting with another situation after her dismissal from Mrs. Clifford's service.

And that same evening, when the family were assembled for prayers, Raymond, at his own desire, in a faltering voice and a considerably heightened colour, avowed the housemaid's innocence and his own guilt.

But even that was not the worst ordeal he went through. Mr. Clifford wrote to Mr. Everton, the master of the — College, and acquainted him with all that had transpired, requesting that he would allow it to be made public in the school.

Mrs. Clifford expostulated. She thought it was unnecessary, and likely to brand Raymond with disgrace during the whole period of his school life.

But Mr. Clifford was firm. One boy, he said, knew, and it would be much better that the whole school should be informed at once, than that Raymond should be subject to the perpetual fear of it transpiring at any time when Edwin Dangerous wished to spite him.

And so, at the close of the morning school, as the boys were about to disperse, Mr. Everton requested them to keep their seats.

Raymond arose and walked to the top end of the schoolroom, and stood before them.

Every eye was fixed upon him, and the boys sat in breathless astonishment to know what was to follow.

For a moment, as Raymond gazed at the sea of faces upturned to him, he paused, and his heart failed him. But breathing an inward prayer for strength, he made a bold confession. True, at first, his voice could scarcely be heard, but as he proceeded it grew more firm, though he never raised his eyes once from the ground. As he acknowledged the theft, a low hissing arose from all sides, but it quickly subsided—perhaps the boy's painful emotion was the cause.

It was over; he had done all that remained in his power to redress the wrong he had done; and his heart felt lighter than it had done for many a day, even though he knew his once fair name stood soiled before all.

The boys dispersed, and Raymond came out slowly, the last. Howard was waiting for him at the door.

"You have done well, dear Clifford," said he, tears of honest joy glittering in his eyes, as he grasped Raymond's hand warmly.

The latter's public confession had taken Geoffry as much by surprise as any of the other boys.

The next few weeks were fraught with trial. The nobler of his schoolfellows restored Clifford to

their favour. Though they could not but censure him for his theft, they knew that it must have required some moral courage to have stood before them all and own his guilt.

Some of the meaner boys, headed, of course, by Edwin, however, were not sparing of their taunts and reproaches, and often Raymond's cheek was dyed with shame when he became the subject of their sport and ridicule. Dangerous could do this with impunity, for his name had never once been mentioned in the affair of the stolen half-crown, for Clifford had not endeavoured to make a shadow of an excuse for himself.

This was the turning point of Raymond's life; the strictest regard for truth, and the most scrupulous honesty, ever afterwards marked him; and often on his bended knees he thanked God for having given him courage and strength to confess that one great fault of his lifetime, the memory of which caused him to feel the deepest humiliation as well as the greatest thankfulness.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed" (Jam. v. 16).

HOLY GROUND.



WAS visiting a friend in Northamptonshire, and in the early summer morning it was my delight to stroll out into the pleasant meadow land. The mowers had finished their labours, the hay was carried away. It was not a burning summer, so that the grass was not stubbled and straw-like, but was springing up gently.

At the farthest extremity of the pasture land was a hillock crowned with some fine old trees, and in a kind of dell beneath it daisies were growing so thickly, that it seemed as if a white carpet had been spread over the turf. I do not remember ever having seen such a multitude of daisies. There were weeds among them—bold, flaunting weeds—poppies, and nightshade, and others whose names I did not know.

"Why do you not clear away all this," I said to the cowherd, "and make it in unison with the cultivated appearance of the rest of this beautiful estate?"

"Oh! the maister thinks it better than all the rest," was his reply. "He says it's a fine plot of ground that, and that no rake or spade must go anigh it, because it's 'holy ground.' It would be as much as my place were worth'n if I were to set spade to 'en."

I had heard of graves where memories gathered till the place seemed sacred ground; but I could not imagine why anything like serious thought should attach itself to a wild dell overrun with weeds and abounding in daisies.

In the evening, accompanied by my host, I walked again that way.

"What a strange fancy of yours," I said, "to have that spot in such disorder."

Mr. Russell's eyes filled with tears, and then a smile shone through them, and he said—

"It is somewhat fanciful, I allow. Some few years ago my two little people, Owen and Clarice, used to pass a great deal of their holiday time there. In the bright, warm weather, they would set out their little tea things in the shade, and sometimes they would play at church there, singing hymns, and managing, between them, a little accordion very nicely, which they called their organ."

"They were dutiful and happy children, but they were not without the little troubles and vexations of childhood. They had their necessities and anxieties, too, which, though nothing to us grown-up persons, yet overshadowed their young hearts for a while."

"There always seemed some charm in the daisy dell. If they were in any childish sorrow, no sooner had they been to their pleasant retreat than the brow grew smooth again, and the smile found its accustomed place on the dimpled cheek."

"The daisies grew in that dell so thickly, that at last I gave my gardener orders to root them up."

"Owen's consternation was very great. 'Oh, papa,' he said; 'don't let that be done—you will spoil our carpet; and besides—and besides, we call it holy ground.'"

"The dear child was quite in a state of agitation; and then Clarice, who understood her brother's hesitation, with a tact which seems so peculiarly to belong to girls, came forward, and with a sweet shame-facedness, mingled with Christian courage, said, blushing—

"Papa, Owen and I often say our prayers there; when anything vexes us we tell Jesus Christ about it there. When you were ill the other day, we knelt down on the daisies, and asked God very earnestly to make you well again, and he heard our prayer, and ever since then we have called it holy ground. But this has been a secret between us until now."

"And so my dear ones had received the kingdom of God as little children, and I knew it not."

"You may do as you like, my precious ones," I said, "with your daisy dell; the gardener shall not touch it. Henceforth it will, indeed, be to me holy ground."

"Thank you, thank you, papa," they both said; and Clarice got into such good spirits that she insisted on walking round the hillock on tip-toe, and Owen played at having a wooden leg, and tied my walking-stick to him in a manner that Clarice thought wonderfully clever. Dear, innocent lambs! Their musical laughter floated on the balmy air; I have heard it often in memory; I hear it still in my dreams.

"Six months after this, I lost them both in scarlet fever, and it is a pleasure to me still to obey their injunctions to the letter, to leave the daisies to weave their silvery carpet there at will, and to keep the axe and spade from all intrusion there; for, sacred to the memories of those dear children, and sanctified by prayer, I feel that the daisy dell is, in the truest sense of the word, 'holy ground.'"

We should all have holy ground somewhere—some sheltered place in the garden; some quiet room where we may be alone with God. In such a place there is One, not seen indeed with the eye, but just as really present as if we could see him,

One who sees us, and hears us, and loves us, and who is ever saying, "Come unto me."

I call it holy ground,
Though bleak, and rude, and bare,
The place where trustful childhood poured
Its earnest soul in prayer.

I call it holy ground,
Where daisies wrap the sod,
The place where human need and care
Sent up a voice to God.

I call it holy ground,
When two or three are there,
And Jesus standing in the midst,
Breathes peace upon the air.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

"Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—Col. iii. 13.

BOUNTEOUS, O Lord, thou art,
And I ask in meekness lowly,
That thou wilt upon my heart,
Place as thine own pearl-gift holy
The spirit that is prized by thee,
Even sweet humility.

Let thy child, O Saviour, live,
With thy kindness on his tongue,
With thy patience to forgive
Seventy times the scorn and wrong;
So thy peace shall sweetly dwell
In my spirit's citadel.

Let me never troubled be
At the storm-words on my way;
Speaking gently, lovingly,
Mid dissension's foamy spray;
In the spirit, tender, mild,
That becomes the Christian child.

Sweet forgiveness! how the word,
As a pleasant music, swells,
And hard thoughts by anger stirred
All mysteriously it quells;
I forgive! oh, let me be
Forgiven, gracious Lord, by thee!

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."
—Isa. lxvi. 13.

OH, pleasant is the morning world,
Sweet are life's early hours,
With the banner bright of hope unfurled,
And the pathway strewn with flowers!

Yet, children, I have known the rain,
Fall heavily at morning,
And drown the grasses of the plain
Without the slightest warning.

And I have seen the little child,
Whose very heart seemed breaking
At the sudden tempest, bleak and wild,
That greeted him on waking.

And, children, dear, though happy now,
There really is no telling
How soon the sudden flood of woe
May o'er your path be swelling.

Sweeter than parents' kindest word,
To soothe the child-tears falling,
In that dim hour may be heard,
The child-friend softly calling:

"As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you;"
For this is what your Saviour saith,
The Faithful and the True.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER LXIV.

AN OLD MAORI CHIEF.

FAULKNER-MOORE was a very brave man. He was not only physically and constitutionally courageous, but he had that moral fortitude which springs from the princely heart of innocence, and a strong faith in the protection of his heavenly Father.

And yet, all valiant as he was, his cheek grew pale and his heart beat quick when the hideous apparition of a horde of excited savages, brandishing their tomahawks, and uttering their war-whoop, came rushing down on one defenceless, unarmed man.

Yet, even in that moment of unutterable horror, he was thankful that the natives had not discovered his presence until he had had time to compose the limbs and close the eyes of young Harry, and to lay him decently in a quiet grave, with a rocky cross for his monument, and the sighing of the wild waves for his dirge.

At the time of which we are writing (which was during the early part of Mrs. Moore's stay at Evertown, and when Fred was a little boy, namely, some fifteen or

sixteen years from the date at which we left him at Bond's) the natives of New Zealand were in a much more savage state than they are now that English settlers have carried with them the arts and customs of civilised life to the isles of the South Pacific, and the all-humanising, all-purifying, all-ennobling religion of the Saviour has at least been offered to the natives.

Fifteen years ago many of them were still cannibals; and Faulkner-Moore, seeing them approach with rage in their gestures, and their hideously tattooed faces distorted by evil passions, thought it very likely that he might be devoured by savages, who would not be merciful enough to kill him first.

The chief of the band was an elderly man, partly wrapt in a red blanket, which was fastened round his waist by a rope of flax. His grizzled hair was very long, and hung on his shoulders. His face, neck, and arms were frightfully tattooed, and from his ears hung rings composed of shark's teeth and green stones, while a chain and bracelets of the same adorned his neck and arms.

This old man was Pampa, a chief and a great warrior of the Maori tribe.

He looked with a very angry and jealous eye on the appropriation by white men of the beautiful land of his

fathers; but with the grand martial spirit of a Hannibal was mixed a childish love of finery, often found in the bravest untutored mind, and a great delight in making a bargain and a barter with English traders, and, as he thought, getting the best of it.

He could speak a few words of English; and when he saw that Faulkner-Moore, instead of taking to flight (which would have been to invite pursuit and death), calmly awaited his approach, with his arms folded, and an eye that did not quail, and a lip that did not quiver, he felt for him something of that fellowship which the brave always do feel for the brave, whatever the colour of their skin or the place of their birth.

Pampa calmly eyed Faulkner-Moore from head to foot, while his followers stood ready, tomahawk in hand, hoping and expecting the word of command which would empower them to seize upon the white man's scalp, and hack him to pieces.

One of them, an inveterate old cannibal, whose taste for human flesh had not been gratified for many a year, approached the chief, and, privileged by his age and good services in the battle-field, suggested that the white man was in pretty good condition, though a trifle thin, but that he thought he would cut up well and tender, and ought to be slain at once.

"But not till we have his scalp to add to our chief's collection," suggested a young warrior, brandishing his tomahawk, and dancing wildly in the anticipation of a white man's scalp.

The chief shook his head. He told his adviser that he should take the white man to their own village.

"I may yet," he said, and his brow darkened, and his eyes flashed, "meet with those who have kept my warrior boy in captivity, and exchange this white man for him; if not, I shall keep him among us in strict bondage, to teach us arts which would enable us to outwit and defeat the children of the great white mother who lives across the seas."

This decision was very unpopular, but no one dared express his disappointment and discontent.

Meanwhile, the old Maori chief had, by questioning Faulkner-Moore after his own fashion, elicited that he had been shipwrecked on the submarine rocks which make that part of the coast the terror of navigators; and even as he spoke the quick eyes of the Maoris, all desperate wreckers, detected several portions of the wreck lying among the dwarf rocks.

The old chief soon perceived that there was a pin in Faulkner-Moore's cravat—it was a cameo head in coral, set in gold—a birthday present from Eva. The sea had spared it, but the chief had no intention of doing so, for he extended his hand, and Faulkner had no resource but to give it up to him.

He took a similar fancy to Faulkner-Moore's coral studs and sleeve-links, and to a signet ring on his finger, and he demanded also a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, a corner of which he espied peeping out of his prisoner's breast-pocket.

Fortunately for Faulkner-Moore, his watch, hidden up in an inner pocket, did not attract the attention of the chief. The waves in which it had been so long immersed had silenced its tick, and denuded it of everything glittering and showy enough to captivate the eye or excite the cupidity of the vain, covetous old Pampa. Faulkner-Moore was led away to the distant village of the tribe.

CHAPTER LXV.

A BABY'S HAT.

ONE ludicrous incident occurred before they set out. Among fragments of the old *Sylphide*—baskets, boxes, light because empty, and a cask or two of Bass's pale ale—was a very showy white beaver hat, which had

belonged to a baby whom Faulkner-Moore well remembered as the idol of its parents, and a great pet on board. It was a fat, funny, laughing, blue-eyed cherub, and when it wore its best hat, trimmed up with bright blue velvet and a plume of blue and white feathers, fastened in it by a bright steel brooch, it looked as proud and pleased as did its fond young mamma, whose first-born it was. And now, by that strange chance which so often spares the weak and subdues the strong, that blast which uproots the sturdy oak and harms not the yielding reed, father, mother, child, and all their belongings, were gone to the bottom, and the holiday hat was carried, as it were, in triumph, on the heads of the waves, to be landed on a projecting angle of rock not far from the place where the old chief had held his council. The bright sun of New Zealand had dried the hat, its waving feathers, and fluttering ribands. It caught the vain eye of the old coxcomb Pampa. He ordered one of his band to seek it out and bring it to him. The warrior obeyed, and presented the baby's hat to the chief, who sticking it on his grizzly head, tied the broad blue ribands under his tattooed and hideous chin, and strutted away ten times prouder than before, followed by Faulkner-Moore, whose hands by this time were fastened behind his back, and who walked along with an air of dignified resignation, although he was surrounded by half-naked, tattooed, and very demonstrative New Zealanders, who performed some of their wildest wardances as they accompanied him to their village, and brandished their tomahawks, and made signs as if they were about to scalp him, although they well knew that, after what their chief had said, it would be as much as their lives were worth to harm a hair of his head.

Faulkner-Moore, after the first novelty of their hideous pantomime and discordant yells had worn off, ceased to think about them. He, as old Pampa strutted along in the baby's hat, was moralising on the strange fate of that beautiful, much-beloved baby's best hat. He could not help contrasting the round, fair, cherub beauty of its first wearer with the grim-looking, tattooed old face of its present possessor; and then he reflected to what strange uses everything may be put at last; and while he thought the baby was happy to have been spared the long passage through the vale of tears, he figured to himself the proud young mother's agony, when, as was most likely, the angry waves and fierce winds had torn her child from her breast.

These thoughts led him back to the days when Fred was a baby—a beautiful baby with a fond, proud young mamma, who had shown the mother's taste, and a little of the mother's vanity, too, in setting off her darling. Where was she? Where was that "son and heir" of Faulkner-Moore, Esq., now? He whose birth had figured in the *Times*, and called forth the congratulations of those summer-friends who bask in our sunshine. "Where are they both now?" he asked himself, as memory sent the bitter tears to his eyes.

His own peril, his own desperate state, had not made him shed one tear, but at the thought of his wife and child, he could have wept bitterly, only the idea that his savage foes would think he wept because he was in their power, enabled him to conquer his emotion, and dashing away the tear, that was no disgrace to his manhood, he resumed his calm, collected air, and followed the old chief through a country at once so sublime in its grandeur, so varied in its beauty, and so rich in its vegetation, that even Switzerland and Italy lost by comparison with the Land of Promise. He could recall no European scenery to compare with that through which he was passing save the valley of Chamounix, the Tête Noir, and beautiful Interlachen.

Faulkner-Moore, who had a painter's eye and a poet's soul, could not ponder on his own miseries in the sublime presence of Nature in her grandest style of beauty.

CHAPTER LXVI.

FAULKNER-MOORE'S CAPTIVITY AMONG THE MAORIES.

ON, on, on marched the conceited old chief, with the baby's hat still cocked on his grizzled head. The sun had dried the feathers which now sported and waved in the breeze. Pampa led the way, and they all waded through broad but shallow rivers; skirted large tracts of primeval woods, known in New Zealand, as in Australia, by the name of "the bush," and ascended rocks which were overhung with the beautiful crimson blossom of the sata, and the fragrant wild clematis.

At length the party reached a native settlement, of which, afterwards, Faulkner-Moore ascertained the name to have been Aocare. It was conveniently situated at the mouth of the Aocare River, and was surrounded by precipitous hills, covered with thick bush. Faulkner-Moore was led into the wharri (hut) of the chief himself, who seemed to have taken something very like a fancy to him. There were some five-and-twenty natives—men, women, and children—in the hut, and they were very loud in their demonstrations of joy at their chief's return, and of admiration at the spoil which he displayed—the baby's hat and feathers, the ring which he had taken from Faulkner-Moore, and which he wore on his thumb, the yellow bandana handkerchief, and the coral studs and sleeve-links.

Faulkner-Moore came in for a large share of their childish curiosity, after they had thoroughly examined the chief's spoils.

At Pampa's command a young girl of the tribe rose from the floor on which, with others, she was lying smoking (all the men and women being inveterate smokers), and served Faulkner-Moore, as well as the rest of the party, with dried fish, and some very gritty, unpleasant bread, or cake, which had been baked in the ashes. The fire was—as history tells us it used to be with the ancient Britons—in the middle of the hut. A hole in the roof was the only attempt at a chimney. Some rum was produced and handed round, and as this tribe had seen a good deal of English settlers, and prided themselves in following their fashions, some dried manika leaves were boiled in water, and did duty for tea. The heat, the closeness, and the effluvia of this wharri were very offensive, but the dreadful fatigues of several hours' battling with the waves and winds for his life, the terrors of the early morning, and the long and fatiguing march from the beach to the wharri, together with the sedative fumes of the tobacco which the native men and women were smoking, and the extreme heat of the hut, all conspired to make Faulkner-Moore's eyelids close, his head droop, and overpowering, irresistible sleep shut out the present, the future, and the past.

By the order of the chief his hands had been released, that he might feed himself, and when his drowsiness became apparent, Magawiska, a young woman, covered him over with a blanket.

So intense was his fatigue, and so very sound his sleep, that neither fleas nor mosquitoes, although there were very aggressive swarms of both, were able to arouse him.

Soon after Faulkner-Moore had fallen asleep, all the inmates of the wharri prepared to follow his example.

The chief and his waeai, or wife, lay side by side, under the table, on some loose fern.

Eight or nine children were stowed away on shelves, like cold ducks and chickens in a pantry.

The rest wrapt themselves up in blankets, and by the command of the chief several of them lay so as to form a guard, effectually to prevent the possibility of escape for Faulkner-Moore.

Magawiska, the chief's daughter, had a shakedown of fern and a blanket, but she remained in the wharri with the rest of the natives.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MAGAWISKA, THE MAORI CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

MAGAWISKA was a very fine specimen of New Zealand beauty, and as yet her clear, copper-coloured complexion had escaped the hideous marks of the tattoo. Her form was very tall and very lithe, and was partly covered by a red blanket.

The hideous Tartar-like cast of features peculiar to the New Zealanders was softened in her case, and became far from disagreeable, and eyes, wild, large, and black as the gazelle's, with jetty eyebrows, and lashes, like the colour of the berry of the mountain-ash, and two rows of white, sparkling teeth, combined with the carnation glow of her dark cheek, made Magawiska a fine specimen of the beauty of the South Pacific. Her polished bronze throat was hung with shark's teeth and glittering shells, and so were her ears and wrists.

Magawiska in her childhood had been taken prisoner by some English settlers, in revenge for some injury done to them by the chief her father.

During a stay of fifteen months among the white men, she had learnt many of their words, and had been told of the Son of God who had come down from heaven, been born of a pure virgin, and suffered death upon the cross for our sins, and to save us from eternal death. A few weeks and Magawiska would have been baptised a Christian; but before this took place, her father, at the head of a fierce band of Maories, had come down unexpectedly, and swift and fatal as the simoom, on the white man's settlement, had scalped and slain the sleeping settlers, borne away his daughter, and set fire to the huts.

Magawiska, who had begun to accustom herself to civilised life, and on whose young mind the grand truths of Christianity had begun to dawn, did not easily reconcile herself to savage customs and company.

But the rage of the old chief and of his waeai, Magawiska's mother, when this came to light, was so great, and his threats so terrible, that she was obliged to lock up in her own dark bosom her memories of the white man's kindness and creed, and by degrees the impression made on her childish heart seemed to wear out. Still she often when alone repeated to herself the English words she had learnt, and thought over what little she had been made to understand of the great scheme of our redemption, and the vicarious suffering of the Lamb of God, slain from the beginning for the sins of the whole world. She never saw a white man or woman in the distance without emotion, and the arrival of Faulkner-Moore at her father's wharri had been to her an interesting and exciting event, which, however, her dread of her father compelled her to hide with that instinctive cunning which belongs to the female savage.

The next morning, Faulkner-Moore was aroused sometimes by the extraordinary and unearthly shouts and other loud noises with which the natives of New Zealand salute the dawn.

Magawiska, with the help of some of the other women, immediately commenced preparations for breakfast. To the dried fish and the distasteful bread of the night before were added, for the chief's own family, several birds of the parrot kind, called kakas. Those birds, in their feathers, were cased in clay and baked, they were then put into the fire, and when the clay became red-hot the bird was taken out quite done, and leaving its feathers in the clay.

Magawiska took care that Faulkner-Moore should have one of these kakas to himself, and being very hungry, he thought it extremely palatable.

The old chief then went forth to that part of the coast where the wreck had taken place—and Faulkner-Moore was ordered to accompany him.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

"BY the Trent" is undoubtedly an excellent title, and perhaps not altogether an inappropriate one (remembering that Burton-on-the-Trent is famous for ale), for a prize temperance tale. The book, however, derives its name from the river, in the neighbourhood of which the principal characters reside. Clara and John Broadbent are the principal characters, in whom the action of the story centres. The author is certainly very exceptional in her treatment of the hero and heroine, as we are permitted to part company from them both at the end, leaving them unmarried and alive, a very unusual condition in which to leave the principal characters of a tale. We cannot take much exception to the development of these two characters. They are, in many respects, admirable and natural, although there was no occasion for making John so splendid a philosopher that the squabbling of some little birds should remind him of debates in Parliament; "bloodshed, armaments, and rapine," or some down-trodden crouches, send him wondering how many "children would resemble them in their untimely fate." In these passages, we may remark, *ex passant*, such antiquated expressions as "pothor" and "objurgation" would have been as well omitted.

Stephen Morris is a really well-drawn and finely wrought-out character. Some of the scenes in his life are described with more than feminine vigour and eloquence. We shall not give any outline of the plot, for to do so would, of course, detract from the interest which some would otherwise feel in reading it. We can commend the book; and congratulate those who offered the prize for a temperance tale, on having obtained one so well written and interesting. It will, we have no doubt, do good service to the admirable cause on whose behalf it has been written. We hope a cheap and popular edition of the work will be published, as we have no doubt that good would be done by its circulation amongst the humbler classes.

While we praise the book, however, it must not be thought that we consider it by any means faultless. It would be almost impossible for any person to write a prize tale on a given subject that would be such; but the intention and moral tone are so good, that every minor blemish must be forgiven.

Does any reader want to buy a microscope? If so, we should recommend him or her, before making the purchase, to invest eighteen-pence in a little book entitled, "A Few Words on the Choice of a Microscope;"† and having read therein Mr. Plumer's advice upon the subject, they will be in a position to lay out their money to much more advantage and with greater security than before.

"Philip Markham's Two Lessons"‡ is a pleasantly-written little story of a young fellow who, by means of two very unfortunate occurrences, was turned from the wrong into the right way. The tale is an interesting one, and we recommend it to the thoughtful perusal of those of our young friends, who are about entering upon active life.

"The Story of Four Centuries"§ is an instructive,

* "By the Trent." By Mrs. S. E. Oldham. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

† "A Few Words on the Choice of a Microscope." By J. J. Plumer, M.A. Churchill and Sons, New Burlington Street.

‡ "Philip Markham's Two Lessons." By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey." London: S. W. Partridge.

§ "The Story of Four Centuries." Sketches of Early Church History, for Youthful Readers. By H. L. L. T. Nelson and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

well-printed, prettily-bound, and cleverly-written little volume, for which we can say much that is commendatory, and nothing that is the opposite. The object of the work is to give a simple sketch of the most important events concerning Christianity in the first four centuries. Although written with a simplicity of style which renders it peculiarly suitable for young persons, this book will, we think, prove a favourite with more intelligent readers.

As a rule, Christians are far too ignorant of the early history of the Church; Justin Martyr and Polycarp, Origen and Cyprian, Chrysostom and Augustine are only known by name, instead of by their holy lives and heroic deaths, to many latter-day saints. Now that Christianity is attempted to be dragged down to the level of some science, to be proved by mathematical formulae, and tested by arithmetical computation, it is well to go back to its earliest days, to the times of martyrs and confessors, to inquire, Was it abstract speculations that made these men the noblest heroes the world ever saw? Was it vague, undefined disquisitions that enabled them to triumph when nailed to the cross, when torn by the wild beasts, when writhing amid the torturing flames? or, as we read the Church's early records, does it not strike us that there was something more than human in the martyrs' endurance, and that theirs was a peace which alike "passeth understanding," and which the world can neither give nor take away?

This admirable little book will do more to make known to the generality of people the early history of Christianity, and thus to do a great and, we believe, lasting good to its readers, than any popular work which we have lately seen.

We may mention, in conclusion, a volume entitled "The Exiles in Babylon,"* which is a charmingly "got up" book, both inside and outside. The illustrations (particularly one of Daniel in the Lions' Den) are far beyond the average of book pictures. This work is especially intended for young persons, and we can heartily recommend it to such. The object of the writer may be understood from the brief preface to the book. "I offer this little book," says the author, "to the public with a deep feeling that in attempting to draw some of the practical lessons afforded by the history of Daniel, I have done what I *could*, and not what I *would*. The high integrity, piety and courage of the prophet are virtues which, in all ages, adorn the children of light; but they were shown in Daniel under circumstances so peculiar, that there is some danger of its being forgotten, that the prophet whom we reverence is also an example whom we should copy. To us visions are not granted, but the hope of Daniel is our hope; for us miracles are not worked, but the wonders of redeeming love are made known to us even more clearly than they were to the exile in Babylon. We may have but one talent committed to our charge, while the gifted Daniel had ten; but for that one we must render account."

Such is the spirit in which the work has been undertaken, and it has been accomplished with much grace and ability. The history of the heroic Daniel is faithfully recorded, his virtues held up for our admiration, and the motives which influenced him, and the power which sustained him, are touchingly dwelt upon.

* "Exiles in Babylon; or, Children of Light." By A. L. O. E. T. Nelson and Sons, London and Edinburgh.

A WORD UPON CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



LITTLE bird from a foreign clime passes over the separating sea: one spring morning the unpretending voyager comes chirping beneath the eaves of your quiet village home. Few people will see much in that. One bird is very much like another, and what of this one? Has he brought a missive of importance in his little beak? No; but he has brought a tiny seed with him which will spring up, by-and-by, in some quiet nook, and issue in the plantation of a new order of forest-tree or garden-plant. When the twittering, dancing little forester was taking leave of the groves across the ocean, the bird-mission in the disposal of that little seed was to influence ages to come. It will afford us, perchance, shade, foliage, fragrance, and beauty some sweet summer-time to come. So much for the little bird. Yet this is only a type of what is being enacted every day and every hour in moral things. Each man is a sower and a reaper: he is sowing seeds which will affect ages to come; he is reaping a harvest planted by those who are dead and gone. So the aim of these pages, dear reader, is to awaken within us a sense of what it is to live! Just that. The matter shapes itself in this way: life in itself is a force which has in it immeasurable and immortal consequences. What a solemn thing it is simply to live!

This is a very wonderful world. The Divine laws which govern us are very exact and beautiful. The more we know of them the more we see the wisdom as well as the power of that God who orders all things according to righteousness and truth. He has instituted an inseparable connection between cause and consequence. We cannot stultify nature; we cannot set her aside. Not all our skill will make water run up hill, or turn gravitation into repulsion. The world of nature is well as God has made it; and the moral world is exquisitely ordered and adapted, both for the good of man and the glory of God.

Still, it is very startling to think that every word and deed has an everlasting tendency—that, so far as we can see, no limit can be placed to any of the acts of man. The conduct of the good Samaritan was very simple and very natural: yet what results lay enfolded in that little deed! He performed, probably, an act which he thought nothing of—such as it was his wont to do; but it tells upon you to-day; and as you see him kind to the man by the wayside, you go and do likewise. When Newton chanced to see the apple fall, even he could not have imagined how a false philosophy was crushed in the simple fall of that orchard fruit.

Perhaps, however, we need to think of this law as it affects ourselves. We have long ago read the words of inspired wisdom—"None of us liveth to himself," and "none of us dieth to himself;" and there is a little sentence, embedded

like a gem in a beautiful setting, in one of David's Psalms, which I am bold to think has not been rendered always according to its truest meaning—"We spend our years as a tale that is told." Can anything be more suggestive than that? The tale that is told. Why it affects others long after its author sleeps in the grave. It is the same with life. Those were days more of oral teaching than of written revelation, and you seem to see the aged patriarch, silvered with time, and bowed with years, leaning on his staff, whilst the eager listeners are transfixed to the spot by the echoes of a voice charged with the memories of many generations. Childhood and youth, matron and maid, wrapt in the theme, are flushed with indignation at wrong, and fired with emulation in the path of virtue and of truth. They, too, will tell to their children the tale so well told them. That old man, being dead, will still speak in the story which had fallen from his lips. So with life. We are telling a tale to generations to come. And life is an aggregate of little words, and looks, and deeds, which are all component parts of what we call the personal influence of life.

Consequences follow in our path even after our Christian consecration to God. Our influence in olden time is existing still. Our new life does not destroy the influence of our old one. Companions still live who remember our words, and upon the walls of whose memory are traced the scenes in which we were, perhaps, the leaders and the life. The illicit jest, the unrighteous deed, the sinful dallying, the daring levity—are there. We cannot alter them now. We may redeem the time, we may do all the good within our power to those we come in contact with to-day, and to-morrow, till we die, but we are still living in the influence of the olden time. God through Christ may have forgiven us, but there is our influence existing in the memories and miseries of other men.

Consequences follow in our path long after we are numbered with the dead. The sceptic did not complete his work of ruin only whilst he lived. Did not I see a fresh edition of his deadly treatise as I passed into the city yesterday? Was not the youth of seventeen looking upon it, ready, perchance, to purchase it? Perhaps the sceptic himself turned pale in the presence of death, and would have given worlds to commit his blasphemies against the Most High to the devouring flames. But he cannot burn books that have passed into other hands; they are his olden self at work even after he is dead. Thus it will be with our own unwritten life! As of evil, so of good. Long after the decease of Mrs. Stowe, her work will influence the traffic in slaves, and aid in the downfall of so dread a system. True, that is a written tale. But what made her write it? What wrought her whole nature into a burning zeal and a holy indignation? Why, the silent tale told by the sad spectacle of the suffering slave.

Consequences are, of course, unperceived by us as a whole, yet now and then we come upon a

tree the fruit of a seed which we planted: perhaps a tree new covered with poison-berries; or, perchance, a flower of the valley to give joy to the heart of a friend. Longfellow, indeed, has put this most beautifully:—

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth I know not where.
Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, yet unbroke;
And the verse, every word, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

We may be living to-day in the hearts of friends whose faces we never saw, and silent acts, like the droppings of little seeds, may bear fruit in lives which have crossed the ocean, and settled in the distant islands of the sea. Consequences, too, come forth from such little things. Read the story of the French Revolution, and learn the magic influence of the firing of a gun, or the ringing of a bell at midnight. Mark, too, the unwise edict of a Stuart king; see the shipwrights building a little vessel, to be called the *May Flower*. Put this and that together, and you have the Pilgrim Fathers and the New England States.

Certainly, as it concerns ourselves alone, apart from our influence on others, we need to ponder well the law of cause and consequence. One of the wisest prose writers of America says, "It is worth a student's while to remember how tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work, like fiends, upon the delicate frame of Hoffman, and no less thoroughly upon his delicate mind. He who drinks beer, thinks beer; he who drinks wine, thinks wine; and he who drinks midnight, thinks midnight." Remarkable words, and words we are not likely to forget. I confess to a strong liking for sentiments put in unforgettable figures, where the idea is strictly true.

Most men desire to be remembered. Few wish to be evermore forgotten. The instinct comes out in many ways. The schoolboy carves his name on the bark of the tree; the man calls houses and streets by his name. Yet surely these are vain remembrances compared with that of him who has impressed the Divine image on another nature, and been a witness for the Saviour by words and deeds which nevermore will be forgotten. "What shall I do," said Cowley, "to be for ever known?" To which we may reply, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

This same wonderful law affects us in our estimate of, and our treatment by, our fellow-men. As we sow, we reap. He who sows selfishness reaps coldness; he who sows distrust reaps the same. When Socrates was asked, what a man gained by telling lies, he answered, "Not to be believed when he speaks the truth." Call the law what we will—compensation or retribution—it is as Emerson says: "Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed: for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed."

True, indeed, it is, and we must not leave out

this consideration, that in the kind providence of God, consequences are ordered by the most wonderful and unexpected chain of circumstances. You may remember the Spanish discovery of the mines of Potosi. An Indian, whilst pursuing a deer, to save himself from slipping over a rock, seized a bush with his hand. He gave it, of course, a violent wrench, and the earth was loosened around the spot. A little piece of silver attracted his eye; he took it away, and returned. The torn-up shrub disclosed a silver-mine. I instance this to show how blessings come often without the seeking; and how typical this is of our earthly history, where so many blessings have come from unexpected sources.

Yet, such illustrations do not shut our eyes to the fact that we live under a general law of Divine providence, by which, as the old proverbs have it, "No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet; no mill, no meal." Our trust in the providence of God must never slide into an indolent fatalism. One of Mahomet's followers said, "I will loose my camel, and commit it to God;" on which Mahomet said, "Friend, tie thy camel, and commit it to God."

I cannot, and ought not, to close this paper on consequences without reminding you, dear reader, that the philosophy of the grand old Book is true, and that we can trace these to the third and fourth generation. Ask the physician. Sensuality in one generation may produce idiosyncrasy in the third; and sins which men consent to this day may plunge their descendants in physical misery, or temporal want, in ages yet to come.

One word more. Consequences are, in one aspect of the case, cut off. This is the miracle of redemption. Our guilt is forgiven through that one atonement by which God laid on Christ the iniquity of us all. Our punishment fell on his devoted head; he bared his heart to receive the stroke—he died for us, and for the sins of the whole world. Accepting him as our Saviour, the handwriting of trespasses against us is blotted out for ever.

Concerning our common life, I have to say to some objector, who remarks, "Show me the consequences of sin; I have sinned and not suffered." Perhaps so. "Punishment is lame, but it comes," says an old adage; and men who draw bills upon their constitution will find that in the end they become due, and must be paid. I prefer, however, now to close this paper with thoughts of the brighter kind. If "curses, like chickens, always come home to roost;" if "ashes always fly back in the face of him that throws them," yet, sure I am, that "he who serves God serves a good master;" he who sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. Yes! these are consequences which project themselves into the immortal state, and there the cross of earth blossoms into the crown of heaven. He who sins against God wrongs his own soul, wrecks his own fortune, and destroys with the nightshade poison of his character the souls of others; but the Christian man not alone ensures a life of future blessing, but his life becomes, in after-years, like a tree of healing for the nations.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

IN no field of missionary labour have the trials and successes of the early ages of Christianity been so distinctly repeated in modern times as in the island of Madagascar. There, in our own day, has the truth of the glorious proverb been visibly signed and sealed, and "the blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the Church."

The country, which is somewhat larger than Great Britain and Ireland, contains a population of between four and five millions. They are naturally an intelligent and industrious people, with strong domestic affections, and capable of being led, under the influence of exalting principles, to a very high state of civilisation and happiness.

They have, however, no enlightened idea of a Supreme Being. Their chief god or idol is called "The Fragrant Prince," and their creed is a combination of the most absurd contradictions and puerilities. It would appear that they have no regularly constituted priesthood, but the idol-keepers pretend to be in communication with the gods, and through them the people receive answers and directions in return for the gifts and offerings which are made to them for presentation.

A Malagassy peasant's cottage is about twenty feet square, and is divided by a rush partition into two compartments; the first, into which the door opens, is appropriated to calves, lambs, and domestic fowls. The inner is at once the workroom, kitchen, parlour, and bedroom of the establishment. In this apartment may be seen the husband engaged at his trade, or cooking his meals, whilst the wife, seated on a mat upon the floor, before a rustic loom, weaves the fine silk *tama*, or scarf, which is worn by the upper classes on great occasions, and which is formed of the richest colours and most elegant patterns. The Malagassys also prepare a curious cloth from the young inner leaflets of the roffia palm, and it is a common thing to see the villagers, sitting under the shade of their outspreading trees, and preparing the threads for their warp.

Another characteristic scene is represented in our engraving. The slave girls are coming to the well for water, which is drawn up by means of a bullock's horn fastened to a long string, and let down by hand, generally to a depth of twenty feet. The slave girls usually come in the morning, provided with these horns and bamboo canes, about six or eight feet long, the partitions at the several joints being broken through inside, thus forming cylinders in which to carry the water to the adjacent houses.

Amongst this peaceable but ignorant and superstitious people the Gospel was first preached in the year 1820. The missionaries received kindly countenance from the King Radama, and the Lord opened the hearts of many to attend to the words of eternal life. They had often congregations numbering

more than a thousand souls, and as they brought with them the arts and improvements of civilised life, the capital, Tananarivo, soon began to manifest the evidence of social and moral improvement.

But these bright days soon drew to a close; a bloody and relentless queen named Ranavalana succeeded to the throne, and, after cloaking her real designs for a while by a pretence of favour to the missionaries, soon exhibited her bitter hostility to the cause they had in hand. Persecution ensued; the missionaries were compelled to leave the country, and for a quarter of a century the infant Church in Madagascar had to struggle with a series of terrible and furious onslaughts directed against it by this implacable and ferocious sovereign.

Beside those who were imprisoned, enslaved, or banished for professing Christianity, hundreds were put to death in various and cruel ways. Some were stoned, some crucified, some burned at the stake, whilst others were cast down headlong from a precipice and dashed to pieces on the rocks. As if to complete the picture drawn of the ancient martyrs in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, one poor woman was literally "sawn asunder."

But in the face of royal edicts and cruel martyrdoms, the number of the converts increased; and not only so whilst the missionaries were permitted to remain amongst them and encourage them, but even after they had been banished from the island, and when the native churches were left without counsellor or friend.

It had been the wisdom of the missionaries to give them the Bible in their own tongue. Before they left the island each convert was furnished with a copy of the Word of God. Many of the converts travelled from fifty to a hundred miles to obtain the priceless gift, and a thousand copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were also circulated amongst them in the Malagassy language; and so, when they were shut out from the pastor's voice and the preacher's counsel, they had still the living waters to come to, and, by the power of the Holy Spirit working in their hearts, were enabled to hold fast a good profession amidst the temptations and perils which surrounded them on every hand.

For sixteen years had the work of God progressed quietly but rapidly in Madagascar. Sixty thousand had learned to read; within the same period ten thousand officials had learned to write; whereas before the mission commenced there was only one individual possessed of this accomplishment. But all these advantages and benefits to her nation were as nothing to Ranavalana. She had determined to extirpate the Christian faith, and she felt that the only way to do this was to destroy the professors of it, or force them to renounce it. It was a sifting time, and the chaff was soon separated from the wheat. Those who were only nominal professors soon fell off, or denied their convictions, but the true followers of Christ proved their sincerity by their loss of all things—even of life itself.

In those days of darkness companies of converts met at midnight in secret retreats to pour out their

souls to God, and went forth from those hallowed scenes resolved to die rather than renounce the truth which had made them free. The history of one or two of these faithful converts will be interesting.

Rafaravy, a lady of rank, had been once conspicuous for her support of idolatry; but the grace of God reached her soul, and she was baptised by the name of Mary, and became a zealous servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was accused by her own slaves of reading the Bible and praying with her companions, and at once confessed herself a Christian, though she refused to give the names of her companions. The queen sentenced her to death, but, in consideration of distinguished services rendered by her father, the sentence was commuted to banishment and the confiscation of half her property. Her new home continued to be, like her former one, a sanctuary in the moral wilderness, but it was soon assailed and plundered, and she

Christians, and was a constant attendant at their proscribed and secret meetings for prayer. The little band was, however, perfidiously betrayed by one who won their confidence and professed their faith in order to destroy them. Some fled to the forest, some hid in "dens and caves of the earth," to evade the pursuit of the queen's soldiers, who sought them in all directions. The Christians in the city secretly provided them with food, but there would have been little hope of their ultimate escape, had not one of the missionaries paid a visit to the scene of his former labours, and by a secret arrangement carried off five of them to England, and left six others at the Mauritius, in the hope that they would be ultimately useful to their fellow-sufferers in Madagascar. Rafaravy was one of those who reached England, and although there was every inducement that kindness could offer to induce her to stay permanently in this land, the love of Christ and of souls was so strong in her that she returned



THE DEATH OF RASALAMA.

herself led off by the public executioners to undergo the law's last penalty.

As she went to the place appointed for execution she prayed in the words of the first martyr—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The place was at some distance, and as she was to be executed at dawn of day, she was brought to a house on the way for the night, bound hand and foot with chains. In the course of that night a destructive fire broke out in the capital, and, amidst the universal confusion, the sentence of death was forgotten, and as many thought the fire to be a Divine judgment on the queen, and her own superstitious fears accorded with that opinion, Rafaravy was spared, but only to be condemned to five months' cruel imprisonment, and then sold into slavery.

Here, too, the hand of God was over her. She became the property of a distant relative, who treated her with great consideration and kindness, and she was soon discovered by her husband, who was a colonel in the queen's army. During this period she still sought out the company of the

in 1842 to the Mauritius to serve her fellow Christians as occasion might offer; and in the next year accompanied Mr. Jones in his attempt to found a mission off the coast of Madagascar, on the island of Nosibe, where, however, he was barbarously murdered.

Another of these faithful witnesses for Christ was Rasalama. She was one of the earliest converts, and was doomed to die by the spears of the executioners. This noble young Christian rejoiced that it was granted to her to suffer shame for the name of Jesus. Her prison constantly echoed to her hymns of praise and thanksgiving. A day or two previous to her execution, her ordinary chains were exchanged for others of a more trying kind, rings and bars being fastened round her neck, hands, feet, and knees, so as to force her body into the most painful of positions.

It was joyful to her to hear that the hour of her deliverance was at hand. As she was led away by the soldiers she sang and prayed with the holiest fervour, and her firmness and fortitude confounded

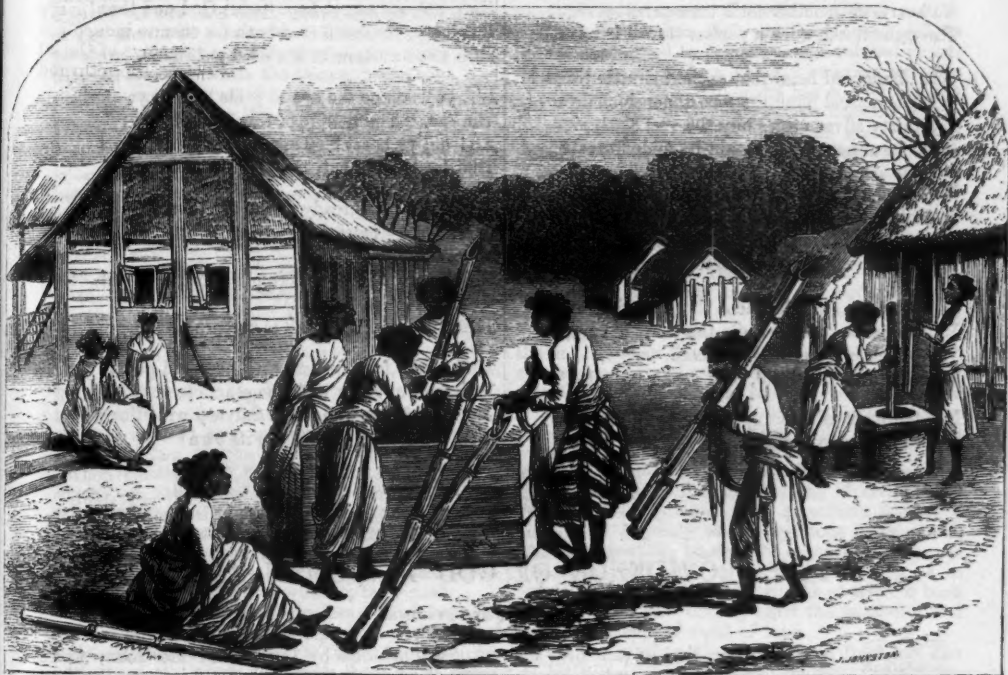
her persecutors, and astonished all who witnessed it. Unacquainted with the power of her faith, they attributed her calmness and endurance to the power of some magical charm; but she knew in whom she had believed, and, like so many other of her fellow-Christians in Madagascar, was enabled to endure "as seeing him who is invisible."

How strange and mysterious are the ways of God! We marvel why such scenes and persecutions were permitted. We might have expected that some sudden judgment would surely fall on the relentless queen and her royal family. But no, she was spared until about three years ago, and her only son, instead of being cut off as a judgment on such

career. Though he continued to be favourable to the Christian cause, and though he threw his dominions open for the return of the messengers of the cross, his private life and public policy were such as to destroy the confidence of his subjects, and he soon lost his life by a conspiracy of his own ministers.

Another queen sits on the throne of Madagascar; but the truth sounds freely throughout her empire. The missionaries are once more at their posts, and there is neither let nor hindrance to the preaching of the Gospel.

The multitudes who flocked from their hiding-places on the death of Ranavalana to proclaim their faith, as well as the tombs of the martyrs who died



MALAGASSY SLAVES DRAWING WATER.

a mother, had his heart so marvellously disposed to favour the Christians, that he was the means at length of allaying the fiery persecution, and of giving such timely notice and protection to the doomed converts whilst it lasted, as to save the lives of thousands. Frequently this young prince was known to come into the secret assemblies of the Christians to join their devotions, and afterwards to lift up his voice on their behalf in the council chamber of the queen.

It was in this way the mother prevailed over the monster in Ranavalana's bosom, and she became lenient to those with whom her only son had made such common cause. His mother died in 1861, and the prince succeeded her as Radama II. His early promise was not redeemed by his subsequent

during her reign rather than renounce it, give irrefragable evidence to the living power of truth, and the unquenchable brightness of Christian faith.

Madagascar stands forth as, in the nineteenth century, the great proof that the Word of God in the heart, and the love of Christ in the soul, can exist, even when the gracious helps of ministers, and sacraments, and church-communion have been taken away. For five-and-twenty years did this infant church exist like the bush in the wilderness, burning but unconsumed, and long may the example of its early martyrs and confessors be blessed, not only to their immediate successors in their own land, but to all "who profess and call themselves Christians."

THE SEAMLESS COAT.

"Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be."—John xix. 23, 24

THE "seamless coat!" Long centuries have
past,
Since lots were for that woven vesture cast;
The record tells not where the garment fell—
Perchance 'tis thine! mark thou the tokens well.

This vesture hath a straight, unbroken thread;
Truth seeks no tangled skein, no knotted shred;
No hearts oblique her folds transparent screen;
Throughout her work a perfect thread is seen.

What honoured hand that ancient shuttle threw?
What honoured hand the nice dimensions drew?
Did thirty silver pieces buy the vest?
What form now dares within its folds to rest?

We must not rend it; we must find it whole?
It girds "the stature of a perfect" soul;
The hallowed raiment can alone abide
On forms most like the Sacred, Crucified.

Where secret steps frequent the place of prayer,
Where gentle tones beguile the heart of care,
Where self is governed, sacrificed, forgot,
Where brows are placid, look ye for "the lot."

Not there where swelling hearts no ill can brook,
But right the wrong at once by deed or look;

Not there, mid envy, strife, and wassail glare—
Rude patches, rents, and cart-rope seams are
there.

Does care elaborate, with cunning skill,
Adorn thy garb, thy brother naked still?
More naked thou! Draw close thy costly shreds,
Thy raiment lacks the priceless "woven" threads.

Thine alms? We know them! For thy trumpet
free
Hath not one secret kept 'twixt God and thee!
But learn, the hand that hath *his* vesture won,
Tells not its fellow of the deed well done.

Lift ye askance the eye of pride? Lift ye
The cry, "The temple of the Lord are we?"
Ah! did ye boast? Then not on ye doth rest
That lowly garment, the Redeemer's vest.

A bridal feast is ready; who are there?
Alas, one palsied tongue is "speechless!"

Where,
Oh, where the "wedding garment?" Ah, the
"lot!"
That pure, meek, seamless vesture was forgot!

That bridal feast! there each accepted guest
Is draped in glory with the seamless vest.
That wondrous web, from Calvary wide thrown,
With light eternally enfolds its own!

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN HUMAN ART.

PART II.



T is man's boast that he can carry his industry and art over the whole world, and surround himself with their products in every climate. Let us look somewhat in detail at the providential element in this cosmopolitan adaptation, in which man stands alone among the inhabitants of the earth. It depends on the joint functions of circulation and respiration. In the severity of winter we may observe a strong contrast between different classes of the exposed. In the narrow streets and ill-built or poorly-repaired houses of our towns and cities, we may find poverty-stricken families cowering with contracted limbs and chattering teeth over their scanty fires, while their dwellings often seem a mere lattice-work designed for the free passage of the northern blast. But with the thermometer at its lowest range, the woodman's axe plies with a vigorous and merry ring; the farmer

trudges unchilled by the side of his team; and warm, glad life outspeeds the wind it braves on the swift courser or in the gliding sleigh. The cause is manifestly internal, not external: personal, not atmospheric. We are heated, chiefly, not from without, but from within; not by the fuel burned in our presence, but by the fuel which we ourselves consume. We carry about with us each his own hearth, with its vestal fire,—his own stove, with its perpetual radiation of heat. Our lungs are the seat of a constant combustion, literally of a coal-fire, kindled with our first breath, extinguished only with our last. The fuel is the carbon and hydrogen contained in our food, carried with other elements through the process of digestion and blood-making, conveyed to the lungs, and then oxidised, or, in other words, ignited and burned, by the oxygen inhaled from the atmosphere.

This process it is that heats the body, and at the same time resists to a certain, and in some cases to an almost incredible degree, the effect of external

heat. In extreme cold no particle of blood remains near the surface for more than an instant; but the entire life-tide passes constantly to and from this central hearth, thus sending to the surface from moment to moment a freshly-heated current. On the other hand, at an excessively high temperature, the ceaseless withdrawal of blood from the surface before it can become unduly heated preserves the internal temperature unchanged. This apparatus is imitated in that most effective mode of warming buildings—a system of hot-water pipes, in which a heated and rarefied current of water sets constantly from the furnace or lungs to the remoter parts of the system, and a cooled and condensed current returns, as constantly, to be heated over again. By virtue of this arrangement in the human frame, a variation of more than two hundred degrees in external heat, from the drying-room or the mouth of a forge to the lowest Arctic temperature, occasions a difference of not more than three or four degrees in the human body.

Now, the contrast between the suffering and the non-suffering in the severer exposures of our Northern climate is due to the different amounts of fuel employed to feed the internal flame. Fire, it is said, cannot warm the very poor; and this is because their meagre vegetable food, even if it seem unstinted, is deficient in carbon. On the other hand, those who meet the bleakest exposures without suffering are well fed on carbon-yielding food, and the fire that they carry with them never burns low for lack of fuel. The perfect working of this apparatus has its best illustration in the experience of Northern explorers. With a temperature sometimes of seventy degrees below zero, and for weeks together never rising above forty, often burrowing in the snow at these low temperatures, they found themselves more dependent on food than on fire. With an adequate supply of raw walrus meat and other unctuous, carbon-yielding food, they enjoyed health, comfort, vigour, gaiety, hopefulness. When this supply fell short, the red-hot cabin stove seemed to yield no warmth; nature drooped, sickened, and was ready to perish, reviving again, and glowing with its wonted fires, when a kind Providence again spread their board in proportion to their need.

This self-heating apparatus has a most essential bearing on man's industrial capacity. By virtue of it he can toil at the forge and the furnace mouth, and chase the whale and trap the seal in Polar seas; can say to the North, "Give up;" and to the South, "Keep not back;" can bring together the fruits of every zone, and blend in the products of his industry the contributions of every soil and climate.

In man alone does this system attain a perfect adjustment. Other animals have their limits of latitude, some broader, some more restricted; none are cosmopolites. The camel and the reindeer could not change places. The elephant could not winter in Greenland. The Polar bear swelters under the tempered heat of one of our October days. Man alone can live and work wherever land, iceberg, or ocean gives him room to stand or float.

This vein of illustration might be followed much further; but we leave it, to develop a still more intimate relation between human art and the Creator. All art is mathematical. Thus music is, equally with arithmetic, a science of numbers;

Pythagoras and Orpheus were equally identified with its early development; and it was not better understood by Newton, La Grange, and Euler, than by Mozart, Beethoven, or Rossini. The problem of the flute-note is discussed in the "Principia" with the harmony of the spheres. The relative magnitude of the pipes of the organ, the length of their vibrations respectively, and the qualities of the resulting tones, form a series of numerical proportions no less definite and uniform than those which govern the planetary orbits; and the reason why the reed-pipes are oftener out of tune than the others is, that they involve complex problems which still lack a complete solution, so that the rules for their construction are but empirical. Musical intervals are rightly designated by numerical names, and might be as well represented on the score by numbers as by notes. Colours have their mathematical no less than their chemical laws; and, as they are separated by the prism or combined in art, they indicate relations which can be expressed only by abstract formulæ. Painting has no merit unless the drawing be true, and all true drawing corresponds to one or another mode of mathematical projection. Architecture and mechanical operations of every kind depend on definite proportions, the violation of which can be compensated by no exuberance of beauty, or misplaced accumulation of strength, but must issue in utter waste and ruin. Every department of engineering, the grading of the routes of travel, the construction of railways and bridges, the safety and efficiency of the water-wheel, the entire science of navigation, all depend on mathematical laws coeval and co-extensive with the universe—on these laws as they span the solar system, and extend to stars whose distances elude calculation. The practical rules of even the inferior arts, the rules recognised by the labourer who knows not the multiplication table, are derived from these world-embracing, universe-girdling laws. Were it not for the perception of these laws, we should still be at the lowest point of civilisation. We should dare to rear only structures frail as a tent, or of ungainly and superfluous massiveness, like the pyramids; no machine or mechanical power beyond a rude knife or mallet would help us in our toil; and our hollowed trunks of trees or bark canoes would still timidly skirt the seashore, and not venture beyond sight of land.

But the mathematical science in which art has its birth is literally a portion of the Divine mind. So far as we are cognisant of it, God gives us glimpses of the plan of the universe, permits us to handle the compasses with which he meted out the earth and spread the heavens, enables us to see precisely as he sees.

Here, then, is the highest dignity of art. It is the embodiment of absolute truth, the circumscription in material forms of universal and eternal laws, the transcript by human hands of the thoughts of God. Its rules could have been devised, codified, and applied only by minds that were taken up by the Creator into his own point of view—taught by his inspiration the very relations and proportions that dwell from all eternity in his omniscience, and crystallised by His fiat in worlds, suns, and systems.

We have now reached the climax of human art. Man disappears, and what he calls his work is but the manifestation of the one creative, all-pervading

Spirit—great and glorious in the massive and sky-reaching structures of human genius, in the world-subduing energies of science, in the thronged marts of industry and traffic, no less than in the silent mountain, the primeval forest, or the many-twinkling smile and the multitudinous roar of the ocean waves.

The tendency of our times is, we might almost say, to art-worship—to the sentiment which had its type and reached its culminating point in the ancient monarch, when he said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" Much of the practical skill, mechanical genius, and executive capacity of the day is materialistic,—Titanic alike in its strength and its impiety, worshipping only its own capacity and its master-workmen. The rapidity and vastness of man's aggressions upon Nature, the iron girdles with which he clasps the continent, the lightnings that bear his mandates from zone to zone, are constantly dwelt upon, not as out-goings of Omnipotent Wisdom, but as the apotheosis of art and science; and the great discoverers, inventors, and mechanicians of the age have honours rendered to them hardly less than divine. Meanwhile the

sacred solitudes, where holy men were wont to commune in silence with the Almighty, are solitudes no longer. Art obtrudes her forces where once were secluded shrines of natural grandeur and beauty, lays her iron track across the sunless ravines, wakes with the shout and tramp of her chariots the echoes of the ancient hills.

We have endeavoured to show you that these works of man are in a higher and more intimate sense the works of God; that in all in which man seeks his own glory, he but manifests the glory of the Creator. "Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee." The views that we have presented blend in worship the tribute of art with the spontaneous incense that floats in temples on which there has been no sound of axe or hammer, compels the throng and tide of toiling hands, and throbbing brains, and reasoning minds, to take up the strain of universal Nature, the song of angels and of ransomed men—"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! great where thy hand hath wrought in everlasting silence,—no less marvellous where thine inspiration hath guided, thy might strengthened, thy loving providence crowned, the work of thy children upon earth."

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LITTLE LADY.

BY SARA WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

A GUEST ARRIVES.



HERE was an unusual bustle one spring morning at Ringley Farm, as Farmer Bridges was preparing to start for Knole market, though that was what he did every Thursday the whole year through. The gig and old grey mare stood at the back-door of the farmhouse, all ready for him to take his seat;

but while he was examining the mare's feet, and tightening a girth, and buckling a strap here and there of her harness, Mrs. Bridges was very busy arranging the left side of the gig seat—placing an extra cushion at the back, and a hassock on the splash-board for short legs to rest on, and putting into the box under the seat a basket in which were sandwiches and cakes, and, lastly, a cloak, in case of rain; all which preparations were for the comfort of a little traveller, whom Farmer Bridges was to meet at the Knole railway station in the afternoon, and bring back with him to Ringley Farm.

No sooner had the wheels of the gig been heard, as it was drawn out of the chaise-house at the other side of the yard, and the barking of the dogs began, for which that was the signal, than all Farmer Bridges' children came rushing from the four points of the compass to see what was to be seen. One would creep out from under a great rick of straw or hay, another scramble down out of a tree;

some come tumbling down the steep ladder that led up to the hay-loft; and perhaps the barking of the dogs might bring the two eldest boys from quite a distant field, where they were rat-hunting or bird-nesting, or having a game of trap bat and ball. We must explain that the Bridges' children were eight in number—Edmund, Jane, Mark, and Kate; and four more, whom for convenience' sake we will call "the little ones."

Now, on this particular occasion, their father's starting for Knole market was rather an important affair, because of the visitor he was to bring back with him; and the children knew well what their mother was making all these preparations for, and what she was giving so many charges to their father about. They knew that a young cousin of theirs, whom none of the party had ever seen, was coming to spend some months with them—the daughter of their mother's only sister, who had married and gone out to the West Indies, and died there. They knew that the little girl's name was Julie Frazer, and that she was about twelve years old, and had not very long ago come from abroad with her father in order to be educated in England, but who, before going to school among strangers, was to come down to Ringley Farm to make acquaintance with her aunt and cousins, and get strong, and accustomed to English life. The Bridges' girls and boys were rough in their ways, and impatient of restraint; and somehow they did not look forward with any great pleasure or interest to this visit of their West Indian cousin.

"What a fuss mother is making about Julie's coming," said Jane, as she noticed her mother's care and precaution.

"And I don't expect to like her a bit," said Kate.

"Oh," said Edmund, "it's because her mother was mother's only sister; and she says she promised her before she died to look after Julie, and take care of her if ever she came to England."

"Mother wants so to see if she is like her sister, too," said Jane; "she says she remembers her face as well as if she had only seen her yesterday."

"Come, come, youngsters!" cried Farmer Bridges, taking the reins and stepping into the gig, "get out of the way, and be off to school. And you, Edmund, don't you forget what I told you about that calf when you come back. Yes, yes, I'll remember," said he, in his turn, to Mrs. Bridges, as she gave her parting injunctions about the cloak if it should turn out cold or rainy. Then "Gee! gee!" to the mare, a little crack of the whip, and off he drove—the little ones scampering to the farmyard gate to hold it open for "father."

The elder children went off to school, leaving the little ones to play about all day, and follow their mother in and out and about the house, as she bustled over her various employments; occasionally doing some little jobs for her, and making themselves tolerably useful when they were not terribly in the way, as their mother made pastry, and cakes, and custards, and got ready the little bedroom next her own, which was to be for "tuzzin that was tumming." One of them thought that the name of the latter was "Judy;" and then, by-and-by, another still smaller one forgot, and asked when "Punce was tumming?" which made Mrs. Bridges stand in the middle of the kitchen, with her rolling-pin in her hand, and laugh till the tears came into her eyes, as she patted the little fellow's head, and left his curly hair all powdered with the flour off her fingers.

By the time their father returned again from Knole with his little niece, the whole of the eight children—from stout Edmund, at thirteen, to the youngest "little one"—stood again in a cluster at the gate, ready to open it, and then rushing up to the back-door again, ready to see the little stranger that was half lifted out of the gig by their eager mother. None of the children—not even Edmund and Jane, the eldest, and, perhaps, not even Farmer Bridges himself—could understand the emotion shown by Mrs. Bridges in receiving the delicate little child, Julie, whom she found strangely resembling the sister she had so loved and lost; though quite unlike her in the darkness of her complexion and her eyes and hair; and yet, somehow, her smile, her little, slender figure, a look about her eyes and a tone in her voice, brought the tears gushing into Mrs. Bridges' eyes—it did all so remind her of Julie's mother, and carry back her thoughts to former times; and even with her heart full of plenty of love at all times for her good husband and group of children, though the former was rather rough in his way, and the children rough in theirs, and often troublesome, and "quite the plague of her life"—yet, somehow, she had quite room enough in her heart to give little motherless Julie a place in it, and was ready from all the circumstances of the case to bestow upon her the tenderest care and kindness.

There must have been, perhaps, something in Mrs. Bridges herself to remind Julie too of the mother whom she had lost just four years ago, for she felt at once as if she had suddenly replaced that

mother; and she clung to her aunt with a feeling of happy trust and affection, as if she was sure she was going to be well taken care of, and loved, and made happy and comfortable. Well was it for little Julie that she felt this, or she might have been almost dismayed at the way in which her eight cousins stood and stared at her when she had been led into the farmhouse parlour by their mother. If it had been a party of savages on an island in the Pacific, when first visited by a European, they could not have looked with more wonder, and held more aloof, than they did as their mother took off little Julie's wraps, and they saw what she was like. Her jet black hair fell round her head and face in heavy black curls, and her eyes, with their long lashes, flashed as she lifted the lids; and she was so sallow, so slender, so very unlike themselves, or any other child they had ever seen, that she seemed to belong to another race of beings. And then her dress! That helped to make her look strange in their eyes. It was not that of a child, but more like that of a grown-up person—a little flounced frock, a little frilled mantilla, a little feathered hat, little boots, little gloves—altogether, as Mrs. Bridges whispered to her husband, and the children heard the whisper, she was "quite a little lady." And there was something, too, so unlike themselves in her ways—she spoke so prettily and properly, and used all sorts of polite little expressions, and answered questions so accurately, with a foreign accent, and with graceful gestures, and in all her movements was so gentle and well-mannered, that every one who saw her was sure to say, sooner or later, "quite the little lady."

It would have been difficult for the Bridges' children (the four eldest) to account for the fact, but it is certain that they made up their minds that first evening that they did not like their new little acquaintance; and this impression seemed to gain ground as the days and weeks passed on of her stay. She was so different from them, that how could they like her? they would perhaps have asked; and would certainly not have owned to being a little jealous of their mother's constant attentions to her, and of the sort of consideration and respect that was paid to her by everybody who came about the house. It was tiresome to them for their mother to be so frequently remarking on the neat way in which she kept her drawers, and folded her things, and put away her work; because they knew how very much the reverse were their own ways in such matters. When all the party of children were together, too, for a game of play or a scrambling walk, it was inconvenient and awkward to have Julie with them, who could do so little that they were accustomed to do, and was such a terrible coward about things that they had never thought of being afraid of.

She was afraid of cows, horses, the great dog, and the turkey-cock, and would often rather stay in doors, or in the garden, by herself, than encounter such dangers. And yet, with all this cowardice, little Julie enjoyed very much a great deal of her life at Ringley Farm, and had a sort of admiration for her rough and boisterous cousins, envying them their joyous and light-hearted merriment at times when she was so miserably afraid. She liked the pleasant English country things and doings, cowslip-gathering in the meadows, fruit-

gathering in the garden, hay-making, and the corn-harvest, and seeing all the operations of the farmyard. All this would have been very pleasant if she had not so often heard it said, "How terribly Julie is in the way."

CHAPTER II.

COUNTRY DOINGS.

As the weeks of her stay at Ringley Farm passed on, Julie Frazer became gradually accustomed to English life, and, as she grew stronger and more robust, was better able to accommodate herself to the habits of her young cousins. Sometimes, to be sure, when anything happened to make her feel herself in their way, or when she could not help seeing that they thought her stupid or cowardly, and there were whispers about "that tiresome Julie," she would all at once feel very miserable, and running back into the house, would find out Aunt Bridges, and, laying her head on her shoulder, have a little cry. In answer to her aunt's questions she made no complaint, and only said—

"I should like to see papa; or, I wish mamma had never died," to excuse her sorrow, and would perhaps persuade herself that such was the cause of her momentary keen sense of desolation; but, happily, such feelings were very short-lived. It only needed one of the little ones to come and pull her frock and ask "Judy" to come and play with them and amuse them, for her to wipe her eyes and run off, ready to comply with their wishes, and to be happy again. Then all this time she was finding such amusement in all the farmhouse doings, which were so new to her, and was learning something every day, as she followed her aunt about, and watched her in her daily employments. It had been such a puzzle to her how the brown grains of wheat she saw pouring out of the thrashing machine in the yard could ever become the fine white flour of which bread was made, that Aunt Bridges had promised that, during the summer, she should go with her cousins some day to Bradbourne mill and see the whole process of grinding corn there with the curious machinery that was set in motion by the falling of water. It had always been a summer treat of the young Bridges to go some afternoon to take tea with Mrs. Hughes, the miller's wife, and eat strawberries in the mill garden, and was looked upon as an especial privilege of the elder ones, seeing that the place was too surrounded with water for the little ones to be trusted to visit it. Accordingly, one fine day in July, that had been fixed on by Mrs. Hughes, the four eldest, and Julie, attired in Sunday frocks and coats, and best bonnets and caps, and with holiday joyfulness in their hearts, started off for Bradbourne mill. Never was there a more delightful walk than they had that afternoon across the meadows by the river-side, as they followed the winding of the stream, so as never to lose sight of the quick flowing water; the banks all clustered with flowering rushes, and tufts of meadow sweet, and yellow flags, and purple loosestrife, while butterflies, and dragonflies, and innumerable insects flitted about, hovering among the blossoms or skimming the surface of the water.

No one enjoyed the walk more than little Julie that day, and, perhaps, she was made more than usually happy by Edward's kindness to her, as he kept by

her side and let her talk to him about what she remembered of her West Indian life and home. She could tell him about palm-trees, and plantains, and cocoa-nut-trees, which were as familiar objects to her as oaks, and elms, and ash-trees to him. She had seen and tasted all sorts of tropical fruits that Edward had only read of people eating, when cast upon desert islands. She had been in forests and jungles where gaudy parrots and macaws chattered and screeched, and where delicate humming birds flitted from flower to flower. She had seen monkeys in their native woods, leaping and climbing, and swinging by their tails; and had many stories to tell of their tricks and mischievous ways; and she had been where turtles and tortoises came up out of the sea and basked upon the sunny shore. At the end of their walk, on arriving at the mill, after crossing the narrow bridge over the deep mill dam, and then passing through Mrs. Hughes' pretty garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, how pleasant it was to find themselves in her shady parlour, with a tea-table spread with every nice thing that could be thought of for tea—except strawberries.

"Did they fancy for a moment that an elderly body like her," asked Mrs. Hughes, "was going to pick strawberries for such young folk as they? No such thing!"

That they were to do for themselves after tea was over. And what a merry tea-drinking it was, and how their long hot walk made them enjoy Mrs. Hughes' delicious bread-and-butter, and endless variety of cakes, and preserves, and golden honey, while much talking and laughing went on! When at last every one was rested and satisfied, Mrs. Hughes led the way, and took them all over the mill, and, with the help of Edward's explanations, Julie was made to understand how the grains of corn were crushed by the machinery, and ground finer and finer till it was poured out in soft flour; how the bran was then sifted from it till it became as white as snow; and lastly, how all the intricate works were set in motion by the falling of the dammed-up water upon the wooden valves of one great wheel beneath, which stunned them with its constant noise, though the miller and his family talked and heard each other, and seemed unconscious of the deafening rattle and roar. After the lesson on corn grinding came the most delightful thing of all, the strawberry gathering and eating, in the garden that sloped down to the mill-stream, and had the midday sun so full upon it, that its strawberry beds were renowned far and near. No time then for talk or merriment, only occasional ejaculations of wonder and delight at some especial monster strawberries hit upon by a lucky hunter, while the miller stood and laughed as he watched the zeal of the "youngsters" as they first ate for themselves and then filled the baskets they had brought with them for carrying home.

Mrs. Hughes had never seen Julie before that afternoon, and she took a great fancy to the little stranger, and noticed her pretty manners at table, and gentle ways, as compared to the rest of the children, and she, too, decided that she was quite a "little lady." After they had all left the tea-table, however, it would appear that she had had some talk with her daughter about Julie, when they had fancied themselves quite alone, and had no idea that



"Their mother took off little Julie's wraps, and they saw what she was like."—p. 429.

little Mark Bridges had come back while the others were in the mill to fetch his cap. Having found that it had fallen down behind a table, he had crawled under it, and come out suddenly, giving Mrs. Hughes quite a start, so little did she know that he was there. "Bless me!—little pitchers have long ears. What could we have been saying whilst he was under the table?" she had asked her daughter.

That evening, as the children returned home over the meadows from the mill, they took the shortest footways, and were somewhat less talkative and merry than as they had gone, for they were tired with their afternoon's doings, and had each a basket of strawberries and a bunch of flowers to take care of. Mark and Kate were observed to lag terribly, and linger behind; and when the others waited for them from time to time, they were observed to be whispering together, and looking quite grave and mysterious about the subject of their talk. Before they had reached home, Jane said to Edmund, "Do you know, Edmund, that Mark and Kate have such a secret—such a dreadful secret, they say—that they are not going to tell anybody?"

"Oh, nonsense! I don't believe anything of the kind. What secret can they possibly have that you and I do not know?" said he.

"But indeed, Edmund, they have," said Jane; and she whispered, "what's more, I believe it is about Julie. Something they have found out about her—so horrible—so very dreadful, they say."

Edmund did not, however, believe it to be more than some ridiculous nonsense of Mark's and Kate's, and he went on with his talk with Julie about the West Indies, and drew from her more interesting facts about her life there; and when they reached home there was so much to tell their father and mother about their visit to Bradbourne, that there was no time before going to bed for anything else; so for the present the secret had to remain undiscovered. *(To be concluded in our next.)*

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—*Matt. xx. 5.*

WORK in the vineyard at once, dear child,
Now whilst the day is serene and mild;
Now with the sweetness of childhood
spread,

As a lovely veil o'er thy youthful head;
With the dew of thought in thy trustful eye,
And thy smile all clear in its radiance;
Now ere hath risen one evil day,
Enter the vineyard and work away."

"Mother they care not for one so young,"
Thus fell the words from that fair boy's tongue,
"Older and braver are toiling there,
What could I do in the sun-steeped air?"

Think if the vineyard's Lord drew nigh,
How he would smile on my infancy;
How he would marvel I durst to stand,
One in the throng of that working band!"

"The Master loveth the morning hour,
He prizeth the dew as a rich pearl-dower,
And the early breezes that whispering pass,
Like an angel's tread o'er the bending grass;
And the opening bud in its downy sheaf,
The unfolding soft of the tender leaf,
All are admired and loved and owned,
By him whose goodness his works have crowned.

"Oh, think you not, as like working bee,
You serve in the vineyard willingly,
That the Lord, the Master, will take delight
In looking down on the pleasant sight,
And give for your child-work far more than gold,
Even his blessings manifold;
What are the sun's fierce rays to thee?
Child, as thy day, so thy strength will be."

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 394.

"For me to live is Christ."—*Phil. i. 21.*

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| 1. Felix..... | Acts xiii. 26. |
| 2. O nesimus..... | Philom. 10. |
| 3. R hodan..... | Acts xii. 13. |
| 4. M loah..... | Judg. xviii. 17. |
| 5. E lhanah..... | 2 Chron. xxviii. 7. |
| 6. T oia..... | Judg. x. 1. |
| 7. O nan..... | Gen. xlii. 12. |
| 8. L aleh..... | Judg. xviii. 27. |
| 9. I machar..... | 1 Kings xv. 27. |
| 10. V ashti..... | Ezra. i. 12. |
| 11. E liczer..... | Gen. xiv. 42. |
| 12. I shobotheth..... | 2 Sam. iv. 7. |
| 13. S hileh..... | 1 Kings xiv. 4. |
| 14. O amon..... | Judg. x. 5. |
| 15. H aman..... | Ezra. vii. 6. |
| 16. R izpah..... | 2 Sam. xxi. 10. |
| 17. I tane..... | Gen. xxi. 7. |
| 18. S abeans..... | Job i. 15. |
| 19. T yre..... | 1 Kings v. 1; x. 11. |

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC No. VI.

"Karkar."—*Judg. viii. 10.*

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|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. K irjath-jearim..... | 1 Sam. vii. 2. |
| 2. A pheh..... | 1 Kings ix. 30. |
| 3. Reed..... | 1 Kings xiv. 15. |
| | 2 Kings xviii. 21. |
| 4. K irjath-arta..... | Josh. xiv. 15. |
| 5. O thniel..... | Judg. i. 13. |
| 6. R abshakeh..... | 2 Kings xviii. |
| | Isa. xxxvi. |

FOUR CENTURIES OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



HE sixteenth century has begun; mediæval institutions are everywhere fast disappearing before the new wants and aspirations of society; the spirit of inquiry is abroad, and it is evident that the existing order of things in the political, the intellectual, and the religious world must soon undergo a complete change. Whilst the principles of the Reformation are gaining ground in Germany and in England, they have also found their way into France, and have identified themselves with Calvin and Farel. King Francis I., worthless as a moral character, but fond of intellectual pursuits, possessing taste, imagination, and wit, has transformed his palace into a kind of academy; at the Louvre, literary talent receives every species of encouragement, and the impulse given to polite learning by the Renaissance has reached even persons belonging to the royal family. What an age to live in! What a field for the meditations of the philosopher, the genius of the poet, and the schemes of the politician!

Two distinct currents may easily be traced in the momentous revolution which marked the beginning of the sixteenth century. Wherever that revolution was a mere negative protest against the absolutism of the Church, and the routine of scholastic learning, the results obtained were almost as dangerous in one way as they were useful in the other. This fact, so glaringly illustrated by the whole progress of European history during the time of the Reformation, is particularly applicable to France; and if Italy could boast of a Machiavelli and a Pomponazzi, our Gallican neighbours had freethinkers such as Estienne Dolet, Bonaventure Desperiers, and Servet. The writer who gives the best idea of the chaos which existed at that time in the public mind, and of the thorough sifting to which all opinions—political, literary, metaphysical, and religious—were subjected, is, undoubtedly, François Rabelais, the jolly Vicar of Meudon, "*Alcofribas Nasier, abstracteur de quintessence*," as he styled himself. There is scarcely a question of importance that is not touched upon in his book. The corruption of the clergy is denounced in the strongest terms; the rights of conscience, the futility of those logomachies to which scholasticism had finally condescended, the defects of absolute government, the necessity of educational reform—all these points are discussed by Rabelais with an amount of common sense which is only equalled by the originality of his style, and the genial character of his wit.

It is a curious, but at the same time an undeniable fact, that all the theories of emancipation propounded by the sixteenth century failed, with the exception of the great movement undertaken for the purpose of restoring the Word of God to its proper position, and of establishing the true character of the Church. What were the political doctrines ad-

vocated by the publicists of the day but empty, useless pieces of declamation, or mere Utopias? What were their metaphysical systems but either attempts to revive antiquated schemes, or, on the contrary, doctrines of so impious, so sceptical a character, that they were alike repugnant to reason and to conscience? If we turn to the governing powers, had they not, by assuming the right of keeping under their control all the interests of society, taken a responsibility which is capable of crushing down the most enlightened rulers? If we consider the people, do we not find them infatuated with a form of radicalism so gross that, followed out thoroughly, it would have plunged Europe once more into the confusion of the tenth century?

In opposition to these imperfect attempts, the religious reform also manifested itself, and, at an early period, obtained in France a general support. Its first conquests took place amongst literary characters; all the eminent jurists of the sixteenth century accepted the principles of the Reformation, either secretly or openly. Even part of the court sided with the novators, as they were called; Louise of Savoy did not seem opposed to the movement; her daughter, Margaret de Navarre, famed for her wit, her intellectual accomplishments, and the freedom of her thought, author herself of plays, tales, and poetry, avowedly espoused the religious principles of Calvin; the Duchess d'Etampes, friend of the king, prided herself on supporting the Reformers. Lefèvre d'Étaples and Louis de Berquin, who were both *savans* known and esteemed by Francis I., maintained public discussions in their favour; the former of these eminent men had renounced the errors of the Church of Rome six years before Luther. Finally, the Court poet, Clement Marot, forsook his epigrams and his love elegies in order to translate the Psalms of David, which the Paris Huguenots went to sing in the walks of the Pré-aux-Clercs. Far from being at first frightened by these symptoms, the king wished to attach to his own person the paragon of learning of that time—Erasmus, of Rotterdam, who was accused of having prepared the way for Luther by his invectives against the monastic orders. But when the German peasants, endeavouring to draw from the new religious movement consequences of an anti-social nature, tried to shake off all authority, Francis I. thought that the Reformation, which was an act of rebellion against the Pope, might lead, if applied in a merely political direction, to revolt against the King; and, whilst remaining the interested friend of the Lutherans in Germany, he resolved upon preventing the teaching which they upheld from taking root throughout his own dominions.

Although the limits of this paper forbid us from entering into any details, we must give at least one word of notice to the great man who accomplished in France the task of religious reformation. Calvin owed his power to the energy of his mind, and to the manner in which he interpreted the two conflicting principles—liberty and authority. Liberty

is the *form* proposed by Calvin and his friends; religion, that is to say legitimate obedience, is the *substance*. The Reformation might have dwindled into a negative protest; it became a positive movement: instead of being a mere outburst of liberalism, it claimed a hearing on the ground that it was the pure exponent of Christianity—or rather, this was its first character, and it steadfastly resisted every effort made to draw it away from so safe a course.

We have already said that there were, during the sixteenth century, two distinct classes of Reformers. Some, whilst professing the utmost regard for all the externals of religion (*viz.*, Roman Catholicism), were busily, but stealthily, engaged in destroying Christianity. The others determined upon following the opposite direction. With them rituals and ceremonies were nothing; nay, they had become worse than nothing, for they had accumulated like a mass of corrupt rubbish over the fair superstructure raised by Christ in the Gospel. At any cost these excrescences must be cleared away. The war raged quite as fiercely between both classes of Reformers as between the Reformers, properly so called, and the supporters of the hierarchy: it was a struggle for life and death; and when we consider the issue, we may boldly affirm that Protestantism, in a certain sense, saved Christianity. We go even farther than that: the seventeenth century is indebted to the Reformation for Pascal, Fénelon, Bossuet; and Port-Royal is connected with Geneva.

The period, so eventful for France, which was marked by the reign of the house of Valois, and which witnessed the planting of the Protestant Church, appears, at first sight, to have been for the Huguenots an epoch of constant struggle, both on the battle-field and in the cabinet, so that the vicissitudes of war and the complications of diplomacy would have left but little time for the cultivation of the arts and the pursuit of literature; and yet let us just glance at the long roll of illustrious men who, in the various branches of intellectual pursuit, left behind them an imperishable name. Some of the most eminent were Protestants. Pierre Ramus obtained, at one time, such reputation, that Europe was divided into parties of Ramists, Anti-Ramists, and Semi-Ramists; Ambroise Paré distinguished himself as a physician; Vatable, Guillaume Budé, the various members of the Estienne family, Lefèvre d'Étaples, and Theodore de Bèze, did much for the diffusion of classical literature. It is now a question whether the sculptor, Jean Goujon, was murdered during the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Of his talent there has never been the slightest doubt. The gracefulness he displayed in his numerous productions has obtained for him the name of the Corregio of sculpture. As for Bernard Palissy, he was a kind of universal genius, equally at home in the walks of science and in those of art. The beautiful enamelled pottery which still bears his name has more particularly contributed to his glory; but philosophers will perhaps remember, with greater satisfaction, how on some points of natural history he anticipated the discoveries of George Cuvier.

Closely knit together by common sympathies and common interests, the different branches of the Protestant Church throughout Europe kept up, by letters and otherwise, an intercourse which the active schemes of the house

of Austria and of the Valois rendered absolutely necessary. Deputies from the Huguenot community were seen in Germany, in Holland, in Switzerland; the part of London to which the name *Petty France* was given might be considered as a living protest against the fanaticism of the Medici; and often some weatherbeaten soldier from the fields of Jarnac, or of Moncontour, or again from behind the grim walls of La Rochelle, would be seen in the midst of a crowd of his fellow-religionists now settled in England, telling them anecdotes of heroic piety, of wonderful escapes, and of providential interpositions. Theodore de Bèze's "*Histoire des Eglises Réformées*" finally became the repository where all these episodes of early French Protestantism were collected and preserved. And certainly, it is impossible to read without emotion the history of the first persecutions which preceded the great armed resistance and a long continued series of furious reprisals. Party passions had not, as yet, mingled themselves with the pious thoughts of the Protestants, with their unwavering trust in God. On one side, their attitude humble, though firm; their touching intrepidity; the manners of those numerous *tiers-état* families, for whom life was a serious concern, and honour an hereditary treasure; the *élite* of the nation, high-minded, calm and inflexible in the confession of its belief; on the other side, violence, impassioned incredulity, or fanaticism let loose, fierce cries, a mob of executioners and tormentors everywhere, with princes to witness them—all this picture, so naturally given in Bèze's simple and truthful history, cannot leave us indifferent. It was the time when Madame de Coligny encouraged her husband to action on behalf of the oppressed Protestants in the following eloquent manner: "I tremble for fear lest your prudence should be that of the children of the world; lest, being so wise in the sight of men, you should be counted a fool by God, who gave you the prudence of the warrior. Can you conscientiously refuse his children the benefit of that science? You have confessed to me that it excited you sometimes; it is the power of God; God cannot think you guilty for wielding it. Does your sword oppress the afflicted? Is it not rather unsheathed for the purpose of delivering them from their tyrants? No! may the fear of being unsuccessful never make you abandon the rightful cause. . . . Sir, I feel weighing upon my conscience the blood of our friends, so freely shed; that blood and your wife cry out against you, and accuse you of being the murderer of those whom you do not shield from the assassin's dagger."

Amongst the celebrated characters presented to our admiration by the history of French Protestantism, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné is one of the most remarkable; and as he is less known to the general reader than Talisy, Calvin, and many others, we have thought that a few anecdotes taken from his memoirs would be interesting, whilst, at the same time, they illustrate, in a very striking manner, the state of parties abroad during the sixteenth century.

Born in 1552, of a good Poitevin family, D'Aubigné was a kind of "Admirable Crichton"—a man who could be turned to any account, and who was ready to support his arguments by logic, or by something more striking. The quickness of his parts, the extent

of his learning, and his undaunted courage, rendered him a most valuable acquisition to the court of Henry of Navarre. He discussed theology with the far-famed Cardinal du Perron; he was employed as a diplomatist; he distinguished himself in the capacity of poet, historian, satirist; and, although he never rose to the first rank, yet he was, perhaps, considering the circumstances under which he was placed, more useful to a struggling cause than would have been half-a-dozen different persons, each exhibiting in its full development one of the various acquirements to be found in D'Aubigné.

Let us watch him first, when only eight years and a half, journeying to Paris, in company with a troop of twenty horsemen, commanded by his father. They have reached the city of Amboise, on a market day, and whilst passing through the public place, they notice hanging from the gallows the ghastly remains of the Protestant heroes who had been condemned to death with La Renaudie. The veteran soldier shuddered with indignation at the sight. These were the mangled corpses of his brethren, those whose dangers he had so often shared on the field of battle. Rushing on, and drawing his sword, which he pointed towards the horrid scene—"They have beheaded France, the wretches!" cried he; and as young Agrippa approached him, wondering what the reason of such vehemence could be—"My child," added the noble old chieftain, "after me you must not spare yourself for the purpose of avenging those heroes: if you fail to discharge your duty in this respect, may my curse remain upon you!" D'Aubigné's action, his enthusiasm, his words, had created amongst the bystanders a feeling of intense irritation; the crowd pressed around him with threats, and the small band of Protestant cavaliers had the greatest difficulty in getting safely through the town.

Agrippa's education was very carefully attended to, under the direction of such masters as Beroalde, the celebrated nephew of the no less celebrated Vatable. It is said that when seven years old he translated from Greek into French one of Plato's dialogues. But the din of arms resounding throughout the length and breadth of France soon scared away the muses, and those who would study quietly must seek learning in foreign lands. D'Aubigné accordingly went to Genoa, and on his way thither he narrowly escaped the faggot. He was travelling under the guidance of his tutor, Beroalde, with seven other persons, when, at some distance from Paris, they were arrested by the Chevalier d'Acton, at the head of a hundred Catholic mounted troopers. Their doom was, to all appearances, sealed, and the whole company, delivered over to the care of an Inquisitor named Démodarès, received orders to prepare for death.

"My child," said the priest to the stripling, "before it is too late, repent, and promise to attend mass."

"Never!" was the firm reply.

"But just consider what awaits you—the stake!—all the horrors of slow and certain death by fire."

"The horror of mass," cried D'Aubigné, "prevents me from dreading the stake!"

Whilst this was going on, the sounds of revelry and the strains of music could be heard in a neighbouring room. D'Acton, opening the door, asked Démodarès whether he had done with the prisoners.

"Done?" answered he; "oh, yes; they are just like the others—obstinate and fearless."

"Well," said the captain, "let us see, at any rate, whether *they can dance*." And leading Agrippa d'Aubigné in the midst of the soldiers—"My boy," continued he, "just show us how you manage a *gaillarde*."

"Yes, sir," answered the prisoner, and he went through the dance without a single mistake, to the amusement and applause of the whole company.

However, night was drawing on—a night most eventful for the captive Huguenots: the executioner of the neighbouring town of Milly having been instructed by D'Acton to hold himself in readiness early the next morning. The doors of the prison were shut, and the prisoners had assembled for prayers, when, most unexpectedly, one of the soldiers on duty walked in, and addressing Beroalde—"I must save you all," said he, "for the sake of that young *dancer*" (pointing to D'Aubigné). "Be ready, every one of you, at midnight; and in the meanwhile, give me fifty or sixty crowns, in order to bribe two men, without whom I can do nothing."

The money was soon found, and at the settled time the Huguenots, thus saved as by a miracle, were rescued from the power of the terrible Démodarès by the noble-hearted soldier. After many dangers, exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, they found themselves on the road to Montargis.

"What reward," exclaimed Beroalde, "can sufficiently prove our gratitude?"

"You told me, I think," answered the trooper, "that Monsieur d'Aubigné holds a command in Orleans. Promise me that you will obtain from him my appointment to some post amongst his followers."

We need scarcely say that the promise was most heartily made, and shortly after, the Protestant cause had gained one more staunch adherent in the person of a brave man who had thus set death at defiance, for the sake of performing an act of Christian generosity.

As we read episodes of so touching a character, we protest with the oppressed against the oppressors; with them we set at defiance the tyrants both of the street and of the Louvre; and whilst under the impression of our natural emotions, we can understand how well persecution helped on the cause of the French Huguenots.



GONE BEFORE.

HHE left us in the early spring, while yet the frosty rime
 Forbade the wilding flow'rs to bring new thoughts of summer-time,
 While yet the churchyard grass was bare of the little daisy face,
 Whose upturned glance of hope makes there its earliest dwelling-place.

Perhaps the hand that beckoned her tenderly thought it best
 To spare the sorrow it would stir in such a gentle breast,
 If, when she bade the world "good-bye," a mute entreaty fell
 From each old friend whose dew-wet eye reproached the sad farewell.

Close friends they *were*, and playfellows, as fitly flowers might be,
 For not a wind of heaven knows a purer flower than she;
 Who, through her girlish life less seemed a thing of earthly mould
 Than some sweet vision we had dreamed, or in a book been told.

I would that ye her voice had heard, when, in the twilight dim,
 Guileless as any woodland bird she sang the evening hymn.
 Ah, like those little grateful throats, 'twas ever hers to raise
 Her loudest and her sweetest notes when busied with His praise.

Gone! though the dew-steeped May flowers shed their odours by the way—
 Gone! though the brook still runneth red in the summer's golden ray;—
 Though autumn's tints are painted as in her time they were,
 And the frost rime still with diamond dust begems the dark-browed fir.

Gone! though the morning light still breaks on the hills she loved to climb;
 Gone! though the Sabbath still awakes the dear inviting chime,
 To which methinks it was her wont to attune each maiden thought,
 For ne'er unto the house of God was soul more spotless brought.

Gone! yet had ye but seen her hair blown rippling in the breeze,
 And the white forehead shining there, parting its wavy seas,
 Like the prow of a vessel heaven-bound no thing of earth might stay,
 Ye would not think of the cold damp ground, or speak about decay.

Gone! but not lost to us. Ah! no; she only waits us where
 Such gentle spirits sooner go than those less good and fair.
 We are yet labouring with the storm, while *she* has gained the shore,
 And though we miss her darling form, Faith whispers—"Gone before."

A. W. B.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FAULKNER-MOORE'S MISSION AMONG THE MAORIS.

FAULKNER-MOORE'S captivity among the semi-savages of the Maori race lasted more than a year.

As the old chief was very partial to him, Faulkner-Moore would not have been very unhappy among these strange people, and in this wildly beautiful and majestic country, but for the impatient anguish of his spirit, when the haunting thought presented itself to his mind that Mostyn was, perhaps, spending (lavish and rash as he knew him, alas, to be) those funds, on the regaining possession of which he, the poor captive, built all his hopes of doing justice to the creditors of the old bank in Lombard Street, all chance of regaining his own good name, and all possibility of restoring his wife and son to their place among the respectable and respected classes. The impossibility, situated as he then was, of ever making an effort to communicate with Eva was another source of maddening misery to the poor prisoner.

Under the influence of these agonising reflections, Faulkner-Moore made two or three desperate attempts at escape from bondage. But his enslavers had over him the advantage of a perfect knowledge of that wild and wondrous country, the passes of whose precipitous and rocky mountains are known only to the sons of the soil.

Three separate times "the white man" escaped; three separate times he very nearly perished of hunger in the impassable fortresses Nature has built for her wild children.

It was during one of these efforts at recovering his freedom that Faulkner-Moore fell in with a bushranger, who told him that he was a sailor, who, like himself, had been taken prisoner by some of the savages, that he had effected his escape, and meant to return to England. Faulkner-Moore, who was at this time very ill of a sort of jungle-fever, had implored this man to inquire at Beech Park what had become of Mrs. Faulkner-Moore, and to convey to her, if he could find her, the scrap of paper he had torn from his pocket-book, and on which he had scrawled a few lines in pencil. He also sent his wife his watch and an old family ring—an heirloom—both of which he had kept concealed from the cupidity of Pampa, the Maori chief. He gave this stranger a sovereign he had in his pocket to repay him for his trouble. This man was the pretended dumb sailor whom the reader will remember having already heard of more than once.

Three separate times the tribe, with wild shouts and savage screams and brandished tomahawks, recovered their prisoner, and brought him before their chief, demanding death by slow fire, or other hideous tortures, as the punishment of his evasion.

And three separate times the old chief forgave him, but the last, to Faulkner-Moore's unspeakable anguish, his life was only spared on his giving his parole not again to attempt to leave the chief, who loved and treated him as a son.

"If I die by yon slow fire," said Faulkner-Moore to himself, as he saw the Maoris dancing round the flames, and heating instruments with which to gratify each his individual hate and envy by plucking at his flesh—"if I die, with me dies all hope of justice to my creditors—all chance of proving my own innocence, and of cleansing from the foul stains of felony and outlawry the ancient

and honoured name of Faulkner-Moore. It is not that I fear to die. If, by allowing this wretched body to be consumed in yon slow fire, and permitting those vindictive and demoniacal foes to pluck at this quivering flesh with their red-hot pincers, I could pay twenty shillings in the pound to every defrauded and, perhaps, ruined creditor of the old bank,—if I could convince the world that I am an innocent and most injured man,—if I could so clear my own name that my countrymen with one voice would demand that my outlawry (for well I know that I must by this time have been outlawed)—that my outlawry be revoked, and the foul name of felon replaced by that of an honest man, then God knows that I would gladly, proudly join those in heaven, and thus form one of those jewels with which the blessed Son will one day make up his crown. But, alas! no such exit from my dark and complicated misery is in store for me. My martyrdom must be, not the fierce pains of bodily torture, which can but endure for a while, but the 'sickness of hope deferred.'

Faulkner-Moore prayed long and fervently, and was led to see that it was his duty to live, and to wait God's good time for his deliverance. Once having given his parole, Faulkner-Moore was relieved from all bonds and all superintendence. The old chief, in his intercourse with "white men," had often had occasion to recognise and admire the religious importance they attach to their parole; and fully convinced that Faulkner-Moore was one who would never violate his, he allowed him to dispose of his time very much as he thought best.

The old chief, who, as we have said, was in many things but a semi-savage after all, wished Faulkner-Moore to form a sort of school, and instruct the tribe—the younger branches particularly—in those arts (cabalistic as they appeared to him) of reading, writing, and reckoning which, in his opinion, gave the white man so great an advantage over his untutored copper-coloured brethren. Faulkner-Moore now perceived the hand of God in his captivity among these Maoris.

Magawiska, whose mind had already been a little opened in her childhood to the Divine truths of revelation and the blessed light of the Gospel, was one of the most zealous of Faulkner-Moore's pupils, and it was touching to see the old tattooed chief himself sitting by Faulkner-Moore's side, under the tall, graceful rimu and tortara-trees, and the beautiful fuchsia-tree, covered with flowers of a pale rose colour, bending its branches over their heads. Behind them spread the tangled and impenetrable "bush," yet untrodden even by native feet; around them rose fern plants in every exquisite variety which Nature has given to her court plumes. Before them rose ridge upon ridge and peak upon peak of those "Grampian Hills" which bound the Warmia, and above which tower the Snowy Mountains, the Alpine range of that magnificent country, while, in keeping with the rocky wonders of that land of flood and fell, broad majestic rivers, here and there forming mountain torrents and Niagara-like falls, as they dashed over the rocky heights and descended into the lakes below, added to this glorious scene that charm and that life which lakes and rivers alone can give.

The religion of the New Zealanders—if such it can be called—was a sort of wild paganism, a superstitious and idolatrous worship of some unknown power.

But the savage mind, like that of a young child, is, even in old age, singularly open to those truths which God has often hidden from the wise and learned, and

revealed to babes and sucklings. Such in point of knowledge were the old chief and many of his tribe.

There is no question, no doubt, no distrust in a little child when he first hears of Jesus and salvation. It seems as if the simple words one uses to convey the only truth worth knowing were helped by light from on high shining into the infant soul.

And so it was with the old chief, his daughter Magawiska, and several of the Maori tribe (the women especially). By their own desire these converts were baptised. From the clear Takaka River Faulkner-Moore took the drops with which he signed the sign of the cross on the wrinkled foreheads, which seemed to him no longer hideous, though tattooed so savagely.

It was the very day after this interesting ceremony had been performed by Faulkner-Moore on the old chief, his waeni (wife), Magawiska, and about a dozen others, that the chief went forth to shoot wild pigs in the valley of Takaka.

These pigs, whose ancestors were turned out by Captain Cook in 1773, are now in immense numbers, and have the wild flavour of the Helvetian boar. They are almost the only game worth hunting in this part of New Zealand, and as the chief's larder was bare, necessity rather than sport induced him to set out.

Faulkner-Moore, being far from well, was allowed to remain at the wharri, and Magawiska stayed with him. Almost all the warriors joined the hunting expedition and—returned no more!

Whether they fell in with some newly-landed British forces, or whether, in wading the treacherous fords of the river, they were swept away, or whether they encountered some hostile tribe, and were killed or taken captive, none could tell, for no warrior who went forth to that hunt returned to that settlement to tell the tale of their disaster.

Faulkner-Moore, whose parole only bound him never to try to leave the chief again, was now released.

From the wild wails of the widowed women who would not be comforted, and who, in their despair, could not even listen to a word in season, Faulkner-Moore now resolved to depart, particularly as he saw that some few men who had remained behind were plotting together to take vengeance on him, now that the chief was no longer there to protect him.

Faulkner-Moore by this time knew something of the country, and in the dead of the night he effected his escape. His object was to get to Nelson, where he fancied Mostyn in all probability was, and where he hoped to confront him, and compel him to disgorge the wealth he had stolen from the bank. Little did Faulkner-Moore imagine the difficulties that await such an enterprise—the impossibility of proving Mostyn's guilt in that wild country, and the advantages that wealth and position would give the sleek laughing swindler over his poor destitute tattered accuser, fresh from fifteen months' captivity among the Maoris.

But yet despair not, Faulkner-Moore. Truth is great, and shall prevail.

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

CHAPTER LXIX.

ALONE WITH NATURE.

Yes, Faulkner-Moore was free at last. He was wandering alone among some of the fairest of Nature's sylvan solitudes, and the grandest of her fastnesses; for such are the untrodden valleys and wild mountain passes of New Zealand.

At first, the sense of freedom, after a whole year's captivity, was so delightful, so intoxicating, that he was sensible of nothing but the exhilarating sense of liberty, mixed with the hope, more entrancing still, of

tracking the felon Mostyn to his hiding-place, and compelling him to do him justice, and to disgorge all the funds of the bank.

This state of pleasurable excitement lasted during a whole day, during which he subsisted on a cake of the doughy, gritty bread of the Maories, and on the berries of the fuchsia-tree, which were now hanging ripe and tempting, and the long, spiral flowers of which he had seen during two successive summers, swaying like fairy bells in the mountain breeze.

Fortunately for our wanderer the weather was warm, and the country of surpassing beauty.

It was that lovely season on the shores of the South Pacific when summer glides into autumn—a change as gentle, gradual, and beautiful as that of the passionate love of youth into the holy affection of riper years, in that dearest and sweetest of human ties, a happy marriage. As night drew on, and the moon came out with her court of stars, and the Southern Cross shone in the clear sky, bringing to the heart that feeling of faith and hope which any cross, however humble, awakens in all Christian breasts, and while the two broad Milky Ways that span the skies of New Zealand looked like paths by which pure spirits might pass to heaven, Faulkner-Moore wrapped himself in the red blanket which the old chief Pampa had presented to him, and which he had taken away with him, and seeking out a spot where the graceful rimu and fuchsia-trees hedged in and waved over a bed of fern and moss, he sank into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The morning sun was glinting through the fairy foliage, and the wild flowers were offering their rich incense from their azure, ruby, and golden urns to the God of day, when Faulkner-Moore awoke.

A great writer—no less a one, indeed, than Lord Macaulay—has said, "It is in the morning that the churchyard of memory gives up its dead," and it is certain that sad thoughts and bitter recollections do come forth to torment us on waking, although, perhaps, sweet hopes and pleasant reminiscences may have attended us to our rest.

It was thus with Faulkner-Moore, when, cold, cramped, faint, and fasting, he rose from his bed of fern, moss, and wild flowers, and, looking out from beneath the canopy of green branches under which he had passed the night, saw nothing but rocky mountains, piled one above the other until the topmost formed a snowy range whose peaks were lost in the clouds, while at their base a broad, shallow river glided through a primeval valley, and, on the other side, spread miles and miles of that tangled, impenetrable forest land, which English settlers call the bush.

"How shall I ever live to get to Nelson?" thought poor Faulkner-Moore, as, dizzy from the effects of a day and night with no food but a small cake given to him by Magawiska, who always tried to make his bread a little less black, smoky, and gritty than that of the tribe, and with nothing else but a few berries, he felt that sickening sense of emptiness which is one of the first symptoms of famine. "I shall die of exhaustion before I can reach any human habitation," thought the wanderer. "Oh, Mostyn! cruel, base, inhuman felon! to what have you reduced the man who loved and trusted you so entirely? Eva, my dear, dear wife, and Freddy, our child, our darling, what will be your fate through life, if I, your only earthly protector, die of exhaustion in this wilderness of beauty and despair? Yes, die before I have cleared my name, their name, of the foulest of foul blot; die before I have compelled that base and laughing villain to replace those funds, his vile plunder of which has beggared thousands."

"Fool! blind, rash fool that I was, to yield to an impulse so insane, and a hope so frantic! Instead of facing my wronged clients, and demanding of govern-

ment that officers of justice should pursue the robber, forger, scoundrel, I, forsooth, must leave my spotless name to be linked for ever with his in the vile fellowship of infamy and crime."

Tears—tears that were no disgrace to his manhood—burst from Faulkner-Moore's eyes as he looked on the grand, vast, and hopeless solitude in which he stood; and in which, at that moment, he could not see one living creature, even of the lower world.

Deeply dejected, poor Faulkner-Moore left the wooded height on which he had slept so well, and descended to the edge of that broad, shallow river, the Takaka.

Here he tried to nerve and invigorate himself by a bath in the clear, fresh stream, that flowed gently and with a musical murmur over its rocky bed.

"And I have seen this same river," said the wanderer to himself, "when the heavy rains and the mountain torrents have made it overflow its banks; and now I can ford it on foot;—yes, I could now ford on foot the very stream which last winter swept away herds of cattle, hordes of savages, wharries, trees—everything that opposed its ruthless fury. How like, in its calm beauty, it now seems to what my life was with my wife, before ruin, like a deluge or a mountain torrent, came down, and swept away home, wife, child, fortune, fair fame, and left me the branded, shipwrecked wretch I am! Alas! misery is hardening my heart. I am arraigning the wisdom of Providence; I am grumbling against the will of God. Rather let me humble myself in the dust before him who chasteneth every son whom he loveth, and scourgeth every one he accepteth."

All that day Faulkner-Moore wandered about, with no nourishment but a few berries and some river water, which he drank out of the hollow of his hand.

He had wandered on many, many miles, but seemed no nearer to the haunts of men. The only living things which he saw were a native bird or two of the parrot kind, called kakas, from the shrill notes they utter, and a wild boar, which, fortunately, did not perceive him until he had climbed a tree, to escape from the savage onslaught with which these animals always resent the invasion of man upon their "ancient solitary reign."

At night, Faulkner-Moore sank down exhausted, and slept, and the next day he wandered on again, still following the course of the Takaka River.

By noon, and when the sun was at its height, strange feelings of giddiness, accompanied with flutterings at the heart, buzzing in the ears, dimness of sight, and trembling of the limbs, came over him, and suddenly everything seemed, first, to swim before him, and then to fade from his sight. Unconsciously to himself, he sank down by the side of the river.

Inanition and fatigue had done their work—Faulkner-Moore had fainted. And had no friendly aid arrived, from this swoon he would never have rallied, but would have passed quietly into a better land.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

It was noon when Faulkner-Moore sank down by the river-side. It was three hours later when a very painful sensation of tingling in all his veins, and of something burning in his mouth, awoke him to consciousness, and opening his eyes, while a deep sigh escaped from his heart, he beheld Magawiska bending over him with a leathern flask in her hand, from which she had just poured some drops of rum down his throat. She then chafed his temples and the palms of his hands with some of the same spirit; and by degrees he revived sufficiently to answer the kind, though half wild smile of her dark eyes and red lips, and to tell her he felt better.

Magawiska, perceiving that he was famished, fed him with a little bread and dried fish, and made him drink a few drops of the rum diluted with some of the river water; and after this he was strong enough to sit up and to ask her where they were, and how she came to be so far from her own people and her mother's wharri.

Magawiska informed him that they were not so very far off, that he had been wandering in a circle, and had followed the windings of the river, which had brought him within a few miles of his starting point.

"But why have you left your mother in her distress?" asked Faulkner-Moore; "and how can you wander alone and unprotected in a country so full of dangers?"

"I am not alone," said Magawiska, in a language which was a curious mixture of the Maori tongue and of the English she had learnt from Faulkner-Moore, but which, for the benefit of the reader, we will translate; "and my mother is not in sorrow. But she is become very hard and cruel to me, and wants me to marry a man who hates the white man and scoffs at his God; and I, who love my blessed Lord—I will not wed an unbeliever. Besides"—and Magawiska blushed deeply—"when I was a captive among the white men, there was a youth who was very kind to me. I have not forgotten him; and not long ago, when you were out hunting with father, he came to our wharri, and asked for food and drink; he had lost his way. I knew him again, and since then I have met him sometimes by chance when I have come down to the river to fetch water. I told him about you, and that I had been baptised a Christian, and when he heard that, he asked me to be his wife; and as I love him very much I have agreed, but I cannot marry him till the days of grief for my father are over. Then, as he is a settler here, and has built a wharri in the bush, I will be his wife. He is now one of a party bound to the Diggings. They are encamped close by, and I am with them, for I dare not return to my mother. I came down here to fetch water for them. They are all busy getting supper ready; but seeing you, and perceiving that you had fainted, I resolved to stay by you until I restored you to life. And now I advise you to come with me and join this party: for what can you do wandering about, unarmed and alone, in a country where you are so likely to be attacked, and where you may so easily lose yourself and die of want?"

Faulkner-Moore, who felt that Magawiska was right, accepted her offer to introduce him to her "intended" and his party; and as there is no frigid etiquette observed in New Zealand, but a general spirit of kindness and brotherhood is common among the settlers, Faulkner-Moore found himself heartily and warmly welcomed, and was soon seated before a glorious fire, which the cold dews rendered very acceptable, and on which a large cauldron was suspended, in gipsy fashion, from two crossed sticks, while a very savoury steam announced that a palatable supper would soon be set before them.

Meanwhile, some of the party were watching cakes, which they were baking in the ashes; and others were roasting kakas at the end of long, sharp-pointed sticks.

Ere long the cauldron was taken from the fire, when a huge joint of one of the wild pigs of the country was carved and helped round, and was pronounced to be of a flavour equal to the wild boar of Westphalia or of Hungary. The roasted kakas and the baked cakes were also much relished, and some of the party indulged in grog, which they made in a kettle brought by one of the settlers; but Faulkner-Moore, who disliked spirits, got Magawiska to make him some tea of manuka leaves, which some of the party had brought for the purpose, and to the curious flavour of which he, during his long confinement among the Maoris, had become reconciled.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

BOOKS of travel, except they be the records of those who have ventured to some hitherto unknown country, are, as a rule, not a most attractive class of literature. Indeed, even in the time of Dean Swift, the manner in which travellers recorded their adventures had become so stupid and prolix, that it is difficult to say whether the scathing sarcasm which he levelled, in "Gulliver's Travels," at parties political and social, was more severe than the irony conveyed in the style which he adopted as an imitation of the book-making travellers of his age. If, however, a traveller has something not generally known to tell, and is possessed of sufficient ability to convey the information pleasantly, it would be a great pity not to give others the benefit of what he or she has seen. The volume which lies before us evidences both these qualifications on the part of the author. The title of the book, even at first sight, gives a pleasant indication of what we may expect when we pass on from the title-page, "A Lady's Walks in the South of France."* The country is one not very generally known. We are not asked to gallop through it by railway or "posting;" we are to go on a walking tour from village to village by diligence, so that we are not wearied by the journey; and stopping at each village, we take pleasant rambles into surrounding woods and valleys, and climb the mountains, and then return home at evening to moralise over and digest all that the day's walk has shown us. In her preface Miss Eyre informs us that she was compelled to travel humbly, "and to mix a good deal with the people," and that, therefore, she saw "much more of actual French life among the middle and laborious classes than most travellers do." This explains the novelty and freshness which we find in the pages of her book, and renders it unlike so many other books of travel, which are merely an enlargement of the "Continental Bradshaw," or an incorrect edition of "Murray."

Miss Eyre seems to have been fond of collecting field flowers, while enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Pyrenees, and gives, in an early part of her book, a hint on their preservation, which will be useful to many at home as well as abroad. "I am often told," she says, "field flowers do not live in water. It is because people do not take the trouble to make them live. When I get home after a walk, I always put the stalks of my flowers in water in my washhand-basin, taking care the flowers do not crush one another, and that the air can circulate freely between the leaves and stalks, and then, with a delicate hand, sprinkle a few drops of water over them. When they are quite revived, I take them out, pull off all the lower leaves, that they may not putrefy, cut the ends of the stalks afresh, and put them into vases. Thus treated, most wild flowers will live for a week if the water be daily changed." Practical hints of this kind upon various subjects, and most valuable to those fond of botanising and ruralising, are to be found scattered through the book. We cannot possibly give even an outline of Miss Eyre's peregrinations amid the splendid scenery and romantic valleys of the Pyrenees. The scenery is graphically and truthfully described, and the various incidents of travel, and the habits of the peasantry, are very pleasantly portrayed.

The female sex in the Pyrenees come in for some of Miss Eyre's sympathy; she has arrived at the conclusion that there, at all events, they "have not a good time of

it." "One sees the women and girls working bare-legged in the fields, following the plough, and spreading manure with their hands, and sometimes ploughing, while their husbands and brothers have good warm stockings as well as *sabots* or shoes; and the ploughs and carts are more frequently drawn by cows than by oxen." In connection with these remarks, we think that the following pleasant sketch of a custom at Bagnères de Bigorre is worthy of quotation. Speaking of the shameful practice of a wife beating her husband, Miss Eyre asks, "How is this abuse to be suppressed?" And she gives us the practical answer of a Bigourdian:—"To punish the wife does not appear noble to the Bigourdians, for while disapproving the violation of the bond between husband and wife, they cannot help admiring her courage and audacity. They prefer, therefore, to shame the weak and craven husband who has submitted to such chastisement. Whenever it is publicly known that a man has allowed his wife to beat him, those who are in his own rank of life meet in masquerade on the public place, and send a deputation to the house of the victim, which conducts him to the meeting. There they blacken his face with charcoal, and mount him on an ass with his face to the tail, which they oblige him to take in his hands. In this fashion a man leads the ass through the streets, the rider being received everywhere with shouts of derision, the *cortège* stopping every now and then to sing through speaking trumpets a *patois* song, alluding to the circumstance, whose burthen is '*É! rou lan la Pazon qué courrera.*'"

With such like agreeable reminiscences of life and customs the book abounds. In Miss Eyre's account of her travels there is nothing monotonous; we have ever-changing scenery and a continued variety of incident. In her pages we visit once more the delightful neighbourhoods of Eaux-Bonnes and Bagnères, of Canterets and Argelès; again we seem to wander in the valley of Aas, where waves the white grass of Parnassus, and the pale yellow-green leaves of the pinguicula cling like little stars to the damp ledges of the rocks; or down in the vale of Ossau we laugh with the little maids so picturesquely attired in their scarlet *capulets*, and so fond of the "golden heart" with which to clasp their velvet necklaces.

One or two small blemishes, which scarcely detract from the pleasure of perusing the book, though they mar its literary merit, must not, however, be passed over by the critic. Why is the author so fond of italics? Especially in a book where so many French sentences had necessarily to be put in italics, that type should have been avoided as much as possible. We think italics always look like an insult to the intelligence of the reader, especially in simple sentences, as, for instance (the writer having quoted a Frenchman's opinion of the French), "*I believe this to be perfectly true.*" We hope when the work reaches a second edition—as we think it ought—that these italics will be in many places removed. There are occasional phrases, also, which we are sure Miss Eyre will, upon re-consideration, think it well to modify: for instance, why talk of a "*special Providence*?" If there be a Providence at all, it is equally "*special*" at all times and places. The epithet "*beastly*," applied to snuff-taking, is neither very choice nor strictly warranted by the teaching of Natural History. We merely notice these few specimens of small errors, because we think it a pity that a book so interesting and well written should be disfigured by even the most trivial blemishes.

* "A Lady's Walks in the South of France in 1863." By Mary Eyre, Author of "The Queen's Pardon." London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

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